This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07490420 6

Lenox Collection.
1870.

Copy 1

*NCV

Lucy Crossman

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

ROMEO and JULIET.

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.

LONDON:

Printed *for* C. Bathurſt, J. Beecroft, W. Strahan, J. *and* F. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, Hawes, Clark, *and* Collins, R. Horsfield, W. Johnſton, W. Owen, T. Caſſon, E. Johnſon, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. *and* C. Dilly, C. Corbett, W. Griffin, T. Cadell, W. Woodfall, G. Keith, T. Lowndes, T. Davis, J. Robſon, T. Becket, F. Newbery, G. Robinſon, T. Payne, J. Williams, M. Hingeſton, *and* J. Ridley.

MDCCLXXIII.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

H. Gravelot in Vol: 8. P: 3. G. Vander Gucht Sculp.

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

TWO houſeholds, both alike in dignity, (1)
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife.

The

(1) *Two houſeholds, &c.*] The fable of this play is built on a real tragedy, that happen'd about the beginning of the 14th century. The ſtory, with all its circumſtances, is given us by *Bandello*, in one of his novels; as alſo by *Girolame de Corte*, in his hiſtory of *Verona*. The young lover, as this hiſtorian tells us, was call'd *Romeo Montesbi*; and the lady, *Julietta Capello*. Captain *Breval* in his travels tells us, that when he was at *Verona*, he was ſhewn an old building, (converted into an houſe for orphans) in which the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers had formerly been broken up; and that he was inform'd by his guide in all the particulars of their ſtory: which put him in mind of our Author's play on the ſubject. The captain has clos'd his account of this affair with a reproof to our excellent OTWAY, for having turn'd this ſtory to that of *Caius Marius*; conſidering (ſays he) "how inconſiſtent it was (to paſs by other abſurdities) to make the *Romans* bury their bodies in the latter end of "the *conſular* times, when every ſchool-boy knows, that it was the "cuſtom to burn them firſt, and then bury their aſhes."——I cannot help obſerving in reſpect to *Otway*'s memory, that both *interring* and *burning* were at one and the ſame time uſed by the *Romans*. For inſtance, *Marius* was buried; and *Sylla*, his enemy, was by his own expreſs orders burnt; the firſt of the *Cornelian* family, that had been ſo diſpos'd of. *Pliny* gives us the reaſon for ſuch his orders: *Idq; voluiſſe, veritum* talionem, *eruto* Caji Marii *cadavere.* (Nat. Hiſt. l. vii. cap. 55.) He fear'd *repriſals* upon his own body, his ſoldiers *having dug up* and committed indignities on the body of *Marius*. To

this

The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which but their children's end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours traffick of our ſtage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

this fear of his, *Cicero* has likewiſe alluded in his ſecond book *De Legibus.* I had almoſt forgot to obſerve, that *Pliny* expreſly ſays *burning* of dead bodies was not an old inſtitution among the *Romans*; but their dead were *interr'd.*——*Ipſum* cremare *apud* Romanos *non fuit veteris inſtituti*: terrâ condebantur.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with* Juliet, *and kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Two Lords of ancient families, enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and Friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, }
Hugh Rebeck, } *Muſicians.*
Samuel Soundboard, }
Peter, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.
CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Maſkers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Street in* Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *(with ſwords and bucklers) two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man, or maid, of *Montague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh *Montague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John.* Draw thy tool, here comes of the houſe of the *Montagues.*

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How: turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!——

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay, ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues!*

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch:—why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay; old *Montague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *with Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet*——Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour ſtained ſteel ——
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made *Verona*'s ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave, beſeeming, ornaments;
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate;
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

La. Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn.
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La.

La. Mon. O where is *Romeo!* Saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd Sun (2)
Peer'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the city ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,
(That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone)
Purſued my humour, not purſuing him; (3)
And gladly ſhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning-dew;
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should, in the fartheſt eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.

(2) ——————*an hour before the worſhipp'd Sun*
Peer'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me from company:] This is a reading only of Mr. *Pope*'s, as far as I can trace, who had a mind to make *Benvolio* a greater rake than we have reaſon to think him from any ſubſequent inſtance. What, in company an hour before day-light? What odd kind of companions muſt this *Benvolio* have conſorted with? This reading very reaſonably ſeduced Mr. *Warburton* into an ingenious conjecture:

A troubled mind drew me from canopy:

i. e. from bed. But I have reſtor'd the text of all the old copies. *Benvolio*, being troubled and not able to ſleep, roſe an hour before day, and went into the open air to amuſe himſelf.

(3) *Purſued my humour, not purſuing* his.] But *Benvolio* did purſue *his*; for *Romeo* had a mind to be alone, ſo had *Benvolio*: and therefore as Dr. *Thirlby* accurately obſerves, we ought to correct, He did not purſue *Romeo*.

Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myſelf and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf, I will not ſay, how true;
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, (4)
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: ſo pleaſe you, ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exeunt.*
Ben. Good-morrow, couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

(4) *As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,*
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.] *To the* ſame?——Sure all the lovers of *Shakeſpeare* and poetry will agree, that this is a very idle, dragging *paraplerematic*, as the grammarians ſtyle it. But our Author generally in his *ſimilies* is accurate in the *cloathing* of them, and therefore, I believe, would not have overcharg'd this ſo *inſipidly*. When we come to conſider, that there is ſome power elſe beſides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds ſpread themſelves, I do not think it improbable that the Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.

Or, according to the more obſolete ſpelling, *ſunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. I propos'd this conjectural emendation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has embrac'd it in his laſt edition.

Ben.

Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out——
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his will!
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.——
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love, that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my couſin. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut! I have loſt myſelf, I am not here;
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?

Rom.

Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will?—
O word, ill-urg'd to one that is ſo ill!
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man;—and ſhe's fair, I lov
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But, in that hit, you miſs;—ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with her dies Beauty's ſtore. (5)
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte
For beauty ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now,
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more:
Thoſe happy maſks, that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

(5) *That, when ſhe dies, with* beauty dies her ſtore.] This convey no ſatisfactory idea to me. I have ventur'd at a ſlight tranſpoſition which gives a meaning, warranted, I think, by what *Romeo* ſays i his very next ſpeech. She is rich in beauty, and if ſhe dies a maid ſhe cuts off that beauty from its ſucceſſion.

For beauty, *ſtarv'd* with her ſeverity,
Cuts *beauty* off from all *poſterity*.

He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-trading ſtars that make dark heaven's light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night

Inherit

Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*; find thoſe perſons out
Whoſe names are written there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

Serv. Find them out whoſe names are written here? ——It is written, that the Shoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the Taylor with his laſt, the Fiſher with his pencil, and the Painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the Learned.—In good time,—

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cure with another's languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented; and—Good e'en, good fellow.
[*To the Servant.*

Serv. God gi' good e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune is my miſery.

Serv. Perhaps, you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray,
Can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye ſay honeſtly. reſt you merry.——

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

(He

[He reads the letter.]

SIgnior Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters*; *the lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters*; *my fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena. A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come? (6)

Serv. Up———

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To ſupper, to our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Serv. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſkt you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Montagues*, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of *Capulet*'s
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſhoods, then turn tears to fires;
And theſe, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf, in either eye:

(6) *A fair aſſembly: whither ſhould they come?*
Serv. *Up.*
Rom. *Whither?* to ſupper?
Serv. *To our houſe.*] *Romeo* had read over the liſt of invited gueſts; but he muſt be a prophet, to know they were invited to ſupper. This comes much more aptly from the *ſervant*'s anſwer, than *Romeo*'s queſtion; and muſt undoubtedly be placed to him. Mr. *Warburton.*

But

But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love againſt ſome other maid, (7)
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.
Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve years old) I bade her come; what, lamb,—what, lady-bird, God forbid!——where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?
Nurſe. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter——Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; Nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel: thou know'ſt my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurſe. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four;) ſhe's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas* tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.
Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and

(7) ——————*let there be weigh'd*
Your lady's love *againſt ſome other maid.*] But the compariſon was not to be betwixt the love that *Romeo*'s miſtreſs paid him, and the perſon of any other young woman: but betwixt *Romeo*'s miſtreſs herſelf, and ſome other that ſhould be match'd againſt her. The Poet therefore muſt certainly have wrote;
Your lady-love *againſt ſome other maid.*
So the compariſon ſtands right, and ſenſibly.

the

ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!) were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd, I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid wormwood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*———nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I ſaid, when it did taſte the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-houſe———'twas no need I trow, to bid me trudge; and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, by th' rood, ſhe could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my huſband, (God be with his ſoul, a' was a merry man;) took up the child; Yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not, *Jule?* and, by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid, Ay. To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about.—I warrant, an' I ſhould live a thouſand years, I ſhould not forget it: Wilt thou not *Jule?* quoth he: and, pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, Ay; and yet, I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my huſband, fall'ſt upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age, wilt thou not, *Jule?* it ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe, that e'er I nurſt.
An' I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theme

I came

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger [than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.
Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What ſay you, can you like the gentleman? (8)
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt;
Read o'er the volume of young *Paris*' face,
And find delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry ſev'ral lineament,
And ſee, how one another lends content:
And what obſcure in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden ſtory.
So, ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.
Nurſe. No leſs? Nay, bigger; women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

(8) *What ſay you? Can you like the gentleman?*] This ſpeech of lady *Capulet*, tho' I cannot readily commend it, yet I could not conceive I had any authority to leave it out. I have reſtor'd many other paſſages in this play, not of the beſt ſtamp, but for the ſame reaſon.

But

But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up. You call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſt in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtrait.

La Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street before* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maſkers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. WHAT, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe? Or ſhall we on without apology? [excuſe?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper: (9)
Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow *Cupid*'s wings.
And ſoar with them above a common bound.

(9) *Scaring the ladies like a* cow-keeper.] I led Mr. *Pope* into this miſtaken reading, which I once thought the true one, before I fully underſtood the paſſage But I have prov'd, that *crow-keeper*, which poſſeſſes all the old copies, is the genuine reading of the Poet, in my 49th note on *King Lear*.

Rom.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers: and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.
Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love:
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing!
Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in;
[*Pulling off his maſk.*
A viſor for a viſor!——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no ſooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire-phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aſk?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well; what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom.—In bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer.

Mer. O, then I see, Queen *Mab* hath been with you. (10)
She is the Fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens' noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grashoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated-gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

(10) *O, then I see, Queen* Mab *hath been with you: She is the* fairies' *midwife.*] Thus begins that admirable speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the fairies midwife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the fairies. What! and their *midwife* too? Sure, this is a wonderful condescension in her Royal Highness. But this is not the greatest of the absurdities. The *fairies' midwife?* But let us see upon what occasion she is introduced, and under what quality. Why, as a Being that has great power over human imaginations. But then according to the laws of common sense, if she has any title given her, must not that title have reference to the employment she is put upon? First, then, she is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that designs her power: then she is called the fairies' midwife; but what has that to do with the point in hand? If we would think that *Shakespeare* wrote sense, we must say, he wrote——*the* Fancy's *midwife:* and this is a title the most *à propos* in the world, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *vagaries.* Besides, it exactly quadrates with these lines:

——————I talk of *dreams*;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain *fantasie.*

These dreams are begot upon *fantasie*, and *Mab* is the midwife to bring them forth. And *Fancy*'s *midwife* is a phrase altogether in the manner of our Author. Mr. Warburton.

On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; (11) and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear;
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe——

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain:

(11) *Of breaches, ambuſcadoes,* Spaniſh *blades,*
Of healths *five fathom deep*;] As the generality of the terms coupled here, have a reference to the wars, ſome ingenious perſons have conjectured that our Poet wrote;

Of delves *five fathoms deep*;——

i. e. *Trenches*; places *delv'd*, or dug down. But, with ſubmiſſion, I conceive the text to be ſincere as it is; and alludes to drinking deep to a miſtreſs's health. I find the like expreſſion in *Weſtward hoe*, a comedy wrote in our Author's time.

Troth, Sir, my maſter, and Sir *Goſlin* are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom* deep. The knight has drunk ſo much *health* to the gentleman yonder on his knees, that he hath almoſt loſt the uſe of his legs.

Begot

Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit! On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Serv.* WHere's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away; he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint ſtools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*. *Antony*, and *Potpan* ——

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maſkers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all gentlemen; I have ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone
[*Muſick plays, and they dance*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay, ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we maſk'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir
His ſon is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching her's, make happy my rude hand.

Di

Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?
Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And, to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy—I ſay, he ſhall. Go to——
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to——
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy—is't ſo, indeed?——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
You muſt contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
Well ſaid, my hearts:——You are a princox, go:——
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame)
I'll make you *quiet*—*What?* cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand (12)
[*To* Juliet.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, (grant thou) lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, the sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass, sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

(12) *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine *is this,*
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.] All profanations are suppos'd to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone and punishment submitted to. So, *Romeo* would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it, by a sweet penance. Our Poet therefore must have wrote

——— ——*the gentle* fine *is this.*

So, in *Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

My *penance* is to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask *remission* for my *folly past.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt,
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, genlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go, aſk his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? What's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon——
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Deſire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.

Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extream ſweet.

[*Exit* Chorus.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The STREET.*

Enter Romeo *alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my couſin, *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Who, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ay me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir;

(Young

(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true, (13)
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He hearеth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high-forehead, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.——
Romeo, good night; I'll to my truckle-bed,

(13) *Young* Abraham Cupid, *he that ſhot ſo true,*
When King Cophetua *lov'd the* beggar-maid.] Though I have not diſturbed the text, I conceive, there may be an error in the word *Abraham*. I have no idea why Cupid ſhould have this *prænomen*. I have ſuſpected that the Poet wrote,

Young auborn *Cupid*,——

i. e. *brown-hair'd*: becauſe in ſeveral other paſſages where *auborn* ſhould be wrote, it is printed *Abraham* in the old books. This old ballad of the King enamour'd of the *Beggar*, is twice again alluded to by our Author in his *Love's Labour's Loſt*.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the *King* and the *Beggar*?

Moth. The world was guilty of ſuch a ballad, ſome three ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found.

And *Armado* afterwards, in his fuſtian letter, names both the King and the Beggar.

The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eye upon the pernicious and moſt indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*.

This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound—
But, ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun!
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ah me!
Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art (14)

(14) *O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night,] Tho' all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the *ſimile* ſeems to require,
As glorious to this ſight;
and therefore I have ventur'd to alter the text ſo. *i. e.* Thou appear'ſt, over my head, as glorious to my eyes, as an angel in the clouds to mortals that ſtare up at him with admiration.

As

As glorious to this ſight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n.
Unto the white upturned, wondering, eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,—wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyſelf, though not a *Montague*.
What's *Montague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night?
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague?*

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,

If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Ro. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls.
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul, Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden-bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke——but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay, *ay*;
And I will take thy word——yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries, (15)

(15)————*At lovers' perjuries,*
They ſay Jove *laughs.*] This remark our Poet probably borrow'd from *Ovid*;

Jupiter *ex alto* Perjuria ridet Amantum.
De Art. Amandi, lib. i. 635.

Or elſe from *Tibullus*, who has the ſame ſentiment;

————Perjuria ridet Amantum
Jupiter, & *ventos irrita ferre jubet.* *Lib.* iii. *El* 7.

To this likewiſe the *Greeks* alluded in their proverb, Ἀφροδίσιος ὅρκος οὐκ ἐμποίνιμος. *Heſychius*, I remember, in quoting this proverb, takes notice of a circumſtance that I can neither recollect, nor trace, in *Heſiod*: *viz.* that he firſt feign'd that *Jupiter* and *Io* ſwore to each other. πρῶτος δὲ Ἡσίοδος ἔπλασε, τοὺς περὶ τὸν Δία καὶ τὴν Ἰὼ ὀμόσαι. *Jupiter*, we know, from fables, often broke his love-oaths; ſo could not reaſonably condemn the practice in others.

They

They ſay, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt wooe: but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops———

Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not ſwear—although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadviſ'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens—Sweet good-night.
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet:
Good night, good night—as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse:——Sweet *Montague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good-night, indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon—— but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within:* Madam.] By and by I come——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,——

Jul. A thousand times good-night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books:
But love from love, tow'rds school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hist! *Romeo*, hist! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo.*

Rom.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſic to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night; 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a baſket.*

Fri. THE grey-eyed morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path, and *Titan*'s burning wheels.

Now

Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.
Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;

Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe. [then?
Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift:
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd; ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy Saint *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou did'ſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear, that is not waſht off yet.
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom.

Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline.*
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. Oh, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.
Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble, that run faſt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's, I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that ſame pale, hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, torments him ſo, that he will, ſure, run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben Romeo will anſwer it.
Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dar'd.
Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*
Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer.

Mer. More than prince of cats?—Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick'd-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah, the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the, hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents:—"Jeſu! a very good "blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!" —Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!* (16)

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſy, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thiſbé* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* ſlop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

(16) *O, their* bones! *their* bones!] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing thoſe *frenchified* fantaſtical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moys*: and therefore, I ſuſpect, here he meant to write *French* too.

O, their *bons!* their *bons!*

i. e. How ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *good*, and being in ecſtaſies with every trifle: as he has juſt deſcrib'd them before, ——*Jeſu!* a very good blade! *&c.*

Rom.

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.——

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit—follow me this jeſt, now, 'till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd into a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which, added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſir'ſt me to ſtop in my tale, againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe, *and* Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly geer: a ſail! a ſail!

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter,———

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well.

Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you. (17)

Ben.

(17) *I deſire ſome* confidence *with you.*
Ben. *She will* invite *him to ſome ſupper.*] Mr. *Rowe* firſt ſpoil'd the joak of the ſecond line in his editions, and Mr. *Pope* is generally faithful

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoar, an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*.
But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:
Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An' a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks*: and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure? [*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out. I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

---

faithful to his foot ſteps. All the genuine copies read, as I have reſtor'd to the text;

She will indite *him to ſome ſupper.*

Benvolio, hearing the nurſe knock one word out of joint, humourouſly is reſolv'd he will corrupt another in imitation of her. Both the corruptions are uſed by our Author in other parts of his works.

Quick. ——and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have *confidence*, and of other wooers. *Merry Wives*, &c.

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome *confidence* with you, that *decerns* you nearly. *Much Ado*, &c.

Quick. ——and he is *indited* to dinner to the *Lubbar*'s head, &c. 2 *Henry* IV.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee——

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Lawrence*' cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay,
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; Lord, Lord! when it was a little prating thing—O,—there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad,

toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the verſal world. Doth not roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R. (18)

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady— [*Exit* Romeo.

Nurſe. A thouſand times. *Peter*,——

Pet. Anon?

Nurſe. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

(18) Rom. *Ay, nurſe, what of that? Both with an* R.

Nurſe. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for* the no, *I know it begins with* no *other letter.*] I believe, I have rectified this odd ſtuff; but it is a little mortifying, that the ſenſe, when 'tis found out, ſhould hardly be worth the pains of retrieving it. The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating filly creature; ſhe ſays, ſhe will tell *Romeo* a good joak about his miſtreſs, and aſks him, whether *Roſemary* and *Romeo* do not begin both with a letter: he ſays, Yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better: our dog's name is *R*. Your's begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and very much in character for this inſipid, prating creature. *R* put her in mind of that ſound which is made by dogs when they ſnarl: and therefore, I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the dog's name. A quotation from *Ben Johnſon*'s *Alchemiſt* will clear up this alluſion.

He ſhall have a bell, that's *Abel*;
And, by it ſtanding, one whoſe name is *D*
In a *rug* gown; there's *D* and *rug*, that's *Drug*;
And right anenſt him a dog ſnarling,——*err*;
There's *D'rugger*, *Abel Drugger* —— Mr. *Warburton.*

B. Johnſon again, in deſcribing the ſound of the letters, in his *Engliſh* Grammar, ſays, R is the dog's letter, and *birreth* in the ſound. For this reaſon *Perſius*, the ſatirift, called it *litera canina*:—becauſe the trembling vibration of the tongue in pronouncing it imitates the ſnarling of a dog. *Quòd tremulâ linguæ vibratione*, canum, *quum* ringuntur, ſonum *imitari videatur*, ſays *Rob. Stephens.*

Irritata canis *quòd* R R *quam plurima dicet.* Lucilius.

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him—That's not ſo——
Oh, ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours—and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love.
And his to me;

Enter Nurſe, *with* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes. O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
Jul. Now good ſweet nurſe,——
O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Tho' news be ſad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news,
By playing 't to me with ſo ſour a face.
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak——Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. Jeſu! what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath? [breath
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt
To ſay to me that thou art out of breath?

Th'

Th' excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo!* no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſy, but, I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb——Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God——What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no—but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back, o'th' other ſide—O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith I'm ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how oddly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:——
Where is your mother?——

Nurſe. O, God's lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow,
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo?*

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence'* cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.

Hie

Hie you to church, I muſt another way.
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's-neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune;—honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, Amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more

To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth. [work;

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The* STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee! and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou

thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head has been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrelled with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with another for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petrucio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*———

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that, ſhall make you dance. Zounds! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.
Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go firſt to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.
Tyb. Romeo, the love, I bear thee, can afford (19)
No better term than this, thou art a villain.——
Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore, farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.
Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.
Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good *Capulet*, (whoſe name I tender
As dearly as my own) be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ah! *la Stoccata* carries it away, (20)
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?

(19) Romeo, *the* hate *I bear thee can afford*
No better term than this,] This is only Mr. *Pope*'s ſophiſtication of the text. All the copies in general, that I have ſeen, read,
Romeo, *the* love *I bear thee*, &c.
Why then this change? Is Mr. *Pope* really ſo great a poet, and does not know, that *the love* here ſtands for the *little* or *no love*, the *hate* in effect? Is it not frequent in poetry to expreſs things by their contraries; to uſe *promiſe* inſtead of *threaten*, and *threaten* inſtead of *promiſe*? I'll quote an inſtance from *Virgil*, becauſe *Servius*'s comment on it explains the practice of this figure.
——— ——— *& me, ſors ſi qua tuliſſet,*
Si patrios unquàm remeaſſem victor ad Argos,
Promiſi ultorum, *& verbis odia aſpera movi.*
Promiſi.] *Pro* minatus ſum, *per contrarium dixit: quia minamur mala, promittimus bona. Sic autem* Horatius *contrà*;
Atqui vultus erat multa & præclara *minantis*, i. e. *promittentis.*
(20) *Alla Stucatho.*] This ſmells a little too rank of barbarism for *Mercutio*, who is no ignorant fellow, but underſtood at leaſt his own country language. *Stoccata* is the *Italian* word for a certain thrust in fencing.

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado.

[Mercutio *and* Tybalt *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*,—beat down their weapons—Gentlemen—for ſhame, forbear this outrage—*Tybalt*—*Mercutio*——the Prince expreſly hath Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt*—good *Mercutio.* [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt——
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio.*
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too. Plague o' your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mer. *and* Ben.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour

Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead.
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.
Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls*.
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain——
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.
Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their Wives,* &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young *Romeo,*
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave *Mercutio.*
La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy ſight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Montague.*
Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay:
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt,* deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt,* whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio,* and then *Tybalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo,*
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.
La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Montague.*
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.

 I beg

I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hearts' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt. (21)
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
" Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

(21) *Elſe, when* he is *found*, that hour *is his laſt.*] It is wonderful that Mr. *Pope* ſhould retort the *want* of *ear* upon any body, and paſs ſuch an inharmonious unſcanning verſe in his own ear: a verſe, that cannot run off from the tongue with any cadence of muſick, the ſhort and long ſyllables ſtand ſo perverſely. We muſt read,

Elſe, when he's *found*, *that* hour *is his laſt.*

Every diligent and knowing reader of our Poet muſt have obſerv'd, that *hour* and *fire* are almoſt perpetually *diſſyllables* in the pronunciation and ſcanſion of his verſes.

Spread

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night, (22)
That th' Run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle night; come loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them: O, here comes my nurse!

(22) *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,*
That runaways *eyes may wink*;] What runaways are these, whose eyes *Juliet* is wishing to have stopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an invocation to Night, much in the same strain:

——————Come, seeling Night,
Scarf up the tender *eye* of pitiful *day*, &c.

So *Juliet* here would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *Sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* thro' the Heav'ns, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *Runaway*. In the like manner our Poet speaks of the *night*, in the *Merchant of Venice*.

For the close Night doth play the *runaway*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now, nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ah me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah well-a-day, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.———
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heav'n be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can.
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but, I;
And that bare vowel, I, ſhall poiſon more (23)
Than the death darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark) here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſwooned at the ſight. [once!
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt,* honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!

(23) *And that bare vowel,* ay, *ſhall poiſon more*
Than the death darting eye of cockatrice.] A queſtion much, whether the grammarians will take this new *vowel* on truſt from Mr. *Pope*, without ſuſpecting it rather for a *diphthong*. In ſhort, we muſt reſtore the ſpelling of the old books, or we loſe the Poet's conceit. At his time of day, the affirmative adverb *Ay* was generally written, *I* and by this means it both becomes a *vowel*, and anſwers in ſound *eye*, upon which the conceit turns in the ſecond line.

Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nurſe. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?

Nurſe. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O ſerpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb! (24)
Deſpiſed ſubſtance, of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain!
O Nature! what haſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty, in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ*——
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo!*

(24) *Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,*
Wolviſh ravening lamb.] This paſſage Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of the text, partly, I preſume, becauſe theſe two noble *hemiſtichs* are, indeed, inharmonious: [but chiefly, becauſe they are obſcure and unintelligible at the firſt view.] But is there no ſuch thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting, verſe? I'll venture to reſtore to the Poet a line that was certainly his, that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. The firſt word, *ravenous*, I have no doubt, was blunderingly coin'd out of *raven* and *ravening*, which follow; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verſe, and a proper contraſt of epithets and images.

Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame;
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo? [couſin?
Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your
Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah, poor, my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!
But, wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband.
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My huſband lives, that *Tybalt* would have ſlain;
And *Tybalt*'s dead, that would have kill'd my huſband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than *Tybalt*'s death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it, fain;
But, oh! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds;
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed!*
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if ſow'r woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt*'s *dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo *is baniſhed* ——— to ſpeak that word,
Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlain, all dead!—Romeo *is baniſhed!*
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe found.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?
Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s banishment.
Take up those cords;—poor ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
He made you for a high-way to my bed:
But I, a maid, die maiden widowed.
Come, cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sow'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom?
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence

Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world exil'd, is death. That baniſhed
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here,
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heav'n, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
(Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.)
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
(And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?)
But *Romeo* may not;—he is baniſh'd.
Had'ſt thou no poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?
Fri. Fond madman, hear me ſpeak.———
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,

It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more———
Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.
Ro. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed; [hair,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyſelf.
[*Knocking within.*
Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes. [*Knock.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?) *Romeo*, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken—(ſtay a while)—ſtand up; [*Knocks*:
Run to my ſtudy,—(By and by)—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this?——I come, I come, [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you; what's your will?
Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo?* [drunk.
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made
Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woeful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! ev'n ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up:——Stand, an' you be a man:
For *Juliet*'s ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh!
Rom. Nurſe!———
Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Death is the end of all.

Rom.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up;
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.——Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Unſeemly woman in a ſeeming man!
And ill-beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heav'n, and earth,
Since birth, and heav'n, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ſt loſe?
Fy, fy! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love, which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,

Like

powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,
on fire by thine own ignorance,
hou diſmember'd with thine own defence.
, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
hoſe dear ſake thou wait but lately dead:
: art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
hou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too
aw, that threatned death, became thy friend,
urn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
k of bleſſings light upon thy back,
ineſs courts thee in her beſt array,
ike a miſbehav'd and ſullen wench,
pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
et thee to thy love, as was decreed,
d her chamber, hence and comfort her:
look, thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet;
ien thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*:
e thou ſhalt live, till we can find a time
aze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
ardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
efore, nurſe; commend me to thy lady,
)id her haſten all the houſe to bed,
:h heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
) is coming.
rſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
ear good counſel: oh, what learning is!
,ord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.
m. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.
rſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
'ou, make haſte, for it grows very late.
m. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
i. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
he ſhall ſignify from time to time
y good hap to you, that chances here:
me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good-night.
m. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
re a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THINGS have fal'n out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I—Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night ſhe is mew'd up to her heavineſs.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my ſon *Paris'* love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wedneſday* next,—
But, ſoft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. Monday? Ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* let it be: o' *Thurſday*, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble Earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great a-do—a friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſsly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*

Par. My Lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To Lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord,——light to my chamber, hoa!

For

'Fore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Juliet's *Chamber looking to the Garden:*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *above at a window; a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountains' tops.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is ſome meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heavens ſo high above our heads.
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it ſo.
How is't, my ſoul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, begone, away:
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

O now

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?—More dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam,——
Jul. Nurſe?
Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber: The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Jul. Then window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewel, farewel; one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[Romeo *deſcends.*
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! lord! ah huſband! friend! I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve (25)
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul.——
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.
[*Exit* Romeo.
Jul. Oh Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

(25) ——*And all theſe woes ſhall ſerve*
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.] This very thought is expreſs'd by *Virgil* on a like occaſion;
——*Forſan & hæc* olim meminiſſe juvabit.
Æneid. I. v. 203.
The learned *Taubman*, in his note on this paſſage, has amaſs'd ſeveral ſimilar quotations.

Enter

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, Daughter are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An' if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore have done. Some grief ſhews much of love;
But much of grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart:
And, yet, no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the traitor lives.
Jul. I, Madam, from the reach of theſe, my hands:—
Would, none but I might venge my couſin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua,*
Where that ſame baniſh'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* company,
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfy'd.
Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfy'd
With *Romeo,* till I behold him——dead——
Is my poor heart ſo for a kinſman vext?
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receipt thereof
Soon ſleep in quiet.——O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,——and cannot come to him——
To wreak the love I bore my ſlaughter'd couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find ſuch a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by St. *Peters*'s church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he, that muſt be huſband, comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet: and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*—Theſe are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the ſunſet of my brother's ſon
It rains downright.——
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs,
Which raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body——How now, wife?

Have

Have you deliver'd to her our decree? [thanks:
La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud, doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now! Chop logick? What is this?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud!—Why, miſtreſs minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs-carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fy, fy, what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!———
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady Wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon—O, god-ye-good den——
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot. [early,

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeſns, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer, I'll not wed,——I cannot love——
I am too young,——I pray you, pardon me——
But if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i'th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor, what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My huſband is on earth, my faith in heav'n;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that huſband ſend it me from heav'n,
By leaving earth?——Comfort me, counſel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe.——

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth,
I think it beſt, you married with the Count.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?
Nurſe. And from my ſoul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence'* cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.
Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Go, counſellor,——
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the* MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and Paris,*

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would, I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
[*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.

Jul.

Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight. [port.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that re-
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My Lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rouze you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go, ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits.
I hear, you muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou, our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:

Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſkulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me tre
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſe
To marry *Paris*; *Wedneſday* is to-morrow;
To-morrow night, look, that thou lie alone.
(Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:)
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like death:
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death

Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.
[*Taking the phial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord. [afford.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help
Farewel, dear father!—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. SO many gueſts invite, as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I'm glad on't, this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be; let me ſee the County:
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar——
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go nurſe, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſe-wife for this once.——What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk myſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up

Againſt

Againſt to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

SCENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night:
For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs, and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy, do you need my help?
Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries,
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
La. Cap. Good night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Farewel—God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe—what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lie thou there——
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poiſon, which the friar
Subtly hath miniſt'red, to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man——

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſt'ring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort——)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them run mad.——
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Invironed with all theſe hideous fears)
And madly play with my fore-father's joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOLD, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, Nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:

Look

ok to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*,
re not for coſt.
Nurſe. Go, go you cot-quean, go;
t you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow,
this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.
a. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*
Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood———
w, fellow, what's there?

nter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.

erv. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte, ſirrah, fetch drier logs,
l *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
erv. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
l never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid, a merry whoreſon, ha!
ou ſhalt be logger-head.—Good faith 'tis day.
County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Play muſick.*
ſo, he ſaid, he would. I hear him near.
ſe,—wife,—what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay.?

Enter Nurſe.

waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haſte,
e haſte, the bride-groom he is come already;
e haſte, I ſay. [*Exe.* Capulet *and Nurſe, ſeverally.*

ENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurſe.

e. MIſtreſs,——what, miſtreſs! *Juliet*——Faſt,
I warrant her;
, lamb—why, lady—Fy, you ſlug-a-bed—

Why, love, I ſay—Madam, ſweet-heart—why, bride—
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little—God forgive me—
Marry, and amen!——How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed—
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes—and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look——oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead: alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris, *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap.

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flow'r as ſhe was, deflowered now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law.——
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.
Nurſe. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown:——
O love, O life,—not life, but love in death!——
Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder, murder our ſolemnity?
O child! O child! my ſoul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! dead; alack! my child is dead,
And, with my child, my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! Confuſion's cure lives not (26)
In theſe confuſions: Heaven and yourſelf

Had

(26) *Peace ho for ſhame*, confuſions: Care *lives not in theſe confuſions.*] This ſpeech, tho' it contains good chriſtian doctrine, tho' it is perfectly in character for the friar, and not the moſt deſpicable for its poetry, Mr. *Pope* has curtail'd to little or nothing, becauſe it has not the ſanction of the firſt old copy. By the ſame rule, had he purſued it throughout, we might have loſt ſome of the fineſt additional ſtrokes in the two parts of K. *Henry* IV. But there was another reaſon, I ſuſpect, for curtailing: certain corruptions ſtarted,

Had part in this fair maid: now Heav'n hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But Heav'n keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt, you ſought, was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep you now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as Heav'n himſelf?
Oh, in this love you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing, that ſhe is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair coarſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
And in her beſt array, bear her to church:
For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament, (27)
Yet Nature's tears are Reaſon's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding chear to a ſad funeral feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change,
Our bridal flow'rs ſerve for a buried coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris*; every one prepare
To follow this fair coarſe unto her grave.

which requir'd the *indulging* his *private ſenſe* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreaſonable labour. As I have reform'd the paſſage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have reſtor'd our Poet's text; and a fine ſenſible reproof it contains, againſt immoderate grief: for the friar begins with telling them, that the cure of thoſe conſuſions, into which the melancholy accident had thrown them, did not live in the confus'd and inordinate exclamations which they expreſs'd on that account.

(27) *For tho'* ſome *Nature bids us all lament.*] *Some* Nature? Sure, it is the *general* rule of Nature, or ſhe could not bid us *all* lament. I have ventured to ſubſtitute an epithet, which, I ſuſpect, was loſt in the idle, corrupted word, *Some*; and which admirably quadrates with the verſe ſucceeding this; that tho' the fondneſs of Nature lay ſuch an injunction upon us, yet that Reaſon does but mock our unavailing ſorrow.

The

The Heavens do low'r upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.
[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

Manent Muſicians, and Nurſe.

Muſ. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.
Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up.
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe. [*Exit Nurſe.*
Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe?*
Oh, an you will have me live, why, play *heart's eaſe.*
Muſ. Why, *heart's eaſe?*
Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays, *my heart itſelf is full of woe.* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!
Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Muſ. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Muſ. What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the minſtrel.
Muſ. Then will I give you the ſerving creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?
Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.
2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—— anſwer me like men:
When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſic with her ſilver ſound——
Why, *ſilver ſound?* Why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*
1 *Muſ.* Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Pretty! what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 Muſ.

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, *Samuel Sound-board?*

3 *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. Oh, I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſick with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows, as you, have no gold for ſounding.

The muſick with her ſilver ſound
Doth lend redreſs. [*Exit, ſinging.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

****

ACT V.

SCENE, *in* MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep, (28)
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from *Verona*——How now, *Balthaſar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?

(28) *If I may truſt the* flatt'ring truth of ſleep.] *i. e.* If I may believe thoſe dreams; if I may confide in their flattering tenour, as in a promiſe of truth.

How

How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill if ſhe be well.
Balth. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulet's* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.
Romeo. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging,——get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to-night.
Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Balth. No, my good Lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthaſar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's ſee for means—O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An aligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf, I ſaid,
And if a man did need a poiſon now,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut:
What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I ſee that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,
As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſoul
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh,
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt*

Act V

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery at* Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*

John. I could not ſend it; here it is again;
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone:
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence, and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew:
[*Strewing flowers.*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb. [*The boy whiſtles.*
—The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach;—
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light* (29).

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold,

(29) *Enter* Romeo *and* Peter *with a light.*] But *Peter* was a ſervant of the *Capulets*: beſides, he brings the mattock and crow to wrench open *Juliet*'s grave, an office hardly to be intruſted with a ſervant of that family. We find a little above, at the very beginning of this act, *Balthaſar* is the perſon who brings *Romeo* the news of his bride's death: and yet, at the cloſe of the play, *Peter* takes upon him to depoſe that he brought thoſe tidings. *Utri creditis*, quirites?—— In ſhort, we hear *Balthaſar* deliver the meſſage; and therefore *Peter* is a lying evidence, ſuborn'd by the blundering editors. We muſt therefore

Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſee'ſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But cheifly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip.—Take thou that;
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.

Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balth.

Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I inforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Montague*,
That murder'd my love's couſin; (with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature dy'd)
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*:
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?

therefore caſhier him, and put *Balthaſar* on his proper duty. The ſource of this error ſeems eaſy to be accounted for; *Peter*'s character ending in the 4th act, 'tis very probable the ſame perſon might play *Balthaſar*, and ſo be quoted on in the prompter's book as *Peter*.

Con-

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed, and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter ſay,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight*, Paris *falls.*
Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will? let me peruſe this face——
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble County *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet*.
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour Misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave? O, no; a lanthorn-ſlaughter'd youth;
For here lies *Juliet*; and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd:——
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death.——O, how may I
Call this a lightning?——Oh, my love, my wife!
Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

The

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin.——Ah, dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim Night (30)
Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chambermaids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come, unſav'ry guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick, weary bark:
Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

(30) *And never from this palace of dim Night*
Depart again. (Come, lie thou in my arms;
Here's to thy health. O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.)] Mr. *Pope*'s and ſome other of the worſer, editions acknowledge abſurdly the lines which I have put into *parentheſis* here; and which I have expung'd from the text, for this reaſon: *Romeo* is made to confeſs the effect of the poiſon, before ever he has taſted it. I ſuppoſe, it hardly was ſo ſavoury that the patient ſhould chuſe to make two draughts of it. And eight lines after theſe, we find him taking the poiſon in his hand, and making an *apoſtrophe* to it; inviting it to perform its office at once; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his lips, or can with any probability ſpeak of its inſtant force and effects. Beſides, *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have made *Romeo* drink to the *health* of his *dead* miſtreſs.

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? who's there?

Enter Balthaſar.

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* monument.
Balth. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.
Fri. Who is it?
Balth. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Balth. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.
Balth. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What means theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what, *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs. [lord?
Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my
I do remember well where I ſhould be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo?*
Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt

Of

Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead,
And *Paris* too——Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the Watch is coming.
Come, go, good *Juliet*; I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
To make me die with a reſtorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*

Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, whom e'er you find, attach.
Pitiful ſight! here lies the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Montagues*; ſome others, ſearch.——
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie:
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps: We took this mattock and this ſpade from him, As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion: ſtay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up, That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

Enter Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry, *Romeo*; Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain, And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before) Warm and new kill'd. [comes.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murder

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man, With inſtruments upon them, fit to open Theſe dead men's tombs. [bleeds!

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter This dagger hath miſta'en; for lo! the ſheath Lies empty on the back of *Montague*, The point miſ-ſheath'd in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up, To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopt her breath: What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

Mon.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected; as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned, and myſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtol'n marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betrothed and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage;
Or, in my cell, there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave;
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe,
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris* and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desp'rate, would not go with me;
But, as it seems did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: but if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father.
And threatened me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſhed!
Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo*'s by his lady lye:
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The ſun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

H.Grevedon del. Vol. 8. P. 101. G.Vander Gu

HAMLET,

Prince *of* DENMARK.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *two Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

HAMLET,

Prince *of* DENMARK. (1)

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARDO.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand, and unfold yourſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran.

(1) Honeſt *Langbaine* (in his account of *Dramatic Poets*) having told us, that he knew not whether this ſtory were true or falſe, not finding in the liſt given by Doctor *Heylin* ſuch a King of *Denmark* as *Claudius*; Mr. *Pope* comes and tells us, that this ſtory was not invented by our Author, tho', from whence he took it, he knows not.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, *Francisco*.
Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there!
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good night. [you?
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd

Langbaine gives us a ſenſible reaſon for his ignorance in this point; what to make of Mr. *Pope*'s aſſertion upon the grounds he gives us for it, I confeſs, I know not. But we'll allow this gentleman, for once, a prophet in his declaration: for the ſtory is taken from *Saxo Grammaticus* in his *Daniſh* hiſtory. I'll ſubjoin a ſhort extract of the material circumſtances, on which the ground work of the plot is built: and how happily the Poet has adapted his incidents, I ſhall leave to the obſervation of every reader. The hiſtorian calls our Poet's hero, *Amlethus*; his father, *Horwendillus*; his uncle, *Fengo*; and his mother, *Gerutha*. The old King in ſingle combat ſlew *Collerus*, king of *Norway*; *Fengo* makes away with his brother *Horwendillus*, and marries his widow *Gerutha*. *Amlethus*, to avoid being ſuſpected by his uncle of deſigns, aſſumes a form of utter madneſs. A fine woman is planted upon him, to try if he would yield to the impreſſions of love. *Fengo* contrives, that *Amlethus*, in order to ſound him, ſhould be cloſeted by his mother. A man is conceal'd in the ruſhes to overhear their diſcourſe; whom *Amlethus* diſcovers and kills. When the Queen is frighted at this behaviour of his, he taſks her about her criminal courſe of life, and inceſtuous converſation with her former huſband's murtherer; confeſſes, his madneſs is but counterfeited, to preſerve himſelf and ſecure his revenge for his father; to which he injoins the Queen's ſilence. *Fengo* ſends *Amlethus* to *Britain*: two of the King's ſervants attend him, with letters to the *Britiſh* King, ſtrictly preſſing the death of *Amlethus*, who, in the night-time, coming at their commiſſion, o'er-reads it, forms a new one, and turns the deſtruction, deſign'd towards himſelf, on the bearers of the letters. *Amlethus*, returning home, by a wile ſurprizes and kills his uncle.

Fran.

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place; give you good night.
[*Exit* Francisco.

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*,——

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our phantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while.
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heav'n.
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,
The bell then beating one,——

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look, where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried *Denmark*

Did ſometime march? by heav'n, I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak: I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone and will not anſwer.
Ber. How now, *Horatio*, you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſy?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thyſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange——
Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But, in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch.
So nightly toils the ſubjects of the land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: In which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)

Did

Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher: As by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt haſte and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The grave ſtood tenantleſs; the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets;
Stars ſhone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun; and the moiſt ſtar,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen'd coming on, (2)

Have

(2) *And prologue to the* omen *coming on.*] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely *ſynonymous here*, and muſt ſignify one and the ſame thing.

Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!——
Or, if thou haſt uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak—ſtop it, *Marcellus.*—
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here——
Hor. 'Tis here——
Mar. 'Tis gone [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies

But the Poet means, that theſe ſtrange *phænomena* are prologues, and forerunners of the events *preſag'd* by them: and ſuch ſenſe the ſlight alteration, which I have ventured to make by a ſingle letter added, very aptly gives.

To

To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then they ſay no ſpirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent, we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and attendants.*

King. THough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointreſs of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,

In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.——Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our ſtate to be disjointed and out of frame;
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.——
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe) to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer. My dread lord,

Your

Your leave and ſavour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly, I came to *Denrk*
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *France*:
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius*?
Pol. He hath, my lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and, at the laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine; (3)
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon———
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.
[*Aſide*.
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i'th' ſun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, why thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common: all that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

(3) *Take thy fair hour*, Laertes, *time be thine,*
And thy fair Graces; ſpend it at thy will.] This is the pointing in both Mr. *Pope*'s editions; but the Poet's meaning is loſt by it, and the cloſe of the ſentence miſerably flatten'd. The pointing, I have reſtor'd, is that of the beſt copies; and the ſenſe, this; "You have "my leave to go, *Laertes*; make the faireſt uſe you pleaſe of your "time, and ſpend it at your will with the faireſt graces you are "maſter of."

Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father; (4)
That father loſt, loſt, his; and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term,
To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature;
To reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt corſe, till he that died to-day,
"This muſt be ſo." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;

(4) *But you muſt know, your father loſt a father;*
That father his.——] This ſuppoſed refinement is from Mr. *Pope*; but all the editions elſe, that I have met with, old and modern, read,
That father loſt, loſt, *his*;
The *reduplication* of which word here gives an energy and an elegance, which is much eaſier to be conceiv'd, than explained in terms. And every judicious reader of this Poet muſt have obſerv'd, how frequent it is with him to make this *reduplication*; where he intends either to *aſſert* or *deny*, *augment* or *diminiſh*, or add a degree of *vehemence* to his expreſſion.

And

And with't no leſs nobility of love, (5)
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent (6)
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet*;
I pr'ythee, ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!

(5) *And with no leſs nobility of love,*
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart tow'rds you.] But what does the King *impart?* We want the ſubſtantive govern'd of the verb. The King had declar'd *Hamlet* his immediate ſucceſſor; and with that declaration, he muſt mean, he imparts to him as noble a love, as ever fond father tender'd to his own ſon. I have ventured to make the text conform with this ſenſe.

(6) ——————*For your intent*
In going back to ſchool to Wittenberg;] The Poet uſes a *prolepſis* here: for the univerſity at *Wittenberg* was open'd by *Frederick* the 3d elector of *Saxony* in the year 1502, ſeveral ages later in time than the late of *Hamlet*. But I deſigned this remark for another purpoſe. I would take notice, that a conſiderable ſpace of years is ſpent in this tragedy; or *Hamlet*, as a prince, ſhould be too old to go to an univerſity. We here find him a ſcholar reſident at that univerſity; but, in *Act* 5th, we find him plainly 30 years old: for the *gravedigger* had taken up that occupation the very day on which young *Hamlet* was born, and had follow'd it, as he ſays, thirty years.

Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd (7)
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! O God! oh God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;—
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother, (8)
That

(7) *Or that the everlaſting had not fix'd*
His cannon *'gainſt ſelf ſlaughter!*] The generality of the editions read thus, as if the Poet's thoughts were, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his* artillery, *his* reſentment, *or* arms *of* vengeance *againſt ſelf-murder.* But the word, which I have reſtor'd to the text, (and which was eſpous'd by the accurate Mr. *Hughes*, who gave an edition of this play;) is the Poet's true reading, i. e. *That he had not reſtrained ſuicide by his* expreſs law, *and* peremptory prohibition. Miſtakes are perpetually made in the old editions of our Poet, betwixt thoſe two words, *cannon* and *canon*. I ſhall now ſubjoin my reaſons why, I think, the Poet intended to ſay, heaven had fix'd its *injunction* rather than its *artillery*. In the firſt place, I much doubt the propriety of the phraſe, *fixing cannon*, in the meaning here ſuppos'd. The military expreſſion, which imports what would be neceſſary to the ſenſe of the Poet's thought, is *mounting*, or *planting cannon*: and whenever cannon is ſaid to be *fix'd*, it is when the enemy become maſters of it and nail it down. In the next place, to *fix* a *canon*, or *law*, is the term of the *civilians* peculiar to this buſineſs. This *Virgil* had in his mind, when he wrote,

———Legis fixit *pretio, atque* refixit. Æneid. VI.

So *Cicero* in his *Philippic* orations: *Num* figentur *rursùs hæ* Tabulæ, *quas vos decretis veſtris* refixiſtis? And it was the conſtant cuſtom of the *Romans* to ſay, upon this occaſion, *figere legem*; as the *Greeks* before them, uſed the ſynonimous term *νόμον παραπήξαι*, and call'd their ſtatutes thence *παραπήγματα*. But my laſt reaſon, and which ſways moſt with me, is from the Poet's own turn and caſt of thought. For, as he has done in a great many more inſtances, it is the very ſentiment which he falls into in another of his plays, tho' he has cloth'd it in different expreſſions.

———'gainſt *ſelf-ſlaughter*
There is a *prohibition* ſo *divine*,
That cravens my weak hand. *Cymbeline.*

(8) ———*ſo loving to my mother,*
That he permitted not *the winds of heav'n*
Viſit her face too roughly.] This is a ſophiſticated reading, copied from

That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember?——why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is woman! (9)
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe,——
(O heav'n! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married.—Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!

from the players in ſome of the modern editions, for want of underſtanding the Poet, whoſe text is corrupt in the old impreſſions: all of which that I have had the fortune to ſee, concur in reading:

——*ſo loving to my mother,*
That he might not beteene *the winds of heav'n*
Viſit her face too roughly.

Beteene is a corruption, without doubt, but not ſo inveterate a one, but that, by the change of a ſingle letter, and the ſeparation of two words miſtakenly jumbled together, I am verily perſwaded, I have retriev'd the Poet's reading.——*That he might not* let e'en *the winds of heav'n*, &c.

(9) ——*Frailty, thy name is woman!*] But that it would diſpleaſe Mr. *Pope* to have it ſuppos'd, that *ſatire* can have any place in *tragedy*, (of which I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak farther anon) I ſhould make no ſcruple to pronounce this reflection a fine *laconic* ſarcaſm. It is as conciſe in the terms, and, perhaps, more ſprightly in the thought and image, than that ſting of *Virgil* upon the ſex, in his fourth *Æneid*.

——*varium & mutabile ſemper*
Fœmina.

Mr. *Dryden* has remark'd, that this is the ſharpeſt ſatire in the fewest words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* muſt be underſtood to make them grammar. 'Tis certain, the deſign'd contempt is heighten'd by this change of the *gender*: but, I preſume, Mr. *Dryden* had forgot this paſſage of *Shakeſpeare*, when he declar'd on the ſide of *Virgil*'s hemiſtich, as the ſharpeſt ſatire he had met with.

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordſhip!
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio,——or I do forget myſelf?
Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus!
Mar. My good lord——
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf. I know, you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor*?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pry'thee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
'Would, I had met my dearſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio*!
My father——methinks, I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my Lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think, I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who?——
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!

Hor.

Hor. Seaſon your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pee*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up it's head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?

Both.

Both. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; stayd it long? [hundred.
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grisly?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you, it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to-night.
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well:
I doubt some foul play; 'would the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

ENE *changes to an Apartment in* Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' ſweet, not laſting:
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.——
Oph. No more but ſo?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not go alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmerch (10)
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole ſtate:

(10) *And now no ſoil, nor* cautel.] *Cautel*, from *cautela*, in its firſt deriv'd ſignification means a prudent *foreſight* or *caution*: but when we naturalize a *Latin* word into our tongue, we do not think ourſelves oblig'd to uſe it in it's preciſe, native ſignification. So here, traductively, 'tis employ'd to mean *deceit*, *craft*, *inſincerity*. And in theſe acceptations we find our Author uſing the adjective fromit, in his *Julius Cæſar*.

Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men *cautelous*.

In the like manner the *French* uſe their *cauteleux*; by which they underſtand, *ruſé*, *trompeur*: and *Minſhew* has explain'd the word *cautel* thus, a crafty way to deceive. Mr. *Warburton*.

And

And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's head. Then, if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh, what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with to credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilſt, like a puft and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long;—but here my father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for ſhame
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail, (11)

(11) *The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,*
And you are ſtaid for there. *My bleſſing*, &c.] *There*—where *the ſhoulder of* his ſail? For to that muſt this local adverb rela

And you are ſtaid for. There;——
My bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes' *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear't that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

'tis ſituated. Beſides, it is a dragging idle expletive, and ſeems of no uſe but to ſupport the meaſure of the verſe. But when we come to point this paſſage right, and to the Poet's intention in it, we ſhall find it neither unneceſſary, nor improper, in its place. In the ſpeech immediately preceding this, *Laertes* taxes himſelf with ſtaying too long; but ſeeing his father approach, he is willing to ſtay for a ſecond bleſſing, and kneels down to that end: *Polonius* accordingly lays his hand on his head, and gives him the ſecond bleſſing. The manner, in which a comic actor behaved upon this occaſion, was ſure to raiſe a laugh of pleaſure in the audience: and the oldeſt *quarto*'s, in the pointing, are a confirmation that thus the Poet intended it, and thus the ſtage expreſs'd it.

Pol. The time inveſts you; go, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.
Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.
Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?
Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet*.
Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourſelf a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly; (13)
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,

(12) *The time* invites *you*,——] This reading is as old as the firſt *folio*; however I ſuſpect it to have been ſubſtituted by the players, who did not underſtand the term which poſſeſſes the elder *quarto*'s:

The time inveſts *you*,

i. e. beſieges, preſſes upon you on every ſide. To *inveſt a town*, is the *military* phraſe from which our Author borrow'd his *metaphor*.

(13) *Tender yourſelf more dearly*;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe)
Wronging *it thus, you'll tender me a fool.*] The *parenthеſis* is clos'd at the wrong place; and we muſt make likewiſe a ſlight correction in the laſt verſe. *Polonius* is racking and playing on the word *tender*, till he thinks proper to correct himſelf for the licence; and then he would ſay——not farther to crack the wind of the phraſe by *twiſting* and *contorting* it, as I have done, &c. Mr. *Warburton*.

ringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call it: go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my
ith almoſt all the holy vows of heav'n. [Lord,
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
hen the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
nds the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
ving more light than heat, extinct in both,
'n in their promiſe as it is a making,
ou muſt not take for fire. From this time,
ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
t your intreatments at a higher rate,
ıan a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
lieve ſo much in him, that he is young;
ıd with a larger tether may he walk,
ıan may be giv'n you. In few, *Ophelia*,
ı not believe his vows; for they are brokers, (14)
Not

(14) *Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile.]

To the ſame purpoſe our Author, ſpeaking of vows, expreſſes m-
f in his poem, called the *Lover's Complaint.*

Saw, how deceits were guilded in his ſmiling;
Knew *vows* were ever *brokers* to *defiling:*

But to the paſſage in queſtion: tho' all the editors have ſwallow'd implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been ſurpriz'd, how n of genius and learning could let it paſs without ſome ſuſpicion. hat Ideas can we form to ourſelves of a *breathing bond*, or of its be- *ſanctified* and *pious?* The only tolerable way of reconciling it to neaning without a change, is to ſuppoſe that the Poet intends, by e word *bonds*, *verbal obligations*, *proteſtations:* and then, indeed, eſe *bonds* may, in ſome ſenſe, be ſaid to have *breath*. But this is make him guilty of over-ſtraining the word and alluſion; and it ll hardly bear that interpretation, at leaſt not without much ob- rity. As he, juſt before, is calling amorous vows *brokers*, and im- rers of unholy ſuits; I think, a continuation of the plain and na- al ſenſe directs to an eaſy *emendation*, which makes the whole ught of a piece, and gives it a turn not unworthy of our Poet.

Breathing, like ſanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile.

Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Look to't, I charge you, come your way.
Oph. I ſhall obey, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*
What does this mean, my Lord? [rouſe.
Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?

Broker, 'tis to be obſerv'd, our Author perpetually uſes as the more modeſt ſynonymous term for *bawd*. Beſides, what ſtrengthens my correction, and makes this emendation the more neceſſary and probable, is, the words with which the Poet winds up his thought, *the better to beguile*. It is the ſly artifice and cuſtom of bawds to put on an air and form of *ſanctity*, to betray the virtues of young ladies; by drawing them firſt into a kind opinion of them, from their *exterior* and *diſſembled* goodneſs. And *bawds* in their office of *treachery* are likewiſe properly *brokers*; and the *implorers* and prompters of *unholy* (that is, unchaſte) ſuits: and ſo a chain of the ſame metaphors is continued to the end.

I made this emendation when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace it in his laſt edition.

Ham.

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt, (15)
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar)
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault. —— The dram of Baſe (16)
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter

(15) *This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt.*] This whole ſpeech of *Hamlet*, to the entrance of the ghoſt, I ſet right in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, ſo ſhall not trouble the readers again with a repetition of thoſe corrections, or juſtification of them. Mr. *Pope* admits, I have given the whole a *glimmering* of *ſenſe*, but it is purely *conjectural*, and founded on no *authority* of *copies*. But is this any objection againſt conjecture in *Shakeſpeare*'s caſe, where no original manuſcript is ſubſiſting, and the printed copies have ſucceſſively blunder'd after one another? And is not even a glimmering of ſenſe, ſo it be not arbitrarily impos'd, preferable to flat and glaring nonſenſe? If not, there is a total end at leaſt to this branch of criticiſm; and nonſenſe may plead title and preſcription from time, becauſe there is no direct authority for diſpoſſeſſing it.

(16) ——— *The dram of* eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his own ſcandal.] Mr. *Pope* who has degraded this whole ſpeech,

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape, (17)

has entirely left out this concluding ſentence of it. It looks, indeed, to be deſperate, and for that reaſon, I conceive, he choſe to drop it. I do not remember a paſſage, throughout all our Poet's works, more intricate and deprav'd in the text, of leſs meaning to outward appearance, or more likely to baffle the attempts of criticiſm in its aid. It is certain, there is neither ſenſe, nor grammar, as it now ſtands: yet, with a ſlight alteration, I'll endeavour to cure thoſe defects, and give a ſentiment too, that ſhall make the Poet's thought cloſe nobly. What can a dram of *eaſe* mean? Or, what can it have to do with the context, ſuppoſing it were the allow'd expreſſion here? Or, in a word, what agreement in ſenſe is there betwixt a *dram* of *eaſe* and the *ſubſtance* of a *doubt*? It is a deſperate corruption, and the neareſt way to hope for a cure of it, is, to conſider narrowly what the Poet muſt be ſuppoſed to have intended here. The whole tenour of this ſpeech is, that let men have never ſo many, or ſo eminent, virtues, if they have one defect which accompanies them, that ſingle blemiſh ſhall throw a ſtain upon their whole character: and not only ſo, (if I underſtand right) but ſhall deface the very eſſence of all their goodneſs, to its own ſcandal: ſo that their virtues themſelves will become their reproach. This is not only a continuation of his ſentiment, but carries it up with a fine and proper *climax*. I have ventur'd to conjecture, that the Author might write;

———*The dram of* baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out
To his own ſcandal.

The dram of *baſe*, *i. e.* the leaſt alloy of baſeneſs or vice. It is very frequent with our Poet to uſe the *adjective* of *quality* inſtead of the ſubſtantive ſignifying the thing. Beſides, I have obſerved, that elſewhere, ſpeaking of *worth*, he delights to conſider it as a quality that adds *weight* to a perſon, and connects the word with that idea.

Let ev'ry word *weigh heavy* of her *worth*,
That he does *weigh* too *light*. *All's Well that ends Well.*
From whoſe ſo many *weights* of *baſeneſs* cannot
A *dram* of *worth* be drawn. *Cymbeline.*

(17) *Thou com'ſt in ſuch a* queſtionable *ſhape.*] By *queſtionable* we now conſtantly underſtand *diſputable*, *doubtful*; but our Author uſes it in a ſenſe quite oppoſite, *not diſputable*, but to be *convers'd with*, *inviting queſtion*: as in *Macbeth.*

Live you, or are you aught that man may *queſtion*?

That

That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane:* oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance: but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead coarſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it.——

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea;
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee—

Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heav'n, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me—
I ſay, away,——go on——I'll follow thee——
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow! 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after.——To what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmark.*
Hor. Heav'n will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. WHERE wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And,

And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires; (18)
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love———

Ham. Oh heav'n!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.

Ham Murder?

Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear;
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*

(18) *And, for the day, confin'd to* faſt *in fires.*] I once ſuſpected this expreſſion ——*to* faſt *in fires*: becauſe tho' faſting is often a part of penance injoin'd us by the church-diſcipline here on earth, yet, I conceiv'd, it could be no great puniſhment for a *ſpirit*, a being which requires no ſuſtenance, to *faſt*. Mr. *Warburton* has ſince perfectly convinced me that the text is not to be diſturb'd, but that the expreſſion is purely *metaphorical*. For it is the opinion of the religion here repreſented, (i. e. the *Roman* catholic) that *faſting* purifies the ſoul here, as the *fire* does in the *purgatory* here alluded to: and that the ſoul muſt be purged either by *faſting* here, or by *burning* hereafter. This opinion *Shakeſpeare* again hints at, where he makes *Hamlet* ſay;

He took my father groſsly, *full of bread.*

And we are to obſerve, that it is a common ſaying of the *Romiſh* prieſts to their people, *If you won't* faſt *here, you muſt* faſt *in fire.*

Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. Oh, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage———
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air——
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.———
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once diſpatcht;
Cut off ev'n in the bloſſoms of my ſin,

Unhouſel'

Unhouſel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd: (19)
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account

(19) *Unhouzzled, unanointed, unaneal'd*;] The ghoſt, having recounted the proceſs of his murder, proceeds to exaggerate the inhumanity and unnaturalneſs of the fact, from the circumſtances in which he was ſurpris'd. But theſe, I find, have been ſtumbling blocks to our editors; and therefore I muſt amend and explain theſe three compound adjectives in their order. Inſtead of *unhouzzel'd*, we muſt reſtore, *unhouſel'd*, i. e. *without the ſacrament taken*; from the old *Saxon* word for the ſacrament, *houſel*. So our *etymologiſts*, and *Chaucer* write it; and *Spencer*, accordingly, calls the ſacramental fire, *houſling* fire. In the next place, *unanointed* is a ſophiſtication of the text: the old copies concur in reading, *diſappointed*. I correct,

Unhouſel'd, unappointed,———

i. e. no confeſſion of ſins made, no reconciliation to heav'n, no appointment of penance by the church. To this purpoſe *Othello* ſpeaks to his wife, when he is upon the point of killing her;

If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heav'n and Grace,
Sollicit for it ſtrait.

So in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, when *Iſabella* brings word to *Claudio* that he is to be inſtantly executed, ſhe urges him to this neceſſary duty;

Therefore your beſt *appointment* make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet out.

Unaneal'd, I agree to be the Poet's genuine word; but I muſt take the liberty to diſpute Mr. *Pope*'s explication of it, *viz.* No *knell* rung. I don't pretend to know what gloſſaries Mr. *Pope* may have conſulted and truſts to; but whoſoever they are, I am ſure, their comment is very ſingular in the word alledg'd. The adjective form'd from *knell*, muſt have been *unknell'd* or *unknoll'd*. So in *Macbeth*;

Had I as many ſons, as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death;
And ſo his *knell* is *knoll'd*.

There is no rule in orthography for ſinking the *k* in the deflexion of any verb or compound form'd from *knell*, and melting it into a vowel. What ſenſe does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obſolete *Engliſh* terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unctus*; from the *Teutonick* preposition *an*, and *ole*, i. e. *oil*: ſo that *unaneal'd* muſt conſequently ſignify, *unanointed*, not having the *extream unction*. So that the Poet's reading and explication being aſcertained, he very finely makes his *ghoſt* complain of theſe four dreadful hardſhips; that he had been diſpatched out of life without receiving the *hoſtes*, or ſacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to heaven and *abſolv'd*; without the benefit of *extream unction*; or without ſo much as a *confeſſion* made of his ſins. The having no *knell* rung, I think is not a point of equal conſequence to any of theſe; eſpecially, if we conſider, that the *Romiſh* church admits the efficacy *of praying* for the *dead*.

With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? oh, hold my heart——
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee——
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory (20)
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables,—— meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I'm sure, it may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've sworn it——

(20) *Yea, from the table of my memory*
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.] *Æschylus*, I remember, twice uses this very metaphor; considering the *mind* of *memory*, as a *tablet*, or *writing-book*, on which we are to engrave things worthy of remembrance.

Ἣν ἐγγράφου Σύ μνήμοσιν Δέλτοις φρενῶν. Prometh.
Δελτογράφῳ δὲ πάντ' ἐπιωπᾷ φρενι. Eumenid.

Enter

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

r. My Lord, my Lord,———
ar. Lord *Hamlet*,———
r. Heav'n ſecure him!
ar. So be it.
r. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!
m. Illo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come.
ar. How is't, my noble Lord?
r. What news, my Lord?
m. Oh, wonderful!
r. Good my Lord, tell it.
m. No, you'll reveal it.
r. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.
ar. Nor I, my Lord. [think it?
m. How ſay you then, would heart of man once
'ou'll be ſecret——
th. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.
m. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
ne's an arrant knave. [grave
r. There needs no ghoſt, my Lord, come from the
ell us this.
m. Why, right, you are i'th' right;
ſo without more circumſtance at all,
d it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
every man has buſineſs and deſire,
as it is) and, for my own poor part,
l go pray.
r. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.
m. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
heartily.
r. There's no offence, my Lord.
m. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my Lord,
much offence too. Touching this viſion here—
an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
'our deſire to know what is between us,
maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
ou are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
me one poor requeſt.

Hor.

Hor. What is't, my Lord? [night
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.*
Ham. Ah, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe an oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard, (21)
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword. [ſo faſt?
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, canſt work i'th' ground
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*, (22)
Than

(21) *Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard,*
Swear by my ſword.] This adjuration and the ſolemnity of ſwearing *Hamlet*'s ſword, ſeems to be ſneer'd at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*; where *Ralph* the grocer's prentice, diſmiſſes the *barber* in quiet, on certain terms agreed betwixt them.
Ralph. I give thee mercy, but yet thou ſhalt *ſwear*
Upon my burning peſtle to perform
Thy promiſe uttered.
Barb. I *ſwear* and *kiſs*.
(22) *There are more things in heav'n and earth*, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.] This reflexion of *Hamlet* ſeems

Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, (ſo help your mercy!)
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
(As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on;)
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well—we know—or, we could, and if we would—
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak—or, there be, and if there
(Or ſuch ambiguous giving out) denote [might—
That you know aught of me; This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a Man as *Hamlet* is
May do t'expreſs his love and friending to you;
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray:
The time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ſeems to be directly copied from this paſſage of *Lucretius*, lib. i. v. 152.

Quod multa *in* terris fieri, cœloque *tuentur*,
Quorum operum cauſas nullâ ratione videre
Poſſunt.

I had amended and rectified the pointing of this whole ſpeech in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, to which I deſire for brevity's ſake to refer my readers. Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to reform the whole, in his laſt edition, agreeably to my directions there.

ACT II.

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this money, and thoſe notes, *Reynold*
Rey. I will, my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynold*
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well ſaid; very well ſaid, Look you, Si
Enquire me firſt what *Danſkers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they kee
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus——I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*
Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.
Pol. And in part him—but you may ſay—not wel
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo——and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, unuſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my Lord——
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——you may go ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charg

You muſt not put another ſcandal on him, (23)
That he is open to incontinency, [quaintly,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good Lord———
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And I believe, it is a fetch of wit.
You, laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon, (24)
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working,
Mark

(23) *You muſt not put another ſcandal on him.*] I once ſuſpected, and attempted to correct, this paſſage. The old gentleman, 'tis plain, is of opinion, that to charge his ſon with *wenching*, would not *diſhonour* him; conſequently, would be no ſcandal to him. Why then ſhould he caution *Reynoldo* from putting *another* ſcandal on him? There can be no *ſecond* ſcandal ſuppos'd, without a firſt implied. On this kind of reaſoning, I propos'd to correct;

You muſt not put an utter *ſcandal on him.* Mr. *Pope*, I obſerve, ſeems to admit the emendation, but I retract it as an idle, unweigh'd conjecture. The reaſoning, on which it is built, is fallacious; and our Author's licentious manner of expreſſing himſelf elſewhere, convinces me, that any change is altogether unneceſſary. So in King *Richard* II.

Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from *other* miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.

Now, ſtrictly ſpeaking, here, *tendering his prince's ſafety* in his *firſt* miſbegotten *hate*; which nobody will ever believe was the Poet's intention. And ſo, in *Macbeth*;

———*All theſe are portable,*
With *other* graces weigh'd.

Malcolm had been enumerating the ſecret *enormities* he was guilty of; no *graces* are mention'd or ſuppos'd; ſo that in grammatical ſtrictneſs, theſe enormities ſtand in the place of *firſt* graces; tho' the Poet means no more than this, that *Malcolm*'s *vices* would be ſupportable, if his *graces* on the *other* hand were to be weigh'd againſt them.

(24) *Your laying theſe ſlight* ſullies *on my ſon,*
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd *i'th' working.*] 'Tis true, ſallies and ſlights of youth are very frequent phraſes; but what agreement

Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good Sir, or ſo, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my Lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does—what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething—where did I leave?—
Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence—ay, marry.
He cloſes thus;——I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowſe,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or ſo forth.—See you now;
Your bait of falſhood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with eſſays of byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord, I have.
Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my Lord——
Pol. Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf.
Rey. I ſhall, my Lord.
Pol. And let him play his muſick.
Rey. Well, my Lord. [*Exit.*

in the metaphors is there betwixt *fallies* and *foil'd*? All the old copies, which I have ſeen, read as I have reform'd the text. So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*;

——————Let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our *gloſs* of youth.

Enter

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?
Oph. My Lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose, (25)
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;

(25) ——————*his stockings* foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down gyv'd *to his ancle.*] I have restor'd the reading of the elder *quarto's*,—*his stockings* loose —The change, I suspect, was first from the players, who saw a contradiction in his stockings being *loose*, and yet *shackled* down at ancle. But they, in their ignorance, blunder'd away our Author's word, because they did not understand it;

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred,

i. e. turn'd down. So, the oldest copies; and, so his stockings were properly *loose*, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd down* to the ancle. Γῦρος among the *Greeks* signified a *circle*; and γυρόω, to *roul round*; and the word γυρὸς also meant crooked. Therefore the *Gyræan* rocks, amidst which *Ajax* of *Locri* was lost, were call'd so, because, as *Eustathius* says, they were *crooked*: or, perhaps, because they lay, as it were, in a ring. *Hesychius*, by the bye, wants a slight correction upon this word. † Γυρῇσι πέτρῃσιν, ὕτω καλοῦνται. † Γυραὶ πέτραι ἐν τῷ ἱκαρίῳ πελάγει, πρὸς μυκώνῃ τῇ νήσῳ. In the first place we must take away the note of distinction, and reduce the two articles into one, thus. † Γυρῇσι πέτρῃσιν· ὕτω καλοῦνται Γυραὶ πέτραι, &c. Then, instead of μυκωνῃ, we must read μυκωνῳ, or μυκόνῳ; for it is written both ways. But, to return to my theme. The *Latins* borrow'd *Gyrus* from the *Greeks*, to signify a *circle*; as we may find in their best poets and prose writers: and the *Spaniards* and *Italians* have from thence adopted both the verb and substantive into their tongues; so that *Shakespeare* could not be at a loss for the use of the term.

Then

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtacy of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry, that with better ſpeed and judgment (26)
I had

(26) *I'm ſorry that with better* heed *and judgment I had not quoted him.*] I have reſtor'd with the generality of the elder copies, *ſpeed*; and every knowing reader of our Author muſt have obſerv'd, that he oftener uſes *ſpeed* in the ſignification of *ſucceſs* than of *celerity*. To be content with a few inſtances;

Launce. There—and St. *Nicholas* be thy *ſpeed*! 2 *Gent. of* Verona.
Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy *ſpeed*, young man! *As You like it.*
(Let me ſee; What then?—St. *Dennis* be my *ſpeed*? K. *Hen.* V.
Bapt. Well may'ſt thou wooe, and happy be thy *ſpeed*!
Taming the Shrew.

The prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's *ſpeed*, is gone. *Winter's Tale.*

Or if we were to take ſpeed, in its native ſenſe of quickneſs, celerity, *Polonius* might very properly uſe it; meaning, that he is ſorry, he had not ſooner, and with better judgment, ſifted into *Hamlet's* indiſpoſition. So *Neſtor* ſays, in *Troilus*,

And

I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he trifl'd,
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy;
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come; go we to the King.
This muſt be known; which being kept cloſe might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *Lords and other Attendants.*

King. WElcome, dear *Roſincrantz*, and *Guildenſtern!*
Moreover that we much did long to ſee
The need, we have to uſe you, did provoke [you,
Our haſty ſending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet*'s tranſformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward, man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchſafe you reſt here in our court
Some little time; ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather,
So much as from occaſions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you

And in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*——————
——————will with great *ſpeed* of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

To

To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your majeſties
Might, by the ſov'reign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenſtern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſincrantz*.
And, I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go, ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.

King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.

King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
s father's death, and our o'erhaſty marriage.

e-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
', *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Vol. Moſt fair return of greetings and deſires.
on our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
; nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack*:
, better look'd into, he truly found
vas againſt your Highneſs: whereat griev'd,
at ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
is falſely born in hand, ſends out arreſts
Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
ceives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
kes vow before his uncle, never more
give th' aſſay of arms againſt your majeſty.
iereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
ves him threeſcore thouſand crowns in annual fee; (27)
d his commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
levied as before, againſt the *Polack*:
ith an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,

That

27) *Gives him* three *thouſand crowns in annual fee.*] This reading obtain'd in the edition put out by the players. But all the old *rto*'s (from 1605, downwards) read, as I have reform'd the text. ad hinted, that *threeſcore thouſand* crowns ſeemed a much more able donative from a King to his own nephew, and the general of army, than ſo poor a pittance as *three thouſand* crowns, a penſion ce large enough for a dependent courtier. I therefore reſtor'd,

Gives him threeſcore *thouſand crowns*———

To this Mr. *Pope* (very archly critical, as he imagines) has only lied,—*which in* his *ear is a verſe.* I own, it is; and I'll venture prove to this great maſter in numbers, that two ſyllables may, by nunciation, be *reſolv'd* and *melt'd* into one, as eaſily as two notes *flur'd* in *muſick*: and a redundance of a ſyllable, that may be ſo k, has never been a breach of harmony in any language. We ſt pronounce, as if 'twere written;

Gi's'm *three* | *ſcore* | *thou* | *ſand crowns* |

: has Mr. *Pope*, indeed, ſo long been converſant with verſe, and er obſerv'd the licence of the *pes proceleuſmaticus*: or that an

anapeſt

That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.
King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well took labo

anapæſt is equal in time and quantity to a *ſpondée*? A few inſ
from the Claſſics will convince him, and perſons (if there a
ſuch) of ſuperior learning.

Γαλακτοφάγων αἰζῶν, δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων. *Hom. Il.* v.
Βορέης μὲν Ζέφυρος, τὼ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄηλον. *Il.* i. v. 5.
Νέα μὲν μοι κατέπηξε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων. *Odyſſ.* ε. v
Ἱέρευον δὲ σύας σταλὸς μὲν βῦν ὠγυγίαιην. *Odyſſ.* ρ. v
Κυκλωψὶ, τὰ, πλὶ οἶνον, ἐπεὶ φάγε; ἀνδρόμεα κρέα. *Odyſſ.* ι.
Ἐιαρὶ φολεῖν, Ζήρος τεμμένη ὠ σ' ἀσπασίως. *Heſiod.* Ἔρ

Capitibus *nutantes platanos*, *rectaſque cupreſſus*. E
Tenuia *ſputa*, *minuta*, *croci contincta colore*. I
Tenue, *cavati oculi*, *cava tempora*, *frigida pellis*.
Per terras amnes, *atque oppida* cooperuiſſe.
Vehemens & *liquidus*, *puroque ſimillimus amni*.
Parietibus*que premunt artis*, & *quatuor addunt*.
Hærent parietibus *Scalæ*———
Fluviorum *rex Eridanus*———
Arietat *in portas* & *duros objice poſtes*.
Ego laticis *hauſtu ſatior*? *aut ullo furor*, &c.
Tumet ani*mus iræ*, *fervet immenſum dolor*.
Vide ut ani*mus ingens lætus audierit necem*.

But inſtances from the Claſſics would be endleſs. Let us no
a ſhort view, whether there are not other verſes in our Author
neither can be ſcan'd nor pronounc'd, without melting dow
ſyllables and extending others; and yet the verſes will ſtand th
all judicious ears, that are acquainted with the licences of verſifi

On holy | rood day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there. 1 *H*
And that the lord of *Weſt* | *morland* ſhall | maintain. 3 *H*
Thy grand | father *Ro* | *ger Mor* | *timer* earl | of *March*
I am the ſon of *Hen* | *ry* | the Fifth.

For *Henry* here is made a *triſyllable*.

As *ſi* | *re* drives | out *fire*, ſo pi | ty pity: *Ji*

And I might amaſs a thouſand more inſtances in proof. To co
without this liberty of liquidating ſyllables, as we may call i
would Mr. *Pope*, or any body elſe, ſcan this verſe in *Johnſon*'s *
But *Pătĕ* | fites or | ſub *pā* | *rā*fites. | And yet, &c

Go to your reſt; at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Exe. Ambaſ.*
Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate (28)
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief; your noble ſon is mad;
Mad, call I it; for to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that go———
Queen. More matter, with leſs art.
Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all:——
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a fooliſh figure,——
But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect;
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—Perpend.—

(28) *My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate.*] There ſeem to me in this ſpeech moſt remarkable ſtrokes of humour. I never read it without aſtoniſhment at the Author's admirable art of preſerving the unity of character. It is ſo juſt a ſatire on impertinent oratory, (eſpecially, of that then in vogue) which was of the formal cut, and proceeded by definition, diviſion, and ſubdiviſion, that I think, every body muſt be charm'd with it. Then as to the *jingles*, and *play* on words, let us but look into the ſermons of Dr. *Donne*, (the wittieſt man of that age) and we ſhall find them full of this vein; only, there they are to be admired, here to be laugh'd at. Then, with what art is *Polonius* made to pride himſelf in his wit?

A fooliſh figure.—— But, farewell it.

Again, how finely is he ſneering the formal oratory in faſhion, when he makes this reflection on *Hamlet*'s raving?

Tho' this be *madneſs*, yet there's *method* in it.

As if method in a diſcourſe (which the wits of that age thought the moſt eſſential part of good writing) would make amends for the madneſs of it. This in the mouth of *Polonius* is exceeding ſatirical. Tho' it was madneſs, yet he could comfort himſelf with the reflection, that at leaſt it was method. Mr. *Warburton.*

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather, and surmise.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified (29) Ophelia.——That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear—*These to her excellent white bosom, these.*——

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while, I will be faithful.

(29) *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most* beautified Ophelia,] I have ventur'd at an emendation here, against the authority of all the copies: but, I hope, upon examination it will appear probable and reasonable. The word *beautified* may carry two distinct ideas, either as applied to a woman made up of artificial beauties (which our Poet afterwards calls,

The harlot's cheek *beautied* with *plastring* art) or as applied to a person rich in native charms:

As in the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona;

And partly seeing you are *beautified*
With goodly shape.

As *Shakespeare* has therefore chose to use it in the latter acceptation, to express natural comeliness; I cannot imagine, that, here, he would have excepted to the phrase, and call'd it a *vile one*. But a stronger objection still, in my mind, lies against it. As *celestial* and *soul's idol* are the introductory characteristics of *Ophelia*, what a dreadful *anticlimax* is it to descend to such an epithet as *beautified*? On the other hand, *beatified*, as I have conjectur'd, raises the image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a *Roman* catholick, call it a *vile* phrase, i. e. savouring of prophanation; since the epithet is peculiarly made an adjunct to the Virgin *Mary*'s honour, and therefore ought not to be employ'd in the praise of a meer mortal. Again, tho' *beatified*, perhaps, is no where else apply'd to an earthly beauty, yet the same rapturous ideas are employ'd in terms purely synonymous.

No *Valentine* indeed for *sacred* Sylvia. *Two Gent. of* Verona.
Ev'n she; and is she not a *heav'nly saint*?
Call her *divine*. *Ibid.*
My vow was earthly, thou a *heavenly love*. *Love's Lab. Lost.*
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, Love, this wrong;
That sings *Heav'n*'s praise with such an earthly tongue. *Ibid.*

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I remember, in a *Wife for a Month*, make a lover subscribe his letter to his mistress, thus;——To the *blest Evanthe*.

Doubt

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me:) what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the deſk or table-book,
Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice:
And he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe.
[*Pointing to his head and ſhou*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.
King. How may we try it further? [
Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to hi
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fall'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where, ſadly the poor wretch c
reading.
Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exe. King and Q*
Oh, give me leave.—How does my good Lord *Ha*
Ham. Well, God o' mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.
Pol. Not I, my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt, as this world go
to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.
Pol. That's very true, my Lord.
Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead d
Being a good kiſſing carrion——
Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' ſun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't. [daughter,

Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſhmonger. He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aſide.* I ſuffer'd much extremity for love; Very near this.——I'll ſpeak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatirical ſlave ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum: and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with moſt weak hams. All which, Sir, tho' I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſtly to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't: Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.——

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'th' air:——

How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are!
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanctity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek Lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear Lord! [*Guildenſtern?*

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou Oh, *Roſincrantz*, good lads! how do you both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waiſt, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith in her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my Lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt

Roſ. We think not ſo, my Lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me, it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count myſelf a king of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very

very ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows; Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinoor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my Lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for: and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To* Guilden.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore

I know not, loſt all my mirth, foregone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſterile promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target; the lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did, when I was in the city? are they ſo followed?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but

but there is, Sir, an aiery of children, little eyaſes, (30) that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children who maintains 'em? how are they eſcorted? will they purſue the quality, no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Roſ. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and thoſe, that would make mowes at him

(30) *But there is, Sir, an aiery of children, little* yaſes, *that cry out on the top of queſtion.*] The Poet here ſteps out of his ſubject to give a laſh at home, and ſneer at the prevailing faſhion of following plays performed by the children of the chapel, and abandoning the eſtabliſh'd theatres. But why are they call'd *little* yeaſes? I wiſh, ſome of the editors would have expounded this fine new word to us; or, at leaſt, told us where we might meet with it. Till then, I ſhall make bold to ſuſpect it; and without overſtraining ſagacity, attempt to retrieve the true word. As he firſt calls them an *aiery* of children, (now, an *aiery* or *eyery* is a hawk's or eagle's neſt) there is not the leaſt queſtion but we ought to reſtore——*little* eyaſes; i. e. young neſtlings, creatures juſt out of the egg. (An *eyas* or *nyas*, hawk, *an niais, accipiter nidarius, qui recens ex ovo emerſit.* Skinner.) So Mrs. *Ford* ſays to *Falſtaffe*'s dwarf page.

How now, my *eyas*-muſket? What news with you?

Merry Wives.

while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the Players.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the players (which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling-clouts.

Roſ Haply, he is the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it; you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham My Lord, I have news to tell you.
When *Roſcius* was an actor in *Rome.*——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, Buzze.——

Pol. Upon mine honour.——

Ham. Then came each actor on his aſs——

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene individable, or poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit, and the liberty, theſe are the only men.

Ham.

Ham. *Oh, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael,* what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha,* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God-wot*—and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; the firſt row of *the rubrick* will ſhew you more. For, look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I re-

member, (31) one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas*'s tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If

(31) *I remember one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury.*] i. e. That there was no poignancy of wit, or virulence of *ſatire* in them, as I had formerly explain'd this paſſage. Mr. *Pope* has fallen upon me with a ſneer, and triumphs that I ſhould be ſo ridiculous to think that *ſatire* can have any place in *tragedy*. I did not mean, that ſatire was to make its ſubject, or that the paſſions were to be purg'd by it: may not a *ſharp* and *ſarcaſtical* ſentiment, for all that, occaſionally ariſe from the matter? What does this gentleman think of *irony*? Is it not one ſpecies of ſatire? And yet Monſieur *Hedelin* (almoſt as good a judge as Mr. *Pope* in theſe matters) tells us it is a figure entirely theatrical. Or what does Mr. *Pope* think of ſuch ſentences as theſe?

Frailty, thy name is *woman!* *Hamlet.*
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, *but who kill'd the firſt.* *Ibid.*
At a few drops of womens rheum, *which are*
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action. *Coriolanus.*
O woman! woman! woman! *All the Gods*
Have not ſuch pow'r of doing good to men,
As you of doing harm. Dryden's *All for Love.*

And to borrow one inſtance from an antient, who has outgone all the others quoted, in the ſtrength of his ſarcaſm,

——χρὴν γὰρ ἀλλοθέν ποθεν βροτοὺς
Παῖδας ποιεῖσθαι, θῆλυ δ' οὐκ εἶναι γένος.
Οὕτω δ' ἂν οὐκ ἦν οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις κακόν. *Eurip.* in *Medea.*

I chuſe this paſſage, becauſe, I think, our *Milton* has left a fine paraphraſe upon it; and, I doubt not, had the *Greek* poet in his eye.

——Oh, why did god,
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This *novelty* on earth, this *fair defect*
Of *Nature*, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, and *not feminine*;
Or find ſome other way to generate mankind.

If Mr. *Pope* does not think theſe paſſages to be *ſatire*, and yet they are all in *tragedies*, I muſt beg leave to diſſent from him in opinion. Or, to conclude, has Mr. *Pope* never heard, that *Euripides* obtain'd the name of Μισογύνης, woman-hater, becauſe he ſo virulently *ſatyriz'd* the ſex in his *tragedies*.

it

it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee—The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt,——It is not ſo;——it begins with *Pyrrhus*.
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot,
Now is he total gules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at *Greeks*. His antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerv'd father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' air to ſtick:
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus*' pauſe,
A rouſed vengeance ſets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops*' hammers fall

On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam.*——
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune! all you Gods,
In general ſynod take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba* [Queen,—

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who, had ſeen the mobled

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem ſtood: and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, where he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my Lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chroniclers of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll have a play to-morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow-night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*.

Roſ. Good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God b'w'ye: now I am alone.
Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.——Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cauſe.

And

And can ſay nothing,——no not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it——for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region-kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab——(32)
A cullion,—fy upon't! foh!—about, my brain!—
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,

(32) *And fall a curſing like a very drab——*
A ſtallion ——] But why a *ſtallion?* The two old *folio's* have it, a *ſcullion:* but that too is wrong. I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* wrote as I have reform'd the text, a *cullion, i. e.* a ſtupid, heartleſs, faint-hearted, white liver'd fellow; one good for nothing, but curſing and talking big. So, in King *Lear;*

I'll make a ſop o'th' moonſhine of you; you whoreſon, *cullionly*, barbermonger, draw.

2 *Henry* VI.

Away, baſe *cullions!*——*Suffolk*, let 'em go.

The word is of *Italian* extraction, from *coglione*; which, in its metaphorical ſignification, (as *La Cruſca* defines it) *diceſi ancor* coglione *per ingiuria in ſenſo di* balordo,——is ſaid by way of reproach to a ſtupid, good for nothing blockhead.

I know

now my courſe. This ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
ay be the devil; and the devil hath power
aſſume a pleaſing ſhape: yea, and, perhaps,
t of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
s he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
uſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
re relative than this: The play's the thing,
herein I'll catch the conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

****

ACT III.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

er King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

ND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
ting ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
th turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Pol. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
en we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Pol. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Pol. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
ſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Pol. Madam it ſo fell out, that certain players
o'er-took on the way: of theſe we told him;
l there did ſeem in him a kind of joy

To

To hear of it: they are about the court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and myſelf,
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs! So ſhall I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* Queen.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow ourſelves——Read on this book;
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.
King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
[*Aſide.*
The harlot's cheek, beautified with plaiſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than

Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles, (33)
And

(33) *Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,*
And by oppoſing end them?] I once imagin'd, that, to preſerve the uniformity of metaphor, and as it is a word our Author is fond of uſing elſwhere, he might have wrote;——*a ſiege of troubles.*
So, in *Midſummer Night's Dream.*
Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay *ſiege* to it.
King *John.*
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them; invifible his *ſiege* is now, *&c.*
Romeo and *Juliet.*
You, to remove that *ſiege* of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her, *&c.*
Timon of *Athens.*
——Not even Nature,
To whom all ſores lay *ſiege*, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Or one might conjecturally amend the paſſage, nearer to the traces of the text, thus;
Or to take arms againſt th' aſſay *of troubles,*
Or,
——*againſt a* 'ſay *of troubles.*
i. e. againſt the *attempts*, *attacks*, &c. So, before, in this play;
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' *aſſay* of arms againſt your majeſty.
Henry V.
Galling the gleaned land with hot *aſſays.*
Macbeth.
——their malady convinces
The great *aſſay* of art.
Lear.
And that thy tongue ſome '*ſay* of breeding breathes, *&c. &c.*
But, perhaps, any correction whatever may be unneceſſary; conſidering the great licentiouſneſs of our Poet in joining heterogeneous metaphors;

And by oppoſing end them ?—to die,—to ſleep—
No more; and by a ſleep, we ſay, to end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die—to ſleep—(34)
To ſleep ? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub—
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,

metaphors; and conſidering too, that a ſea is uſed not only to ſignify the ocean, but likewiſe a vaſt quantity, multitude, or confluence of any thing elſe. Inſtances are thick both in ſacred and prophane writers. The prophet *Jeremiah*, particularly, in one paſſage, calls a prodigious army coming up againſt a city, a *ſea*: chap. li. 42. *The ſea is come up upon* Babylon; *ſhe is covered with the multitude of the waves thereof*. ÆSCHYLUS is frequent in the uſe of this metaphor;

Βοᾷ γάρ κῦμα χερσαῖον στρατῷ. *Sept. cont. Thebas, v.* 64.

And again, a little lower.

Κῦμα γὰρ περὶ πτόλιν
Δοχμολόφων ἀνδρῶν
Καχλάζει πνοαῖς
Ἄρεος ὀρόμενον. *Ibid. v.* 116.

And again, in his *Perſians*.

Δόκιμος δ' ἔτι; ὑποστὰς
Μεγάλῳ ῥεύματι φωτῶν,
Ἐχυροῖς ἕρκεσιν εἴργειν
Ἄμαχον κῦμα θαλάσσης. *v.* 87.

So *Cicero*, in one of his letters to *Atticus*, lib. vii. Ep. 4. Fluctum *enim totius Barbariæ ferre urbs una non poterat*. And, beſides *a ſea of troubles* among the *Greeks* grew into proverbial uſage; κακῶν θάλασσα, κακῶν τρικυμία. So that the expreſſion, figuratively, means, the troubles of human life, which flow in upon us, and encompaſs us round, like a ſea. Our Poet too has employ'd this metaphor in his *Antony*, ſpeaking of a confluence of courtiers;

I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand *ſea*.

The ſame image and expreſſion, I obſerve, is uſed by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*.

————Tho' I know,
His *ocean* needs not my poor *drops*, yet they
Muſt yield their tribute there.

(34)————*To die, to ſleep*;

To ſleep ? perchance, to dream:] This admirable fine reflexion ſeems, in a paltry manner, to be ſneer'd at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Scornful Lady*,

Rog. Have patience, Sir, until our fellow *Nicholas* be deceas'd, that is, aſleep; *to ſleep, to die*; *to die, to ſleep*; a very figure, Sir.

When

When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.——'Tis there's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne (35)
No

(35) *That* undiſcover'd country, *from whoſe bourne*
No traveller *returns.*] As ſome ſuperficial critics have, without the leaſt ſcruple, accuſed the Poet of *forgetfulneſs* and *ſelf contradiction* from this paſſage; ſeeing that in this very play he introduces a character from the other world, the *ghoſt* of *Hamlet*'s father: I have thought this circumſtance worthy of a juſtification. 'Tis certain, to introduce a *ghoſt*, a being from the other world, and to ſay, that no traveller returns from thoſe confines, is, literally taken, as abſolute a contradiction as can be ſuppos'd *& facto & terminis.* But we are to take notice, that *Shakeſpeare* brings his ghoſt only from a *middle ſtate*, or *local purgatory:* a *priſon-houſe*, as he makes his ſpirit call it, where he was doom'd, for a term only, to expiate his ſins of nature. By the *undiſcover'd country* here mention'd, he may, perhaps, mean that *laſt* and *eternal* reſidence of ſouls in a ſtate of full bliſs or miſery; which ſpirits in a *middle* ſtate could not be acquainted with, or explain. So that if any latitude of ſenſe may be allow'd to the Poet's words, tho' he admits the poſſibility of a ſpirit returning from the dead, he yet holds, that the ſtate of the dead cannot be communicated; and, with that allowance, it remains ſtill an *undiſcovered country.* We are to obſerve too, that even his ghoſt, who comes from purgatory, (or, whatever has been ſignified under that denomination) comes under reſtrictions: and tho' he confeſſes himſelf ſubject to a viciſſitude of torments, yet he ſays, at the ſame time, that *he is forbid to tell the ſecrets of his priſon-houſe.* The antients had the ſame notion of our obſcure and twilight knowledge of an after-being. *Valerius Flaccus*, I remember, (if I may be indulg'd in a ſhort digreſſion) ſpeaking of the lower regions, and ſtate of the ſpirits there, has an expreſſion, which, in one ſenſe, comes cloſe to our Author's *undiſcover'd country*;

——————*Superis* incognita tellus.

And it is obſervable that *Virgil*, before he enters upon a deſcription of hell,

No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action—Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Ophe
The fair *Ophelia?* Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well;——

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught. [

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My Lord——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſh
admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better comm
than with honeſty?

bell, and of the elyſian fields, implores the permiſſion of the in
deities; and profeſſes, even then, to diſcover no more than *h*
concerning their myſterious dominions.

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, *ſit* numine veſtro
Pandere *res altâ terrâ & caligine merſas.* Æneic

Ham. Ay, truly; (36) for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.—I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believ'd me. For virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us——Go thy ways to a nunnery——Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.—Get thee to a nunnery, —farewel—Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a

(36) *Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner tranſform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, &c.*] Our Author has twice before, in his *As You Like it*, play'd with a ſentiment bordering upon this.

Celia. 'Tis true, for thoſe, that ſhe makes *fair*, ſhe ſcarce makes *honeſt*; and thoſe, that ſhe makes *honeſt*, ſhe makes very *ill-favoured*.

And again,

And. Would you not have me *honeſt*?

Clown. No, truly, unleſs thou wert *hard-favour'd*; for *honeſty* coupled to *beauty*, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

The foundation of both paſſages may poſſibly have been of claſſical extraction.

Lis eſt cum formâ *magna* pudicitiæ. *Ovid.*

——Rara *eſt adeò* concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ. *Juvenal.*

fool;

fool; for wiſe men know w'l enough, what monſters you make of them—To a nunnery, go—and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make yourſelves another. You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword!
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mold of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows:
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſov'reign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtacy. Oh, woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the ſeas and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;

Whereo

Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*—
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all.—My Lord, do as you pleaſe;
[*Exit* Ophelia.
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you; as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve, the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus; but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb-ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er ſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere

the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this over-done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of chriſtian, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: That's villainous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my Lord; will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.

Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man,
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear Lord,———

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That

no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
ed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
et the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
e thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
ſeal'd thee for herſelf. For thou haſt been
ne, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
in, that fortune's buffets and rewards
ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
ſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
ound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
y heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
do thee. —— Something too much of this. ——
e is a play to-night before the King,
Scene of it comes near the circumſtance,
ch I have told thee, of my father's death.
'thee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
with the very comment of thy ſoul
rve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
ot itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen:
my imaginations are as foul (37)
Vulcan's ſmithy. Give him heedful note;
I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
, after, we will both our judgments join,
nſure of his ſeeming.

or. Well, my Lord.

ſteal aught, the whilſt this Play is playing,
'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

) *And my imaginations are as foul,*
As Vulcan's ſtithy.] I have ventur'd, againſt the authority of e copies, to ſubſtitute *ſmithy* here. I have given my reaſons in oth note on *Troilus*, to which, for brevity's ſake, I beg leave to the readers.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other Lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.—Now, my Lord; you play'd once i'th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i' th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh, ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord. [legs.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ah, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my

my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe; whoſe epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

(38) *Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutcheſs embracing him, and he her. She kneels; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the Duke's ears, and* Exit. *The Dutcheſs returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Dutcheſs with gifts; ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching *Malicho*; it means miſchief.

(39) *Enter a* King *and* Queen *very lovingly:*] Thus have the blundering and inadvertent editors all along given us this ſtage direction, tho' we are expreſsly told by *Hamlet* anon, that the ſtory of this introduced interlude is the murder of *Gonzago* duke of *Vienna*. The ſource of this miſtake is eaſily to be accounted for, from the ſtage's *dreſſing* the characters. *Regal* coronets being at firſt order'd by the Poet for the *duke* and *dutcheſs*, the ſucceeding players, who did not ſtrictly obſerve the *quality* of the perſons or *circumſtances* of the ſtory, miſtook 'em for a king and queen; and ſo the error was deduced down from thence to the preſent times. Methinks, Mr. *Pope* might have *indulg'd his private ſenſe* in ſo obvious a miſtake, without any fear of raſhneſs being imputed to him for the arbitrary correction.

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the arguments of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poeſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* carr gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my Lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo. (39)

Where

(39) *And as my love is* fix'd, *my fear is ſo.*] Mr. *Pope* ſays I read *ſix'd*, and, indeed, I do ſo: becauſe, I obſerve, the *quarto* of 1605 reads

Where love is great, the ſmalleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
Duke. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou———
Dutch. Oh, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood! wormwood! ———
Dutch. The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.
Duke. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt:
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy.
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.

reads *ciz'd*; that of 1611 *cizſt*; the *folio* in 1632, *fix*; and that in 1623, *fix'd*: and becauſe, beſides the whole tenour of the context demands this reading. For the lady evidently is talking here of the quantity and proportion of her love and fear, not of their continuance, duration or ſtability. *Cleopatra* expreſſes herſelf much in the ſame manner, with regard to her grief for the loſs of *Antony*.

———our *fize* of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our *cauſe*, muſt be as *great*
As *that* which makes it.

For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill, thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; ſweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-Trap*;——Marry, how? tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of work; but

but what o'that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe. (40)

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands.

Begin, murderer.—Leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing:

Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,

With *Hecate's* ban, thrice blaſted, thrice infected, (41)

Thy

(40) *Still* worſe *and worſe.*

Ham. *So you* muſt take *your huſbands,*] Surely, this is the moſt uncomfortable leſſon, that ever was preach'd to the poor ladies; and I can't help wiſhing, for our own ſakes too, it may n't be true. 'Tis too foul a blot upon our reputations, that every huſband that a woman takes muſt be worſe than her former. The Poet, I am pretty certain, intended no ſuch ſcandal upon the ſex. But what a precious collator of copies is Mr. *Pope!* All the old *quarto*'s and *folio*'s read,

Ophel. *Still* better *and worſe.*

Ham. *So you* miſtake huſbands.

Hamlet is talking to her in ſuch groſs double *entendres*, that ſhe is forc'd to parry them by indirect anſwers: and remarks, that tho' his wit be *ſmarter*, yet his meaning is more *blunt*. This, I think, is the ſenſe of her.——*Still* better *and worſe.* This puts *Hamlet* in mind of the words in the church ſervice of matrimony, and he replies, *ſo you* miſtake *huſbands*, i. e. So you *take* huſbands, and find yourſelves *miſtaken* in them.

(41) *With* Hecate's bane *thrice blaſted,*] Here again, Mr *Pope* approves himſelf a worthy collator: for the old *quarto*'s and *folio*'s concur in reading as I have reform'd the text,

With Hecate's bane *thrice blaſted*———

Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into his ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i'th' garden for's estate; his name's *Gonzago*; the story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a forest of Feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) (42) with two provincial

i. e. With her curse, execration. So, in *Timon*;

Take thou that too, with multiplying *banns*.

2 *Henry* VI.

Ay, ev'ry joint shall seem to curse and *bann*.

And again;

You bad me *bann*, and will you bid me leave? *Ibid.*
&c. &c. &c.

Besides, words of execration have been always practis'd in magical operations. So *Horace*, to give a single instance,

Canidia, *parce* vocibus *tandem* sacris.

Upon which words *Porphyrion* has given us this short comment: *Dialogus nunc de sacris, quia* sacrum *religiosum & execrabile significat.* ——*Hermannus Figulus* thus explains it; *Vocibus sacris.*] Malis *cantibus, & verbis magicis.* And *Badius Ascentius*, still nearer to our purpose; *Sacris*] *id est*, diris & imprecationibus *in me abstine.*

(42) *With two provincial roses on my* rayed *shoes,*
Get me a fellowship in a city *of players, Sir?*] I once suspected, that we ought to read, *raised* shoes. By a *forest of feathers*, he certainly alludes to the *plumes* worn by the stage-heroes; as, by *raised* shoes, he would to their *buskins*; the *cothurni*, as they were call'd by the *Romans*, which were as much higher in the heel than other common shoes,

provincial roſes on my rayed ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.

" For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
" This realm diſmantled was
" Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
" A very, very,—(43) Paddock.

Hor.

ſhoes, as the *chioppines* worn by the *Venetians* are. It was the known cuſtom of the tragedians of old, that they might the nearer reſemble the heroes they perſonated, to make themſelves as tall in ſtature, and by an artificial help to ſound, to ſpeak as big as they poſſibly could. To both theſe *Horace* has alluded;

——————*magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.*

And *Lucian*, deſcribing a tragedian, calls him ἀνδρωπος ἐμβατης ὑψηλοῖς ἐπηχέμενος, a *fellow* carried upon *high ſhoes*; and theſe were *rais'd* to ſuch a degree, that the ſame author calls one, who had pull'd them off, πλαζας ἀπὸ των ἐμβάδων, *deſcending* from his *buſkins*. But, perhaps, *rayed ſhoes* may have been our Author's expreſſion; i. e. *ſtriped*, *ſpangled*, enrich'd with ſome ſhining ornaments: *braſteati calcei*, ſhoes variegated with *rayes* of gold. *Bractea*, a *ray* of gold, or any other metal. LITTLETON. *A ray* of gold, *fueile d'or*. COTGRAVE.——*In a* city *of players.*] Thus Mr. *Pope*, with ſome of the worſer editions: but we muſt read, *cry*, with the better copies; *i. e.* in the *vote* and *ſuffrage* of a company of players.

Troilus and *Creſſida.*

The *cry* went once for thee.——

Coriolanus.

You common *cry* of curs, *&c.*

And, again;

Menen. You have made you good work,

You and your *cry*. *Ibid.*

2 *Henry* IV.

For all the country in a *general voice*
Cry'd hate upon him.

(43) *A very very* peacock.] The old copies have it *paicock*, *paiocke*, and *pajocke*. I ſubſtituted *paddock*, as neareſt to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as Mr. *Pope* ſays, been willing to ſubſtitute any thing in the place of his *peacock*. He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds chuſing a king; inſtead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I ſuppoſe, he muſt mean the fable of *Barlandus*, in which it is ſaid, the birds, being weary of their ſtate of anarchy, mov'd for the ſetting up of a king: and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with ſubmiſſion, in this paſſage of our *Shakeſpeare*, there is not the leaſt mention made of the *eagle* in antitheſis to the peacock; and

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, ſome muſick: Come, the recorders. For if the King like not the comedy; Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy. Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir———

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd—

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

it muſt be a very uncommon figure, that *Jove* himſelf ſtands in the place of his *bird*. I think, *Hamlet* is ſetting his father's and uncle's characters in contraſt to each other; and means to ſay, that by his father's death the ſtate was ſtripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his ſtead reign'd the moſt deſpicable poiſonous animal that could be: a meer *paddock*, or *toad*. Pad, *bufo*, *rubeta major*; a toad *Belgis*, Padde. *Vid.* Somnerum, Minſhew, *&c.* Our Author was very well acquainted with the word, and has uſed it more than once.

Macbeth.

1ſt Witch.—I come, *Grimalkin.*

2d Witch. Paddock calls.

The witches are ſuppos'd to hear their *ſpirits* call to them in the *ſcreaming* of a *cat*, and the *croaking* of a *toad*. But what makes it the more probable that this term ſhould be uſed here, *Hamlet*, again, afterwards ſpeaking of his uncle to the queen, among other contemptuous additions, gives him this very appellation.

———'Twere good, you let him know
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide?

I had formerly propos'd other conjectures; but, I think, I may venture to ſtand by this. *Sub judice lis eſt.* If it has reaſon and probability on its ſide, Mr. *Pope*'s legendary *peacock* muſt e'en be content to wait for another *election*.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more rich, to ſignify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir;——pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courteſy is not of the right Breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother——— therefore no more but to the matter———my mother, you ſay———

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark*?

Ham.

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*—the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Guil. Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery: you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why, do you think, that I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.——God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel*?

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an *Ouzle.* (44)

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or, like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—they fool me to the top of my bent.——I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood;
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The ſoul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

(44) *Methinks, it is like an* ouzle.

Pol. *It is black like an ouzle.*] The old *quarto* and *folio* give us this paſſage thus;

Methinks, it is like a weezel.

Pol. *It is* black *like a* weezel.

But a *weezel*, as Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, is not *black*. Some other editions read the laſt line thus;

Pol. *It is* back'd *like a* weezel.

This only avoids the abſurdity of giving a falſe colour to the weezel: but *ouzle* is certainly the true reading, and a word which our Author has uſed in other places;

The *ouſel-cock*, ſo *black* of hue,
With orange-tawny bill, *&c.* *Midſummer-Night's Dream.*

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bedfellow? and your faireſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a *black ouzle*, couſin *Shallow.* 2 *Henry* IV.

But there is a propriety in the word being uſed in the paſſage before us, which determines it to be the true reading; the reaſon of which, I preſume, did not occur to Mr. *Pope.* 'Tis obvious, that *Hamlet*, under the umbrage of ſuppos'd madneſs, is playing on *Polonius*; and a particular compliance is ſhewn in the old man, (who thinks *Hamlet* really mad, and, perhaps, is afraid of him) to confeſs, that the ſame cloud is like a beaſt, a bird, and a fiſh: *viz.* a *camel*, an *ouzel*, and a *whale.* Nor is there a little humour in the diſproportion of the three things, which the cloud is ſuppoſed to reſemble.

My

My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals never my ſoul conſent! [*Exit.*

Enter King, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you.
The terms of our eſtate may not endure (45)
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunes.

Guil. We will provide ourſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many, many bodies ſafe,
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit, on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel

(45) *The terms of our eſtate may not endure*
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.
Guil *We will provide ourſelves.*

The old *quarto's* read, —— *Out of his* brows. This was from the ignorance of the firſt editors; as is this unneceſſary *Alexandrine*, which we owe to the players. The Poet, I am perſuaded, wrote,

——*as doth hourly grow*
Out of his lunes.

i. e. his *madneſs, frenzy.* So our Poet, before, in his *Winter's Tale*,

Theſe dang'rous, unſafe *lunes* i'th' King!—beſhrew 'em,
He muſt be told of it, *&c.*

The reader, if he pleaſes, may turn to my tenth remark on that *play.* Perhaps, too, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, where all the editions read;

Why, woman, your huſband is in his old *lines* again.

We ought to correct;

——in his old *lunes* again.

i. e. in his old fits of madneſs, frenzy.

Fixt

Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf
To hear the proceſs. I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home,
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't; (46)
That *of* a brother's murder. Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will; (47)

My

(46) *It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't;*
A brother's murther.—Pray I cannot.] The laſt verſe, 'tis evident, halts in the meaſure; and, if I don't miſtake, is a little lame in the ſenſe too. Was a brother's murther the eldeſt *curſe?* Surely, it was rather the *crime*, that was the *cauſe* of this eldeſt *curſe*. We have no aſſiſtance, however, either to the *ſenſe* or *numbers* from any of the copies. All the editions concur in the deficiency of a *foot*: but if we can both cure the *meaſure*, and help the *meaning*, without a prejudice to the Author, I think, the concurrence of the printed copies ſhould not be ſufficient to forbid a conjecture. I have ventur'd at two ſupplemental ſyllables, as innocent in themſelves as neceſſary to the purpoſes for which they are introduc'd:

That of *a brother's murther.*——

(47) *Tho' inclination be.*] This line has lain under the ſuſpicion of many nice obſervers; and an ingenious gentleman ſtarted, at a heat, this very probable emendation:

Tho'

My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent:
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being do n? then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt.—But oh, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:

Tho' inclination be as ſharp as 'twill. The variation from the trace of the letter is very minute, a *t*, with an *apoſtrophe* before it, onl being added; which might very eaſily have ſlipt out, under the prin ter's hands: ſo that the change will not be diſputed, ſuppoſing ther be a neceſſity for it: which, however, is ſubmitted to judgment 'Tis certain, the line, as it ſtands in all the editions, has ſo ſtrongl the air of a flat tautology, that it may deſerve a ſhort comment; an to have the difference betwixt *inclination* and *will* aſcertain'd. Th word *inclination*, in its uſe with us, (as my friend Mr. *Warburton* d fines it to me) is taken in theſe three acceptations. *Firſt*, In its e aſt philoſophical ſenſe, it ſignifies, *the drawing or inclining the will determine itſelf one certain way*: according to this ſignification, t line is nonſenſe; and is the ſame as to affirm, that *the part is as b as the whole*. In the next place, *inclination* ſignifies the *will*; a th n it is the moſt abſurd tautology. But, laſtly, it ſignifies *a d poſition to do a thing already determin'd of, with complacency and ple ſure*. And if this is, as it ſeems to be, the ſenſe of the word her then the ſentiment will be very clear and proper. For *will*, ſignif ing barely the *determination of the mind* to do a thing, the ſenſe w he this: "Tho' the *pleaſure* I take in this act, be as ſtrong as t "*determination* of my *mind* to perform it; yet my ſtronger guilt d "feats my ſtrong intent, &c."

Ther

There, is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't—and ſo he goes to heav'n,——
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n—O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſsly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heav'n?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid bent; (48)
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,

Or

(48) *Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid* time.] This is a ſophiſticated reading, warranted by none of the copies of any authority. Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read conjecturally;

——*a more horrid* bent.

I do ſo; and why? the two oldeſt *quarto's*, as well as the two elder *folio's*, read;—*a more horrid* hent. But as there is no ſuch *Engliſh* ſubſtantive, it ſeems very natural to conclude, that, with the change of a ſingle letter, our Author's genuine word was, *bent*, i. e. *drift*, *ſcope*, *inclination*, *purpoſe*, &c. I have prov'd his frequent uſe of this word, in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; ſo ſhall ſpare the trouble of making the quotations over again here. I took notice there, that

Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The King riſes and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.——
Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?

that throwing my eye caſually over the fourth *folio* edition, printed in 1685, I found my correction there anticipated. I think myſelf obliged to repeat this confeſſion, that I may not be accuſed of *plagiariſm*, for an *emendation* which I had made before ever I ſaw a ſingle page of that book.

Queen.

Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife,
But, 'would you were not ſo!—You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs [budge;
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff:
If damned cuſtom hath not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe. [tongue
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of Modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths. Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet Religion makes

A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.

Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himſelf;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A ſtation, like the herald *Mercury* (49)
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your huſband,—Look you now, what follows
Here *is* your huſband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?

(49) *A ſtation, like the herald* Mercury.] The Poet employs thi word in a ſenſe different from what it is generally us'd to ſignify: fo it means here an *attitude*, a *ſilent poſture*, *fixt demeanor* of perſon in oppoſition to an *active* behaviour. So, our Poet, before, deſcrib ing *Octavia*;

Cleo. What majeſty is in her *gate*? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on Majeſty?

Meſſ. She creeps:
Her *motion* and her *ſtation* are as one. *Ant. and Cleo*

And I ought to obſerve, (which ſeems no bad proof of our Author' learning and knowledge) that among the *Latines*, the word *ſtatio*, i its firſt and natural ſignification, imply'd *ſtantis actio*: i. e. a poſtur or attitude. This Monſ. FRESNOY, in his *Art of Painting*, has cho to expreſs by *poſitura*:

Quærendaſque inter poſituras, *luminis*, *umbræ*,
Atque futurorum jàm præſentire colorum
Par erit harmoniam ———

Which our DRYDEN has thus tranſlated; "'Tis the buſineſs of "painter, in his choice of *attitudes*, to foreſee the effect and har "mony of the lights and ſhadows, with the colours which are t "enter into the whole." And again, afterwards;

Mutorumque ſilens Poſitura *imitabitur actus*,

Which I think may be thus render'd;

Still let the *ſilent attitude* betray
What the *mute* figure ſhould *in geſture ſay*.

Coul

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have, (50)
Elſe could you not have motion: but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtacy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff rence.—What devil was't,
That thus had cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.———
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame, (51)
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn
And Reaſon panders Will.

Queen.

(50) ——*Senſe, ſure, you have*, &c.] Mr. *Pope* has left out the quantity of about eight verſes here, which I have taken care to replace. They are not, indeed, to be found in the two elder *folio's*, but they carry the ſtile, expreſſion, and caſt of thought, peculiar to our Author; and that they were not an interpolation from another hand needs no better proof, than that they are in all the oldeſt *quarto's*. The firſt motive of their being left out, I am perſuaded, was to ſhorten *Hamlet*'s ſpeech, and conſult the eaſe of the actor: and the reaſon, why they find no place in the *folio* impreſſions, is, that they were printed from the *playhouſe* caſtrated copies. But, ſurely, this can be no authority for a modern editor to conſpire in mutilating his author: ſuch *omiſſions*, rather, muſt betray a want of *diligence*, in *collating*; or a want of *juſtice*, in the *voluntary ſtifling*.

(51) ——*Proclaim no ſhame,*
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively does burn,
And reaſon pardons *will.*] This is, indeed, the reading of ſome of the elder copies; and Mr. *Pope* has a ſtrange fatality, whenever there is a various reading, of eſpouſing the wrong one. The

whole

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty;———
Queen. O ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet.*
Ham. A murderer, and a villain!———
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A Vice of Kings——(52)
A cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.
Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad———
Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,

whole tenour of the context demands the word *degraded* by that judicious editor;

And reaſon panders *will.*

This is the reflexion which *Hamlet* is making, "Let us not call it "ſhame, when heat of blood compels young people to indulge their "appetites; ſince froſt too can burn, and age, at that ſeaſon when "judgment ſhould predominate, yet feels the ſtings of inclination, "and ſuffers reaſon to be the bawd to appetite."

(52)———*A* Vice *of Kings*] This does not mean a very vicious king; as, on the other hand, in King *Henry* V. *this* Grace *of Kings*, means, this gracious King, this honour to royalty. But here, I take it, a perſon, and not a quality, is to be underſtood. By a *Vice*, (as I have explain'd the word in ſeveral preceding notes) is meant that buffoon's character, which us'd to play the fool in old plays; ſo that *Hamlet* is here deſign'd to call his uncle, a ridiculous ape of majeſty; but the mimickry of a king.

That,

That, laps'd in time and paſſion, let's go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O ſay!

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements, (53)
Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper

Sprinkle

(53) *Your bedded hairs, like* life *in* excrements,
Start up and ſtand on end.] I took notice in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, that this expreſſion as much wanted an explanation, as any the moſt antiquated word in our Poet wants a gloſs. Mr. *Hughes*, in his impreſſion of this play, has left it out: either becauſe he could make nothing of it, or thought it alluded to an image too nauſeous. The Poet's meaning is founded on a *phyſical* determination, that the *hair* and *nails* are *excrementitious* parts of the body (as indeed they are) without life or ſenſation. MACROBIUS, in his *Saturnalia*, (lib. vii. cap. 9.) not only ſpeaks of thoſe parts of the human body which have no ſenſation; but likewiſe aſſigns the reaſons, why they can have none. *Oſſa, dentes, cum unguibus & capillis, nimiâ ſiccitate ità denſata ſunt, ut penetrabilia non ſint effectui animæ qui ſenſum miniſtrat.* Therefore the Poet means to ſay, fear and ſurprize had ſuch an effect upon *Hamlet*, that his hairs, as if there were life in thoſe excrementitious parts, ſtarted up and ſtood on end. He has expreſs'd the ſame thought more plainly in *Macbeth*,

——————and my fell of *hair*
Would at a diſmal treatiſe *rowze*, and *ſtir*,
As life were in't.

That our Poet was acquainted with this notion in phyſics, of the hair being without life, we need no ſtronger warrant, than that he frequently mentions it as an *excrement*.

Why is time ſuch a niggard of *hair*, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an *excrement*. *Comedy of Errors.*

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!--look you, how pale he glar
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the G*
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourſelves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it ſteals awa
My father in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.
[*Exit Gho*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What ecſtaſy?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, from love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place; (54)
Whi

How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The *beards* of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's *excrement*
To render them redoubted. *Merchant of Ven*

For I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world!) for time to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger t dally with my *excrement*, with my *muſtachio*. *Love's Labour L* *&c. &c.*

(54) *It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place*
Whilſt rank corruption, running *all within*,
Infects unſeen.] So, our Poet elſewhere ſpeaking of the fo *of power*;

Beca

hilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
ects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heav'n;
pent what's paſt, avoid what is to come;
id do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
r, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
rtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
a, courb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
id live the purer with the other half.
od night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
ſume a virtue, if he have it not.
iat monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat (55)

Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of *medicine* in itſelf,
That *ſkins* the *vice* o'th' top. *Meaſ. for Meaſ.*

But why, in the paſſage before us, has Mr. *Pope* given us a reading t is warranted by none of the copies, and degraded one, that the countenance of all of them?

Whilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen.

The Poet deſcribes corruption as having a corroſive quality, eating ſecret way, and undermining the parts that are ſkin'd over, and m found to exteriour view. He, in another place, uſes the *ſimple* b for the *compound.*

He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, much as in him lies, *mines* my gentility with my education.

As You Like it.

(55) *That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat,*
Of habit's devil, *is angel yet in this;*
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on.] This paſſage is left out in the two elder os: it is certainly corrupt, and the players did the diſcreet part to le what they did not underſtand. *Habit's devil* certainly aroſe m ſome conceited tamperer with the text, who thought it was ne-ſary, in contraſt to *angel.* The emendation of the text I owe to ſagacity of Dr. *Thirlby.*

That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat,
Of habits evil, *is angel,* &c.

Cuſtom, which by inuring us to ill habits, makes us loſe the rehenſion of their being really ill, as eaſily will reconcile us to practice of good actions.

Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next, more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature,
And maſter e'en the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll Bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame Lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo, again, good night!
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
Let the fond King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſes' top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions, in the baſket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of Life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?

Que

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
(A hom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd;)
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work.——
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petard: and t'ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing;——
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good-night.—Indeed, this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen, with Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

KING.

THERE's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?
Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſ. *and* Guild. *who go out.*
Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to-night?
King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*
Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries a rat!
And, in his braniſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.
King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of hau
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. O *Gertrude*, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our Majeſty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern*.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. Pray you, haſte in this.
[*Exe*. Roſ. *and* G
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends, (

(56) Gertrude, *We'll call up our wiſeſt friends,*
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,

Tra

And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander
(Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd shot;) may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.———
Gentlemen within. *Hamlet!* Lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noise? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh, here they come.

Transports its poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.———*O, come away;*]

Mr. *Pope* takes notice, that *I replace some verses that were imperfect, (and, tho' of a modern date, seem to be genuine) by inserting two words.* But to see what an accurate and faithful collator he is! I produc'd these verses in my SHAKESPEARE *Restor'd*, from a *quarto* edition of *Hamlet* printed in 1637, and happened to say, that they had not the authority of any earlier date in print, that I knew of, than that *quarto*. Upon the strength of this Mr. *Pope* comes and calls the lines modern, tho' they are in the *quarto*'s of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated. The verses carry the very stamp of *Shakespeare* upon them. The coin, indeed has been clipt from our first receiving it; but it is not so diminish'd, but that with a small assistance we may hope to make it pass current. 'Tis plain, the sense, as well as one of the verses, is defective: and a sentence beginning with the *relative* WHOSE, without any preceding substantive to which it can refer, it is as plain that the latter part of the hemistich fell out in the printing, or was so blind in the manuscript as not to be guess'd at, and therefore necessarily came to be omitted. We have not, indeed, so much as the footsteps, or traces, of a corrupted reading to lead to an emendation; nor any means of restoring what is lost, but conjecture. I am far from affirming, therefore, that I have given the Poet's very words; but the supplement is such as the sentiment naturally seems to demand. The Poet has the same thought, concerning the diffusive pow'rs of *slander* in another of his plays.

No, 'tis *Slander*;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the worms of *Nile*, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. *Cymbeline.*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.

Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence, And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Roſ. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them, like an apple, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing———

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem

Deliberate

Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he? [ſure.

Roſ. Without, my Lord; guarded to know your plea-

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat ourſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doth thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till you come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence

With fiery quickneſs; therefore prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub, that ſees them; but come, *England!* farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and, ſo, my moth
Come, for *England*. [*E*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſp
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night. [aboa
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair; pray you, make haſte
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Gu
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'ſt at aught, (5
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'ſt not coldly ſet

(57) *And* England, *if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,*
As my great pow'r thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Daniſh *ſword, and thy free awe*
Pays homage to us;] This is the only paſſage in the *play*, which one might expect to trace the date of the action of it; I'm afraid, our Author, according to his uſual licence, plays fa looſe with time. *England* is here ſuppoſed to have been conquer the *Danes*, and to be a homager to that ſtate. The chronolo the *Daniſh* affairs is wholly uncertain, till we come to the rei *Ivarus* about the year 870. And 'tis plain from *Saxo Gramma* that the time, in which *Amlathus* liv'd, was ſome generations e than the period of *Chriſtianity*. And the letters, which the *L* King's meſſengers carried over to *England*, were wooden ta *Literas* ligno inſculptas (*nàm id celebre quondàm genus chartarum ſecum geſtantes, quibus*. Britannorum *regi tranſmiſſi ſibi juvenis mandabatur*. Such a ſort of mandate implies, that the *Engliſh* was either link'd in the deareſt amity to the *Dane*, or in ſubj

Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England*:
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE. *A Camp, on the Frontiers of* Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, *with an Army.*

For. GO, Captain, from me, greet the *Daniſh* King.
Tell him, that, by his licence, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras, *with the Army.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,

to him. But what then ſhall we do with our own home chronicles? They are expreſs, that the *Danes* never ſet footing on our coaſt till the 8th century. They infeſted us for ſome time in a piratical way, then made a deſcent and conquer'd part of the country: and about the year 800, King *Egbert* is ſaid to have ſubmitted to a tribute, call'd *Dane-gelt*: a tax of 12d. on every hide of land through the whole nation. But our Authors differ about this *Dane-gelt*: whether it was a tax paid, to obtain good terms of the *Danes*; or levied by our Kings towards the charge of defences, to repel the invaſions of the *Danes*.

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats—— five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the *Polack* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd. [cats,
Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand du-
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.
Ros. Wil't please you go, my Lord?
Ham. I'll be with you strait, go a little before.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse, (58)
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,

(58) *Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,*
Looking before *and* after.] This is an expression purely *Homeric*;

Ὃς δ' ὃ γέρων μετρήσιν, ἅμα ΠΡΟ'ΣΣΩ καὶ 'ΟΠΙΣΣΩ
Ἀείσας. *Iliad. γ. ver.* 109.

And again;

—— ὃ γὰρ δὶς ἕρα ΠΡΟ'ΣΣΩ καὶ 'ΟΠΙΣΣΩ. *Iliad. σ. ver.* 250.

The short scholiast on the last passage gives us a comment, that very aptly explains our Author's phrase. Συνετῷ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ἐστι, τὰ μέλλοντα τοῖς γεγενημένοις ἀρμόζεσθαι, καὶ ὅτως ὀρᾶν τὰ ἐπόμενα. "For it is the "part of an understanding man to connect the reflection of events to "come with such as have pass'd, and so to foresee what shall follow." This is, as our Author phrases it, *looking* BEFORE *and* AFTER.

And

And ever three parts coward :) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood)
And let all ſleep? while to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men;
That for a fantaſy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed, diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i'th' world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe; her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts:

Which

Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed, would make one think, there might be thought;
Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily. [ſtrow
Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.——
Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs;
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*
Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*
Oph. *How ſhould I your true love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon.
[Singing.
Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this ſong?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*——
Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow.
Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.
Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love ſhowers.
King. How do ye, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God yield you! they ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table! (59)
King.

(59) *Well,* God dild *you!*] i. e. Heaven reward you. We meet with this expreſſion a little otherwiſe writ in *Macbeth.*

——————Herein I teach you
How you ſhould bid God eyld us for our pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

But,

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,
Alack, and fy for ſhame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumble me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long has ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient; but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach; good night, ladies; good night, ſweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch, I pray you; [*Exit* Horatio.

This is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain;

But, in *Antony*, we have the phraſe in plain and genuine *Engliſh*,

Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the *Gods yield* you for't!

So, Sir *John Grey*, in a letter, in *Aſhmole*'s Appendix to his account of the *Garter*, Numb. 46. The King of his gracious Lordſhipe, *God yield* him, *hafe choſen* me to be owne of his brethrene of the Knighte of *the Gartier*.

Next

Next your Son gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholeſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius'* death; (We've done but greenly,
In private to inter him;) poor *Ophelia*,
Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beaſts:)
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France:*
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Give me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what noiſe is this?

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſ. Save yourſelf, my Lord.
The ocean, over-peering of his liſt,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every Ward; (60)

(60) *The ratifiers and props of ev'ry* word;] The whole tenour of the context is ſufficient to ſhew, that this is a miſtaken reading. What can antiquity and cuſtom, being the props of *words*, have to do with the buſineſs in hand? Or what idea is conveyed by it? Certainly, the Poet wrote;

The ratifiers and props of ev'ry ward;

The meſſenger is complaining, that the riotous head had over-born the King's officers; and then ſubjoins, that antiquity and cuſtom were forgot, which were the ratifiers and props of every *ward*, i. e. of every one of thoſe *ſecurities* that nature and law place about the perſon of a King. All this is rational and conſequential.

Mr. *Warburton.*

They

They cry, " Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
" *Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King!"
Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.
[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *with a Party at the Door.*

King. The doors are broke.
Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in. [out.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*
Laer. I thank you; keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.
Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.* [baſtard;
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Ev'n here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes,*
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude.*
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil! (61)
Con-

(61) *To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!*] *Laertes* is a good character; but he is here in actual rebellion. Left, therefore, this character ſhould ſeem to ſanctify rebellion, inſtead of putting into his mouth a reaſonable defence of his proceedings, ſuch as the right the ſubject has of ſhaking off oppreſſion, the uſurpation, and the

Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes.*
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce, [come in."
As day does to your eye. [*A noiſe within.*] "Let her

Laer. How now, what noiſe is that?

Enter Ophelia, *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*

the tyranny of the King, &c. *Shakeſpeare* gives him nothing but abſurd and blaſphemous ſentiments; ſuch as tend only to inſpire the audience with horror at the action. This conduct is exceeding nice. Where, in his *plays*, a circumſtance of rebellion is founded on hiſtory, or the agents of it infamous in their characters, there was no danger in the repreſentation: but as here, where the circumſtance is fictitious, and the agent honourable, he could not be too cautious. For the jealouſy of the two reigns, he wrote in, would not diſpenſe with leſs exactneſs. Mr. *Warburton.*

Dear

Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine, (62)
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his grave reigns many a tear;
Fare ye well, my dove!

(62) *Nature is* fine *in love,*] Mr. *Pope* ſeems puzzled at this paſſage, and therefore in both his editions ſubjoins this conjecture. Perhaps, ſays he,

Nature is fire *in love, and where 'tis fire,*
It ſends ſome precious incenſe *of itſelf*
After the thing it loves.

I own, this conjecture to me imparts no ſatisfactory idea. Nature is ſuppos'd to be the fire, and to furniſh the incenſe too: had love been ſuppos'd the fire, and nature ſent out the incenſe, I ſhould more readily have been reconcil'd to the ſentiment. But no change in my opinion, is neceſſary to the text; I conceive that this might be the Poet's meaning. "In the paſſion of love, nature becomes more ex-"quiſite of ſenſation, is more delicate and refin'd; *that* is, natural "affection, rais'd and ſublim'd into a love-paſſion, becomes more "inflamed and intenſe than uſual; and where it is ſo, as people in "love generally ſend what they have of moſt value after their "lovers; ſo poor *Ophelia* has ſent her moſt precious ſenſes after the "object of her inflam'd affection." If I miſtake not, our Poet, has play'd with this thought, of the powers being refin'd by the paſſion, in ſeveral other of his plays. His clown in *As You Like it*, ſeems ſenſible of this refinement; but, talking in his own way, interprets it a ſort of franticknes.

We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Again, in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, the latter expreſſes herſelf concerning grief, exactly as *Laertes* does here of nature.

The grief is *fine*, full, perfect, that I taſte;
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong than that
Which cauſeth it.

But *Jago*, in *Othello*, delivers himſelf much more directly to the purpoſe of the ſentiment here before us.

Come hither, if thou bee'ſt valiant; as they ſay, baſe men, *being in love*, have then a *nobility* in their *natures* more than is *native* to them.

Laer.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there's panſies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daiſy; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bony ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away moan,
Gramercy on his ſoul!

And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Oph.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods!

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;

And

and we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?
Serv. Sailors, Sir; they ſay they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him.—There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HOratio, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light*

for

for the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrantz *and* Guildenstern *hold their course for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*
He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. Two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that! you muſt not
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull, [think,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf,
And that I hope, will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet.*
Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.
King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?
Meſ. Sailors, my Lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not;
They were given me by *Claudio,* he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all,—
[*Exit Meſ.*

HIGH and Mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſet your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, (firſt aſking your pardon thereunto) recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe —— and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked; and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone: can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my Lord: but let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, *Laertes,*
As how ſhould it be ſo?——how, otherwiſe?——
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. Ay, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace; if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it: I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,

Under

Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;
But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo, (63)
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds
Importing health and graveneſs.—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*:
I've ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſeback; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he topp'd my thought,

(63) *The rather if you could deviſe it ſo,*
That I might be the inſtrument.

King. *It falls right.*] The latter verſe is ſlightly maim'd in the meaſure, and, I apprehend, without reaſon. This paſſage is in neither of the impreſſions ſet out by the players; and the two elder *quarto's* read as I have reform'd the text;

That I might be the organ.

And it is a word, which our Author chuſes to uſe in other places. So, before, in this *play*,

For murder, tho' it hath no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous *organ*.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

And given his deputation all the *organs*
Of our own pow'r.

'hat I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
ome ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman*, was't?
King. A *Norman.*
Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
nd gem of all the nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
nd gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
or art and exerciſe in your defence;
nd for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
'hat he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
one could match you. The ſcrimers of their nation, (64)
le ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
you oppos'd 'em.—Sir, this report of his
)id *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
'hat he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
'our ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this———
Laer. What out of this, my Lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
)r are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aſk you this?
King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,

(64)——*The* ſcrimers *of their nation,*
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them.] This likewiſe is a paſſage omitted in the folios: the reducing the *play* to a reaſonable length was the motive of ſo many caſtrations. Some of the modern *quartos* have in the room of *ſcrimers* ſubſtituted *fencers*: which is but a gloſs of the more obſolete word. *Scrimer* is properly a gladiator, fencer; from which we have derived our word, *ſkirmiſh*. The ſcience of defence was by the *Dutch* call'd *ſcherm*; by the *Italians*, *ſcherima* and *ſcrima*; and by the *French*, *eſcrime*; as the *Anglo-Saxons* of old uſed to call a fencer or ſwordſman, *ſcrimbre*: which (the *b* being left out, and a *metathesis* made in the letters of the laſt ſyllable) is the very term us'd by our Author.

Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it;
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs growing to a pleuriſy, (65)
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer—
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew yourſelf your father's ſon indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th'church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,

(65) *For goodneſs growing to a* pleuriſy,
Dies in his own too much.] Mr. *Warburton* ſagaciouſly obſerv'd to me, that this is nonſenſe, and untrue in fact; and therefore thinks that *Shakeſpeare* muſt have wrote;
For goodneſs growing to a plethory, *&c.*
For the *pleuriſy* is an inflammation of the membrane which covers the whole *thorax*; and is generally occaſioned by a ſtagnation of the blood; but a *plethora*, is when the veſſels are fuller of humours than is agreeable to a natural ſtate, or health: and too great a fullneſs and floridneſs of the blood are frequently the cauſes of ſudden death. But I have not diſturb'd the text, becauſe, 'tis poſſible, our Author himſelf might be out in his *phyſics*: and I have the more reaſon to ſuſpect it, becauſe *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have twice committed the ſelf-ſame blunder.

——You are too inſolent;
And thoſe *too many* excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a *pleuriſy*, and kill
That which ſhould nouriſh virtue. *Cuſtom of the Country.*

So, again;

——Thou grand decider
Of duſty and old titles, that heal'ſt with blood
The earth when it is ſick, and curſt the world
O'th' *pleuriſy* of people. *Two Noble Kinſmen.*

If I may gueſs at the accident which caus'd their miſtake, it ſeems this. They did not conſider, that *pleuriſy* was deriv'd from *pleura*; but the declination of *plus*, *pluris*, croſs'd their thoughts, and ſo they naturally ſuppos'd the diſtemper to ariſe from ſome ſuperfluity.

Will

Will you do this? keep close within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof.—Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't——when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?

Queen. *One woe* doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream:
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;)
There on the pendent boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs;
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my Lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A* CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is, therefore make her grave ſtraight; the crowner hath ſat on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point; if I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here ſtand the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than other

chriſtians (66). Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf——

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay, the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhip-wright, or a carpenter?——

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

(66) ——*more than* other chriſtians.] All the old books read, a Doctor *Thirlby* accurately obſerves to me, *their even chriſten*, i. e. their fellow chriſtians. This was the language of thoſe days, when we retain'd a good portion of the idiom receiv'd from our *Saxon* anceſtors. *Emne chriſten.*] Frater in Chriſto. *Saxonicum*; quod malè intelligentes, *even chriſtian* proferunt: atque ità editur in oratione *Henrici* VIII. ad parlamentum An. regn. 37. Sed rectè in L. L. *Edouardi* confeſſ. ca. 36. *fratrem ſuum*, quod *Angli* dicunt Emne Cnyrten. SPELMAN in his *Gloſſary*. The *Doctor* thinks this learned antiquary miſtaken, in making *even*, a corruption of Emne; for that *even* or Efen, and Emne are *Saxon* words of the ſame import and ſignification. I'll ſubjoin, in confirmation of the Doctor's opinion, what SOMNER ſays upon this head. Efen, *Æquus, æqualis*, par, *juſtus*, even, equal, alike, &c. Emne, *Æquus, juſtus, æqualis*, even, juſt, equal. Emne-ſcolepe, condiſcipulus, a ſchool-fellow.

Enter

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay a grave-maker. The houſes, he makes, laſt till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love, (67)
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſkull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw bone, that did the firſt murder! this might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "Good

(67) *In youth, when I did love,* &c.] The three *ſtanza*'s, ſung here by the *grave-digger*, are extracted, with a ſlight variation, from a little poem, call'd, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love:* written by *Henry Howard* earl of *Surry*, who flouriſh'd in the reign of King *Henry* VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a ſtrained accuſation of treaſon.

" morrow, ſweet Lord; how doſt thou, good Lord?" this might be my Lord ſuch-a-one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't. (68)

Clown ſings.

A pick axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For,—and a ſhrouding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcul of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha!

(68) *Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at* loggats *with them?*] I have reſtor'd, from the old copies, the true word, *loggats.* We meet with it again in *Ben Johnſon:*

Now are they toſſing of his legs and arms
Like *loggats* at a pear-tree. *A Tale of a Tub.*

What ſort of ſport this was, I confeſs, I do not know, but I find it in the liſt of unlawful games, prohibited by a ſtatute '33 *Henry* VIII. cap. ix. § 16.

Hor.

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calf-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir———

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't, and ſay, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown One that was a woman, Sir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England*

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover

his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark*. I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the lying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whoreſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how *oft*. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your *ſongs?* your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning?

grinning? quite chap-fall'n? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that—Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, *Alexander* look'd o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, pugh? [*Smelling to the Skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft, a-while—here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords, and Priests, attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarse they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life; twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a most noble youth: mark—

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been so far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

'Till the laſt Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laer. Muſt no more be done?
Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-departed ſouls.
Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtering angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.
Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*
Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd, thou ſhouldſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.
Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus.*
Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*
Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat——
For though I am not ſplenetive and raſh;

Yet

Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder——
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet——
Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with them upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O he is mad, *Laertes.*
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thyſelf?
Woo't drink up Eiſel, eat a crocodile? (69)
I'll

(69) *Would drink up* Eſill, *eat a crocodile?*] This word has thro' all the editions been diſtinguiſh'd by *Italick* characters, as if it were the proper name of ſome river: and ſo, I dare ſay, all the editors have from time to time underſtood it to be. But then this muſt be ſome river in *Denmark*; and there is none there ſo call'd; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yſſel*, from which the province of *Over-yſſell* derives its title in the *German Flanders*. Beſides, *Hamlet* is not propoſing any impoſſibilities to *Laertes*, as the drinking up a river would be; but he rather ſeems to mean, Wilt thou reſolve to do things the moſt ſhocking and diſtaſteful to human nature? and, behold, I am as reſolute. I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote;

Will drink up Eiſel, *eat a crocodile?*

i. e. Wilt thou ſwallow down large draughts of *Vinegar*? The propoſition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as diſtaſteful and unſavoury, as eating the fleſh of a crocodile. And now there is neither an impoſſibility, nor an *anticlimax*: and the lowneſs of the idea is in ſome meaſure remov'd by the uncommon term. CHAUCER has it in his *Romaunt* of the *Roſe*.

So evil hew'd was her coloure,
Her ſeemed t' have livid in langoure;
She was like thing for hungir ded,
That lad her life onely by bred
Knedin with *eiſel* ſtrong and *egre*;
And thereto ſhe was lene and megre.

But leaſt this authority ſhould be thought of too long a date, and the word to have become obſolete in our Author's time, I'll produce a paſ-

ſage

I'll do't.—Do'ſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an' thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madneſs;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir——
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter—
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him,
[*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude*, ſet ſome watch over your ſon:
This grave ſhall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

ſage where it is uſed by himſelf. In a poem of his, call'd, *A Complaint*, he thus expreſſes himſelf:

Whilſt, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of *Eiſel* 'gainſt my ſtrong infection;
No bitterneſs, that I will bitter think,
No double penance to correct correction.

So, likewiſe, in Sir *Thomas More*'s poems.

——Remember wherewithal,
How Chriſt for thee faſted with *Eiſel* and *gall*.

Eirle, *acetum*, Vinegar; ſaith SOMNER: and the word is acknowledg'd by *Minſhew*, *Skinner*, *Blount*, &c.

SCENE *changes to a* HALL *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now you ſhall ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance?
Hor. Remember it, my Lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought, I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes; Raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is moſt certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarf about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making ſo bold
My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health and *England*'s too,
With, ho! ſuch buggs and goblins in my life;)
That on the ſupervize, no leiſure bated,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.
Hor. Is't poſſible?
Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainy,
Ere I could make a prologue, to my bane (70)
They

(70) *Being thus benetted round with* villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play. I ſat me down, &c.]

This

They had begun the play:) I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear, (71)
And ſtand a Commere 'tween their amities;
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,

This paſſage is certainly corrupt both in the text and pointin
Making a prologue to his brain is ſuch a phraſe as SHAKESPEAR
would never have us'd, to mean, *e're I could form my thoughts to maki*
a prologue. I communicated my doubts to my two ingenious frien
Mr. *Warburton* and Mr. *Biſhop*; and by their aſſiſtance, I hope,
have reform'd the whole to the Author's intention:

Being thus benetted round with villainy,
(E're I could make a prologue, to my bane
They had begun the play:) I ſate me down,

i. e. Being thus in their ſnares, ere I could make a *prologue* (take t
leaſt previous ſtep) to ward off danger, they had begun the *play* (p
their ſchemes in action) which was to terminate in my deſtructio

(71) *As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,*
And ſtand a comma *'tween their amities,* &c.]

Peace is finely and properly perſonaliz'd here, as the goddeſs
good league and friendſhip; but what ideas can we form of h
ſtanding as a *comma*, or ſtop, betwixt their amities? I am ſure, t
ſtands rather like a *cypher*, in this reading. I have no doubt, t
the Poet wrote;

And ſtand a commere *'tween their amities*;

i. e. a guarantee, a common mother. Nothing can be more *pict*
reſque than this image of *Peace*'s ſtanding dreſt in her wheaten garla
between the two princes, and extending a hand to each. In th
equipage and office we frequently ſee her on *Roman* coins: partic
larly on two exhibited by Baron *Spanheim*; one of *Auguſtus*, and t
other of *Veſpaſian*. The poets likewiſe image to us *Peace* holding
ear of corn, as the emblem of plenty. *Tibull.* lib. I. Eleg. x.

At nobis, Pax *a'ma*, *veni*, ſpicamque teneto. Mr. *Warburto*

He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death.
Not ſhriving-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this ſeal'd?
Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heav'n ordinant;
I had my father's Signet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the Writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known; now the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.
Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincrantz* go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.——
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points,
Of mighty oppoſites.
Hor. Why, what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.
Ham. It will be ſhort.
The *Interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour;
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring paſſion.
Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious: for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſſe; 'tis a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit: your bonnet to his right uſe,——'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot. (72)

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry, and hot for my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:—My Lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember——

Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith:—Sir, here is newly come to Court, *Laertes*; (73) believe me,

(72) *I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very* hot.
Ham *No, believe me, 'tis very* cold; *the wind is northerly.*
Oſr. *It is indifferent* cold *my Lord, indeed.*
Ham. *But yet, methinks, it is very* ſultry, *and hot for my complexion.*
Oſr. *Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very* ſultry, *as 'twere, I cannot tell how.*] The humourous compliance of this fantaſtic courtier, to every thing that *Hamlet* ſays, is ſo cloſe a copy from *Juvenal*, (Sat. III.) that our Author muſt certainly have had that picture in his eye.

——*Rides? majore cachinno*
Concutitur: flet, ſi lacrymas aſpexit amici,
Nec dolet: igniculum brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit endromidem: ſi dixeris, Æſtuo, ſudat.

(73) *Sir, here is newly come to court,* Laertes.] I have reſtor'd here ſeveral ſpeeches from the elder *quartos*, which were omitted in the *folio*

me, an abſolute Gentleman, full of moſt excellent Differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither in reſpect of his quick ſail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir?——Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

[*To* Horatio.

Oſr. Sir,——

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentle-

Oſr. Of *Laertes?* [man?

Hor. His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, Sir,

Oſr. I know you are not ignorant,——

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the Imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's unfellow'd.

folio editions, and which Mr. *Pope* has likewiſe thought fit to ſink upon us. They appear to me very well worthy not to be loſt, as they thoroughly ſhew the foppery and affectation of *Oſrick*, and the humour and addreſs of *Hamlet* in accoſting the other at once in his own vein and ſtyle.

Ham.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you muſt be edified by the Margent, ere you had done. [*Aſide.*

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on; ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bett againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; If it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip. [*Exit*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham

im. He did ſo, Sir, with his dug before he ſuck'd
ius has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that,
ow, the droſſy age dotes on) only got the tune of
ime, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of
collection, which carries them through and
igh the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and
ut blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

rd. My Lord, his Majeſty commended him to you
oung *Oſrick*, who brings back to him, that you
d him in the hall; he ſends to know if your plea-
hold to play with *Laertes*; or that you will take
er time?

am. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the
's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready,
, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

rd. The King, and Queen, and all are coming
n.

am. In happy time.

rd. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle en-
iinment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

am. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

or. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

am. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into *France*,
ve been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the
. But thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here
it my heart——but it is no matter.

or. Nay, my good Lord.

am. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-
ng as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

or. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will
ſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

am. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial
idence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis
to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: If
: not now, yet it will come; the readineſs is all.
e no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't
:ave betimes?

Enter

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and Lords,* Oſrick, *w other Attendants with foils, and gantlets. A tab and flaggons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet,* come, and take this hand fr me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wron
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have hear
How I am puniſh'd with a ſore diſtraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never, *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His madneſs. If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
Till by ſome elder maſters of known honour
I have a voice, and preſident of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes;* in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall like a ſtar i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick.*
Hamlet, you know the wager.
Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.
King. I do not fear it, i have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length.
[*Prepares to play.*
Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.
King. Set me the ſtoups of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* gives the firſt, or ſecond, hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath:
And in the cup an Union ſhall he throw, (74)
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,

(74) *And in the cup an* onyx *ſhall be throw,*
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In Denmark's *crown have worn.*] This is a various reading in ſeveral of the old copies; but *union* ſeems to me to be the true word, for ſeveral reaſons. The *onyx* is a ſpecies of lucid ſtone, of which the antients made both columns and pavements for ornaments, and in which they likewiſe cut ſeals, *&c.* but, if I am not miſtaken, neither the *onyx*, nor *ſardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. On the other hand, an *union* is the fineſt ſort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets. *Multùm enim interest utrum* unio *ſtatuatur in cœno, an verè ſitus & inſertus in* coronâ *reſplendeat*: ſays *Theodoret* upon St. *Matthew*. Beſides, let us conſider what the King ſays on *Hamlet*'s giving *Laertes* the firſt hit.

Stay, give me drink, *Hamlet*, this *pearl* is thine:
Here's to thy health.

The terms upon which the King was to throw a jewel into the cup, were, if *Hamlet* gave *Laertes* the firſt hit: which *Hamlet* does. Therefore, if an *union* be a *pearl*, and an *onyx* a gemm or ſtone, quite differing in its nature from *pearls*; the King ſaying, that *Hamlet* has earn'd the *pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonſtration that it was an union-*pearl*, which he meant to throw into the cup.

The

The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come, begin.
And you the judges bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, Sir.
Laer. Come, my Lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.——
Laer. No.——
Ham. Judgment.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well—again—
King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets ſound. Shot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
[*They play.*
Come—another hit—what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.
King. Our ſon ſhall win.
Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam,—
King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my Lord, I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*Aſide.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
[*Aſide.*
Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham.

Ham. Nay, come again——
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my Lord?
Oſr. How is't, *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, *Oſrick*;
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,——
I am poiſon'd—— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villany! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out——
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No med'cine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous inſtrument is in thy hand, (75)
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to riſe again; thy mother's poiſon'd;

(75) *The treach'rous inſtrument is in thy hand,*
Unbated *and envenom'd*] The King, in the fourth *act*, in the ſcene betwixt him and *Laertes*, ſays;
——So that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword *unbated*, and in a paſs of practiſe
Requite him for your father.
In which paſſage the old *folio's* read,
A ſword *unbaited*——
which makes nonſenſe of the place, and deſtroys the Poet's meaning. *Unbated* ſignifies, *unabated*, *unblunted*, not charg'd with a *button* as *foils* are. There are many paſſages in our Author, where *bate* and *abate* ſignify to *blunt*.
But doth *rebate* and *blunt* his natural *edge*
With profits of the mind. *Meaſ. for Meaſ.*
That honour which ſhall *bate* his ſcythe's keen edge.
Love's Labour Loſt.
For from his *metal* was his party *ſteel'd*,
Which once in him *abated* all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves like dull and heavy *lead*. 2 *Henry IV.*
So, likewiſe, *Ben Johnſon* in his *Sad Shepherd.*
As far as her proud ſcorning him could *bate*,
Or *blunt* the *edge* of any lover's temper.

I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerved.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) oh, I could tell you——
But let it be—— *Horatio*, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man;
Give me th' cup; let go; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me!
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the Ambaſſadors of *England* gives [
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio:*

The potent poiſon quite o'ergrows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do propheſy, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited.——The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, ſweet Prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. O proud death! (76)
What feaſt is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death. (77)
But

(76)——*Oh, proud Death!*
What feaſts is tow'rd in thy eternal *cell.*] This epithet, I think, has no great propriety here. I have choſe the reading of the old *quarto* editions, *infernal.* This communicates an image ſuitable to the circumſtance of the havock, which *Fortinbras* looks on and would repreſent in a light of horror. Upon the ſight of ſo many dead bodies, he exclaims againſt death as an execrable, riotous, deſtroyer; and as preparing to make a ſavage, and *belliſh* feaſt.

(77) *He never gave commandment for their death.*] We muſt either believe, the Poet had forgot himſelf with regard to the circumſtance of *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern*'s death; or we muſt underſtand him

But ſince ſo full upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give order that theſe bodies,
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſſe to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more: (78)
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,

thus; that he no otherways gave a command for their deaths, tha in putting a change upon the tenour of the King's commiſſion, an warding off the fatal ſentence from his own head.

(78) *And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw* no *more.*] This the reading of the old *quarto*'s, but certainly a miſtaken one. W ſay, *a man will no more draw breath*; but that a man's *voice will dra no more*, is, I believe, an expreſſion without any authority. I cho to eſpouſe the reading of the elder *folio*.

And from his mouth, whoſe voice will draw on *more.*

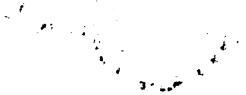
And this is the Poet's meaning. *Hamlet*, juſt before his death, hi ſaid;

But I do prophecy, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*: he has my dying *voice*;
So tell *him*, &c.

Accordingly, *Horatio* here delivers that meſſage; and very juſ infers, that *Hamlet*'s voice will be ſeconded by others, and procu them in favour of *Fortinbras*'s ſucceſſion.

have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,
ıe ſoldiers muſick, and the rites of war
eak loudly for him———
ıke up the body: ſuch a ſight as this
comes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
ɔ, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt, marching: after which, a peal of Ordnance is ſhot off.*



Hogarth in Vol: 8. P: 229. G. Vander Gucht Sculp.

OTHELLO,

THE

Moor of VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Iago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in love with* Deſdemona.
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *Courtezan, and Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO, (1)

The Moor of VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Street in VENICE.*

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.

Rod.

(1) *Othello.*] The groundwork of this play is built on a novel of *Inthio Giraldi*, (Dec. 3. Nov. 7.) who ſeems to have deſign'd his tale document to young ladies againſt diſproportion'd marriage: *di non accompagnare con huomo, cui la natura & il cielo, & il modo della ita diſgiunge da noi*; That they ſhould not link themſelves to ſuch,

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man, (2)
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe,

againſt whom, nature, providence, and a different way of living have interpos'd a bar. Our Poet inculcates no ſuch moral: but rather, that a woman may fall in love with the virtues and ſhining qualities of a man; and therein overlook the difference of complexion and colour. Mr. *Rymer* has run riot againſt the conduct, manners, ſentiments, and diction, of this play: but in ſuch a ſtrain, that one is mov'd rather to laugh at the freedom and coarſeneſs of his raillery, than provok'd to be downright angry at his cenſures. To take a ſhort ſample of his criticiſm;——"*Shakeſpeare* in this play calls 'em "the ſuper-ſubtle *Venetians*: yet examine thoroughly the tragedy, "there is nothing in the noble *Deſdemona*, that is not below any "country chamber-maid with us. And the account, he gives of "their noblemen and ſenate, can only be calculated for the lati-"tude of *Gotham*. The character of the *Venetian* ſtate is to em-"ploy ſtrangers in their wars: but ſhall a poet thence fancy, that "they will ſet a *negro* to be their general? or truſt a *Moor* to de-"fend them againſt the *Turk*? With us a *Black-a-moor* might riſe "to be a trumpeter; but *Shakeſpeare* would not have him leſs than "a lieutenant-general. With us a *Moor* might marry ſome little "drab, or ſmallcoal-wench; *Shakeſpeare* would provide him the "daughter and heir of ſome great lord, or privy-counſellor: and "all the town ſhould reckon it a very ſuitable match. Yet the "*Engliſh* are not bred up with that hatred and averſion to the *Moors*, "as are the *Venetians*, who ſuffer by a perpetual hoſtility from them. "*Lætora littoribus contraria*. Nothing is more odious in nature "than an improbable lie: and certainly never was any play fraught "like this of *Othello* with improbabilities," *&c.*——

Thus this *critick* goes on; but ſuch reflexions require no ſerious anſwer. This tragedy will continue to have laſting charms enough to make us blind to ſuch abſurdities, as the Poet thought were not worth his care.

(2) Oft-capt *to him:*] Thus the oldeſt *quarto*, and ſome modern editions; but I have choſe to reſtore the reading of the firſt and ſecond *folio* impreſſions, *off-capt*; i. e. ſtood cap in hand, ſoliciting him. So, in *Antony*;——I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes. And in *Timon*;

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow *off* thy *cap*.

Evade

Evade them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war,
And, in concluſion
Non-ſuits my mediators. "Certes, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my Officer."
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*;—("the *Florentin*'s (3)
"A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;")——
That

(3) *Forſooth, a great arithmetician,*
One Michael Caſſio, *a* Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife.] Thus has this paſſage ignorantly been corrupted, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw with me;) by falſe pointing, and an inadvertence to matter of fact, thro' the whole courſe of the editions. By the bye, this play was not publiſh'd even ſingly, that I can find, till ſix years after the Author's death: and by that interval became more liable to errors. I'll ſubjoin the correction, and then the reaſons for it.

And, in concluſion,
Nonſuits my mediators: Certes, *ſays he,*
"*I have already choſe my officer;*"
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Caſſio;—("*the* Florentine's
"*A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;*"—)
That never, &c.

This pointing ſets circumſtances right, as I ſhall immediately explain; and it gives a variety, in *Iago* reporting the behaviour of *Othello*, to ſtart into theſe breaks; now, to make *Othello* ſpeak;—— then, to interrupt what *Othello* ſays, with his own private reflexions; ——then, again, to proceed with *Othello*'s ſpeeches:—for this not only marks the inquietude of *Iago*'s mind upon the ſubject in hand; but likewiſe ſhews the actor in the variation of tone and geſture, whilſt he (in a breath, as 'twere) perſonates alternately *Othello* and himſelf. Beſides, to come to the neceſſity of the change made; *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the *Florentine*; *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the married man; *Iago*'s wife attends *Deſdemona* to *Cyprus*; *Caſſio* has a miſtreſs there, a common ſtrumpet; and *Iago* tells him in the fourth act,

She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her,

Which would be very abſurd, if *Caſſio* had been already married at *Venice*. Beſides, our Poet follows the authority of his novel in giving the villainous enſign a fair wife: "*Haveva ſimilmente menata queſto*
"Malvagio *la ſua* Moglie *in* Cipri, *la quale era* bella *&* honeſta *gio-*
"*vane.*" And it is very good reaſon for rejecting *Iago*, becauſe he was a married man, and might be thought too much govern'd by his wife:

That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorick,
Wherein the toged counſelors can propoſe (4)
As maſterly as he; mere prattle, without practice,
Is

to be capable of this charge. And this was a natural objection in an unmarried general, as *Othello* was when he choſe his officers. *Iago* therefore was the fellow *almoſt damn'd in a fair wife*: which is an expreſſion obſcure enough to deſerve a ſhort explanation. The Poet means, *Iago* had ſo beautiful a wife, that ſhe was his *heaven on earth*; that he *idoliz'd* her; and forgot to think of happineſs in an after-ſtate, as placing all his views of bliſs in the ſingle enjoyment of her. In this ſenſe, *beauty*, when it can ſo ſeduce and ingroſs a man's thoughts, may be ſaid *almoſt to damn* him. *Jeſſica*, ſpeaking of *Baſſanio*'s happineſs in a wife, ſays ſomething almoſt equal to this.

For having ſuch a *bleſſing* in his lady,
He finds the *joys* of *heaven* here on earth;
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould *never come to heaven*. *Merch. of* Venice.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* likewiſe, in their *King and no King*, make *Tigranes* ſpeak of ſuch a degree of beauty ſufficient to *damn* ſouls.

——had ſhe ſo tempting fair,
That ſhe could wiſh it off for *damning* ſouls.

i. e. either, for that it did damn ſouls; or, for fear it ſhould.

(4) *Wherein the* tongued conſuls.] So the generality of the impreſſions read; but the oldeſt *quarto* has it, *toged*; (which gave the hint for my emendation;) the ſenators, that aſſiſted the duke in council, in their proper *gowns* —*Iago*, a little lower, ſays to *Brabantio*.

Zounds, Sir, you're robb'd; for ſhame put on your *gown*.

Now, I think, 'tis pretty certain, that *Iago* does not mean, "Slip on "your *night gown*, but your *gown* of *office*, your *ſenatorial* gown; "put on your authority, and purſue the thief who has ſtole your "daughter." Beſides, there is not that contraſt of terms betwixt *tongued*, as there is betwixt *toged*, and *ſoldierſhip*. This reading is peculiarly proper here; and the ſame oppoſition is almoſt for ever made by the *Roman* writers. For inſtance;

Cicero *in* Offic.

Cedant Arma Togæ,——

Idem *in* Piſonem.

——*Sed quòd* Pacis *eſt Inſigne & Otii*, Toga: *contrà autèm* Arma, *Tumultûs atque* Belli.

Vell. Paterculus *de* Scipione Æmiliano.

——*ſateraiſque* Lucii Pauli *Virtutibus ſimillimus, omnibus* Belli *ac* Togæ *dotibus*, &c.

Caſſius Ciceroni.

Æternàm tua Toga *omnium* Armis *felicior*.

Ovid.

Is all his ſoldierſhip—he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen muſt be belee'd and calm'd (5)
By *Debitor* and *Creditor*, this *Counter-Caſter*;
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark!) his moor-ſhip's ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond

Ovid. *Metamor.* lib. xv.——
Cæſar *in urbe ſuâ Deus eſt*; quem Marte Togâque,
Præcipuum, &c.

Idem *in Epiſt.* ex Ponto, li. 2. Ep. 1.
——*Jàm nunc hæc à me, juvenum*, bellôque togâque
Maxime. Juvenal, *Sat.* 10.
——*nocitura* Togâ, *nocitura petuntur*
Militiâ.

And in a great number of paſſages more, that might be quoted. But now let me proceed to explain, why I have ventured to ſubſtitute *counſellors* in the room of *conſuls*: and then, I hope, the alteration will not appear arbitrary. The *Venetian* nobility, 'tis well known, conſtitute the great *council* of the ſenate, and are a part of the adminiſtration; and ſummon'd to aſſiſt and counſel the *Doge*, who is prince of the ſenate, and, in that regard, has only precedency before the other magiſtrates. So that, in this reſpect, they may very properly be call'd *counſellors*. Again, when the officer comes from the duke to *Brabantio*, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this act, he ſays,

The Duke's in *council*, and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.

And when *Brabantio* comes into the ſenate, the duke ſays to him;

We lack'd your *counſel*, and your help to night.

Now *Brabantio* was a ſenator, but no *conſul*. Beſides, tho' the government of *Venice* was democratic at firſt, under *conſuls* and *tribunes*; that form of power has been totally abrogated, ſince *Doges* have been elected: and whatever *conſuls* of other ſtates may be reſident there, yet they have no more a voice, or place, in the public *councils*, or in what concerns peace or war, than foreign ambaſſadors can have in our parliament.

(5) *Muſt be* led *and calm'd.*] There is no conſonance of metaphor in theſe two terms. I have choſe to read with the firſt *folio*, and ſeveral other of the old editions. *Belee'd* is a ſea-term as well as *calm'd*; and a ſhip is ſaid to be *belee'd*, when ſhe lies cloſe under the wind, on the *lee*-ſhore; makes no ſail.

Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge yourſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. Oh Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doating on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves——others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but myſelf,
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
But, ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight;
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen:
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago,

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho.
Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio *appears above at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this? [your gown,
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd, for ſhame, put on
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul:
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice:*
My houſe is not a grange.

Rod.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o'th' night
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gondelier*,
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfy yourſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people;—
This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief

f of it oppreſſes me already.
t, I ſay, light!
e. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
ems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
e produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall)
aſt the Moor. For I do know, the State,
ever this may gall him with ſome check,
ıot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
ı ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus'* wars,
:h ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
her of his fadom they have none,
ead their buſineſs. In which regard,
I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
for neceſſity of preſent life,
ſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love: [him,
ich is, indeed, but ſign.) That you may ſurely find
to the *Sagittary* the rais'd ſearch;
there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, *and ſervants with torches.*

a. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is:
what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
ught but bitterneſs. Now, *Roderigo*,
e didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
the Moor, ſaidſt thou? who would be a father?
didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh, ſhe deceives me
hought—What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers—
all my kindred—are they married, think you?
d. Truly, I think, they are.
a. Oh heaven! how got ſhe out?
reaſon of my blood!
:rs, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
hat you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
hich the property of youth and maidhood
be abus'd? Have you not read, *Roderigo*,
me ſuch thing?
d. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed. [her;
a. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had
one way, ſome another—Do you know
e we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod.

Rod. I think, I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another* STREET, *before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with Torches.*

Iago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.——Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential (6)
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſignory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,

(6) *And hath in his effect a voice potential,*
As double *as the Duke's.*] *Rymer* ſeems to have had his eye on this paſſage amongſt others, when he talks ſo much of the impropriety and barbarity in the ſtyle of this play. But it is in truth, a very elegant *Greciſm*. As *double*, ſignifies, as *large*, as *extenſive*. So the *Greeks* us'd διπλοῦς, for *latus*, *grandis*, as well as, *duplex*: and, in the ſame manner and conſtructions, the *Latins* ſometimes us'd their *duplex*. Mr. *Warburton*.

(Which,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being (7)
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, *with torches.*

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.
My parts, my title and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think, no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:

(7)——————*I fetch my life and being*
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak unbonnetted *to as proud a fortune*
As this that I have reach'd.] Thus all the copies read this passage. But, to speak *unbonnetted*, is to speak *with the cap off*, which is directly opposite to the Poet's meaning. So in King *Lear*;

This night, in which the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf,
Keep their furr dry, *unbonnetted* he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Othello means to say, that his birth and services set him upon such a rank, that he may speak to a senator of *Venice* with his hat *on*; i. e. without shewing any marks of deference, or inequality. I, therefore, am inclined to think, *Shakespeare* wrote;

May speak, and bonnetted, &c.

Or, if any like better the change of the negative *un*, in the corrupted reading, into the epitatic *im*, we may thus reform it:

May speak imbonnetted, &c.

I propos'd the correction of this passage in my SHAKESPEARE *Restor'd*; upon which Mr. *Pope*, in his last edition, has found out another expedient, and would read,

May speak unbonnetting, &c.

i. e. as he says, *without pulling off the bonnet*. But the sense thus is equivocal and obscure: and *unbonnetting* more naturally signifies, *pulling off the bonnett*, than the contrary.

The

The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Caſ. The Duke doth greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte, appearance;
Ev'n on the inſtant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the couns'lors, rais'd and met, (8)
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd
When, being not at your lodging to be found, [for,
The Senate ſent above three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit Othello.*

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with Officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: General, be adviſ'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

(8) *And many of the* Conſuls, *rais'd and met,*
Are at the Duke's already.] Thus all the editions concur in reading; but there is no ſuch character as a *Conſul* appears in any part of the play. I change it to *Counſellors*; i. e. the grandees that conſtitute the great *council* at *Venice*. The reaſon I have already given, above, in the cloſe of the 5th note.

Rod.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, *Roderigo!* come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.

Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons. [daughter?

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hath thou ſtow'd my
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd (9)

(9) ——— *that ſhe ſhun'd*

The wealthy curled *darlings of our nation.*] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the text here, I ought to ſubjoin a very probable conjecture which Mr. *Warburton* propos'd to me.

The wealthy culled *darlings of our nation.*

i. e. pick'd, ſelect, choſen, from the common ſuitors. For the epithet, *curled*, as he obſerves, was no mark of diſtinction or difference between a *Venetian* and a *Moor*; which latter people are remarkably *curl'd* by Nature. And tho' *curled* now, when our ears are nicer than our underſtandings, may not ſo frequently find a place in the *Drama*; the ſame objection did not lie to the ſound of it in *Shakeſpeare*'s days.

Of all complexions the *cull'd* ſov'reignty. *Love's Labour Loſt.*
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline
To *cull* the plots of beſt advantages. *King* John.
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall *cull* forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion. *Ibid.*
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And *cull'd* theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To out-look conqueſt. *Ibid.*
For who is he whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe *cull'd* and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?* *Henry* V.
Now ye familiar ſpirits, that are *cull'd*
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth. 1 *Henry* VI.
And here's a lord, come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And *cull* their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt. *Troil. and Creſſ.*
No, Madam; we have *cull'd* ſuch neceſſaries
As are behovefull for our ſtate to-morrow. *Rom. and Jul.*
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples. *Ibid.*
&c. &c. &c.

The

The wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe, (10)
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That

(10) *Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,*
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion.] *Brabantio* is here accuſing *Othello* of having us'd ſome foul play, and intoxicated *Deſdemona* by drugs and potions to win her over to his love. But why *drugs* to weaken *motion?* How then could ſhe have run away with him voluntarily from her father's houſe? Had ſhe been averſe to chuſing *Othello*, tho' he had given her medicines that took away the uſe of her limbs, might ſhe not ſtill have retain'd her ſenſes, and oppos'd the marriage? Her father, 'tis evident, from ſeveral of his ſpeeches, is poſitive that ſhe muſt have been *abuſed* in her *rational* faculties; or ſhe could not have made ſo prepoſterous a choice, as to wed with a *Moor*, a *black*, and refuſe the fineſt young gentlemen in *Venice*. What then have we to do with her *motion* being weaken'd? If I underſtand any thing of the Poet's meaning here, I cannot but think, he muſt have wrote;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken notion.

i. e. her *apprehenſion*, right *conception* and *idea* of things, *underſtanding*, *judgment*, &c. 'Tis uſual with us to ſay, *we have no* notion *of a thing*, when we would mean, we don't very clearly underſtand it. The *Roman* Claſſicks uſed the word in the ſame manner; and *Cicero* has thus defin'd it for us. NOTIONEM *appello, quod* Græci τὴν ἔννοιαν τῶν πραγμάτων. *Dei* notionem *nullum animal eſt quod habeat præter hominem. Idem* 1. de Legibus. *Cujus rei rationem* notionemque *eodem volumine tradidit.* Plin. *lib.* 17. *cap.* 28, &c. Nor is our Author infrequent in the uſage of this term.

Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his *notion* weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied, &c. *King Lear.*

——Your judgments, my grave Lords,
Muſt give this cur the lye; and his own *notion*,
Who wears my ſtripes, &c. *Coriolanus.*

——And all things elſe, that might
To half a ſoul, and to a *notion* craz'd
Say, thus did *Banquo*. *Macbeth.*

Add,

'hat weaken Notion.——I'll hav't diſputed on;
Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
therefore apprehend and do attach thee
'or an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
)f arts inhibited and out of warrant;
.ay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
ubdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
)f law, and coarſe of direct ſeſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him?

Off. True, moſt worthy ſignior.
The Duke's in Council; and your noble ſelf,
'm ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
n this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong. as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free, (11)
Bond-ſlaves and Pageants ſhall our ſtateſmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

And, in *Cymbeline*, he has expreſs'd the ſame idea by an equivalent erm.

The drug he gave me, which he ſaid was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murth'rous to th' *ſenſes?*

I made this emendation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has adopted it in his laſt edition.

(11) *For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,*
Bondſlaves and pagans *ſhall our ſtateſmen be.*] I have long had a ſuſpicion of *pagans* here. Would *Brabantio* infer, if his private in-

jury

SCENE *changes to the Senate Houſe.*

Duke and Senators, ſet at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. THERE is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred;
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence;) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.
Sailors within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailors.

Off. A meſſenger from the gallies.

jury were not redreſs'd, the ſenate ſhould no longer pretend to call themſelves *chriſtians?* But *pagans* are as ſtrict and moral, we find, all the world over, as the moſt regular *chriſtians*, in the preſervation of private property. The difference of *faith* is not at all concern'd, but mere human *policy*, in aſcertaining the right of *meum* and *tuum*. I have ventur'd to imagine, that our Author wrote,

Bondſlaves and pageants *ſhall our ſtateſmen be.*

i. e. if we'll let ſuch injurious actions go unpuniſh'd, our ſtateſmen muſt be *ſlaves*, *cyphers* in *office*, and have no power of redreſſing; be things of meer ſhow, and gaudy appearance only.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*;

Mine were the very *cypher* of a function,
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor,

And, ſo, in King *Henry* VIII.

——if we ſtand ſtill in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit:
Or ſit *ſtate-ſtatues only*.

Duke.

Duke. Now!——what's the buſineſs?
Sail. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State.
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it; (12)
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.
Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet——
1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?
Meſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their Purpoſes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,

(12) *So may he with more* fertile *queſtion bear it*;] This is *Mr. Pope*'s reading; but upon what authorities, I am yet to learn. All the old impreſſions, *quarto*'s and *folio*'s, I know, have it;

So may he with more facile *queſtion bear it.*

i. e. He may with a more eaſy ſtruggle, with leſs ſtrength, carry *Cyprus*; and the Poet ſubjoins this reaſon for it, becauſe *Cyprus* was not near ſo well fortified, nor in the condition to oppoſe, as *Rhodes* was. I ought to mention, to the praiſe of my friend Mr. *Warburton*'s ſagacity, that tho' he had none of the old editions to collate or refer to, he ſent me word by letter, that the context abſolutely requir'd *facile queſtion*.

With his free duty, recommends you thus;
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus: Marcus Luccicos,*
Is he not here in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence.*

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio,* and the valiant *Moor.*

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello,* we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior: [*To* Brab.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me; For my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter! ———

Sen. Dead? ———

Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtoll'n from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans Witchcraft could not ———

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this? [*To* Othel.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on—
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect, (13)
That will confeſs, affection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven

To

(13) *It is a judgment maim'd and moſt imperfect*
That will confeſs, perfection *ſo could err*
Againſt all rules of Nature.] *Perfection erring,* ſeems a contradiction *in terminis,* as the ſchoolmen call it. Beſides, *Brabantio* does not blazon his daughter out for a thing of abſolute perfection; he only ſays, ſhe was indued with ſuch an extreme innate modeſty, that for her *to fall in love* ſo prepoſterouſly, no ſound judgment could allow, but it muſt be by magical practice upon her. I have ventur'd to imagine that our Author wrote;

To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures pow'rful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern ſeeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. [*Exeunt two or three*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place
[*Exit* Iago

And till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life;
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.

That will confeſs, affection *ſo could err*, &c.

This is entirely conſonant to what *Brabantio* would ſay of h and one of the ſenators, immediately after, in his examination the *Moor*, thus addreſſes himſelf to him;

——But, *Othello*, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's *affections*, &c.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle, (14)
Rough quarriers, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to ſpeak; ſuch was the proceſs; (15)
And

(14) *Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts* idle, &c.] Thus it is in all the old editions: but Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to change the epithet. *Deſarts* idle; *in the former editions*, (ſays he) *doubtleſs, a corruption from* wilde——But he muſt pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this ſo *doubtleſs*. I don't know whether Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd it, but I know that *Shakeſpeare*, eſpecially in his deſcriptions, is fond of uſing the more uncommon word, in a poetic latitude. And *idle*, in ſeveral other paſſages, he employs in theſe acceptations, *wild, uſeleſs, uncultivated*. &c.

Crown'd with rank fumitar, and furrow weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow-flow'rs,
Darnel, and all the *idle* weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. *King* Lear.

i. e. wild and uſeleſs.

——The murm'ring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd *idle* pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. *Ibid.*

i. e. uſeleſs, worthleſs, *nullius pretii*: for the pebbles, conſtantly waſh'd and chaf'd by the ſurge, can't be call'd *idle*, i. e. to lie ſtill, in a ſtate of reſt.

The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by *idleneſs*. *Henry* V.

i. e. by *wildneſs*, occaſion'd from its lying *uncultivated*. And exactly with the ſame liberty, if I am not miſtaken, has VIRGIL twice uſed the word *ignavus*:

——— *Hyems* ignava *colono*. Georg. I. v. 299.
Et nemora evertit multos ignava *per annos*. Georg. II. v. 208.

(15)——————*Such was the proceſs*:
And of the canibals *that each other eat,*
The anthropophagi; *and men whoſe heads,*
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders.] This paſſage Mr. *Pope* has

And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a pray'r of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,

And

thought fit to throw out of the text, as containing incredible matter, I preſume: but why, if he had any equality in his *critical* judgment, did he not as well caſtrate the *Tempeſt* of theſe lines?

Who would believe, that there were mountaineers
Dewlapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh? Or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe *heads ſtood in their breaſts?*

I have obſerv'd ſeveral times, in the courſe of theſe notes, our Author's particular defence of Sir *Walter Raleigh*; and both theſe paſſages ſeem to me intended complimentally to him. Sir *Walter*, in his *Travels*, has given the following account, which I ſhall ſubjoin as briefly as I may. "Next unto *Arvi*, there are two rivers, *Atoica* "and *Caora*; and on that branch which is call'd *Caora*, are a nation "of a people whoſe *heads* appear not *above* their *ſhoulders*: which, "tho' it may be thought a meer *fable*, yet, for mine own part, I am "reſolv'd *it is true*; becauſe every child in the provinces of *Arromaia* "and *Canuri* affirm the ſame. They are call'd *Ewaipanomawſ*; "they are reported to have their *eyes* in their *ſhoulders*, and their "*mouths* in the middle of their *breaſts*. It was not my chance to "hear of them, till I was come away; and if I had but ſpoken one "word of it while I was there, I might have brought one of them "with me, to put the *matter out of doubt*. Such a nation was written "of by *Mandeville*, whoſe reports were holden for *fables* for many "years, and yet ſince the *Eaſt-Indies* were diſcover'd, we find his "relations *true* of ſuch things as heretofore were held *incredible*. "Whether it be true, or no, the matter is not great; for mine own "part, I ſaw them not; but *I am reſolv'd, that ſo many people did* "*not all combine, or forethink to make the report*. To the weſt of "*Caroli* are diverſe nations of *Canibals*, and of thoſe *Ewaipanomawſ* "without heads."

Sir

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, "In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"———
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it;—yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man:—ſhe thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell a ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:

Sir *Walter Raleigh* made this voyage to *Guiana* in 1595. Mr. *Lawrence Keymiſh*, (ſometime his lieutenant) who went thither the next year, and who dedicates his relation to Sir *Walter*, mentions the ſame people; and ſpeaking of a perſon who gave him conſiderable informations, he adds, "*He certified me of the* headleſs men, *and that their* "mouths *in their* breaſts *are exceeding* wide." Sir *Walter*, at the time that his travels were publiſh'd, is ſtiled Captain of her Majeſty's guard, Lord Warden of the *Stannaries*, and Lieutenant general of the county of *Cornwal*. If we conſider the reputation, as the ingenious *Martin Folkes*, Eſq; obſerv'd to me, any thing from ſuch a perſon, and at that time in ſuch *poſts*, muſt come into the world with, we ſhall be of opinion that a paſſage in *Shakeſpeare* need not be *degraded* for the mention of a ſtory, which, however ſtrange, was countenanc'd with ſuch an authority. *Shakeſpeare*, on the other hand, has ſhewn a fine addreſs to Sir *Walter*, in ſacrificing ſo much credulity to ſuch a *relation*. Beſides, both the paſſages in our Author have this further uſe; that they do in ſome meaſure fix the chronology of his writing *Othello*, as well as the *Tempeſt*: for as neither of them could be wrote before the year 1597; ſo the mention of theſe circumſtances ſhould perſuade us, they appear'd before theſe *Travels* became ſtale to the public, and their authority was too narrowly ſcrutiniz'd.

We may be able to account, perhaps, in a few lines, for the myſtery of theſe ſuppos'd *headleſs people*; and with that I will cloſe this long note. OLEARIUS, ſpeaking of the manner of cloathing of the *Samojeds*, a people of northern *Muſcovy*, ſays; "Their garments are "made like thoſe that are call'd *coſaques*, open only at the necks. "When the cold is extraordinary, they put their *coſaques* over their "heads, and let the ſleeves hang down; their faces being not to be "ſeen, but at the cleft which is at the neck. *Whence* ſome *have* "*taken occaſion to write, that in theſe northern countries there are people* "without heads, having their faces in their breaſts."

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too—
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a grice, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour———
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.

To

To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear, (16)
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.—
Beſeech you, now to the affairs o'th' ſtate.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the

(16) *But words are words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd heart was pierc'd *thro' the ear.*] One ſuperfluous letter has for theſe hundred years quite ſubverted the ſenſe of this paſſage; and none of the editors have ever attended to the reaſoning of the context, by which they might have diſcover'd the error. The *Duke* has by ſage ſentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to patience, and to forget the grief of his daughter's ſtolen marriage; to which *Brabantio* is made very pertinently to reply, to this effect: "My "Lord, I apprehend very well the wiſdom of your advice; but tho' "you would *comfort* me, words are but words; and the heart, already "*bruis'd*, was never *pierc'd*, or *wounded*, thro' the *ear*."——Well! if we want arguments for a ſenator, let him be educated at the feet of our ſagacious editors. It is obvious, I believe, to my better readers, that the text muſt be reſtor'd, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me.

That the bruis'd heart was pieced *thro' the ear.*

i. e. That the wounds of ſorrow were ever cur'd, or a man made *heart whole* meerly by words of conſolation. I ought to take notice, this very emendation was likewiſe communicated to me by an ingenious, unknown correſpondent, who ſubſcribes himſelf only *L. H.*

gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Ha h made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords: beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not, (17)

To

(17) ——————*I therefore beg it not*
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,

In

To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to apply with heat, the young affects,
In my diſtinct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me.——No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

In my defunct *and proper ſatisfaction*;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.] As this has been all along hitherto printed and ſtop'd, it ſeems to me a period of as ſtubborn nonſenſe, as the editors have obtruded upon poor *Shakeſpeare* throughout his whole works. What a prepoſterous creature is this *Othello* made, to fall in love with, and marry, a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper ſatisfaction* are *dead* and *defunct* in him! (for *defunct* ſignifies nothing elſe, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) but if we may take *Othello*'s own word in the affair. when he ſpeaks for himſelf, he was not reduc'd to this fatal unperforming ſtate.

——————or, for I am declin'd,
Into the the vale of years; yet *that's not much.*

Again, why ſhould our Poet ſay, (nor ſo he ſays, as the paſſage has been pointed) that the young *affect* heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occaſion or pretence of *affecting* it, whatever ſuperannuated lovers may have. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add ſo abſurd a collateral epithet as proper? But, I think, I may venture to affirm, that *affects* was not deſign'd here as a verb; and that *defunct* was not deſign'd here at all. I have, by a ſlight change, reſcued the Poet's text from abſurdity; and this I take to be the tenour of what he would ſay; "I do not beg her company with me, "merely to pleaſe myſelf; nor to indulge the heat and *affects* (i. e. "affections) of a new married man, in my own diſtinct and pro-"per ſatisfaction; but to comply with her in her requeſt, and deſire, "of accompanying me." *Affects* for *affections*, our Author in ſeveral other paſſages uſes,

For ev'ry man with his *affects* is born. *Love's Labour Loſt.*
As 'twere to baniſh their *affects* with him. *Richard II.*
Th' *affects* of ſorrow for his valiant ſons. *Titus Andronicus.*
&c. &c.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to-night.
Def. To-night, my Lord?
Duke. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.
Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt,)
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.
Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good night to every one. And noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.
Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.
Bra. Adieu, brave Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exit* Duke, *with Senators.*
Oth. My life upon her faith.——Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Rodorigo, *and* Iago.

Rod. Iago———
Iago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?
Iago. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.
Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.
Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after.
Why, thou ſilly gentleman!
Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment;
and

and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a *Guinea*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in ourſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettice; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſterile with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. (18) If the beam of our lives

(18) *If the* balance *of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality.*] i. e. If the *ſcale* of our lives had not one *ſcale*, &c. which muſt certainly be wrong. Some of the old *quartos* have it thus, but the two elder *folios* read,

If the braine *of our lives had not one ſcale*, &c.

This is corrupt; and I make no doubt but *Shakeſpeare* wrote, as I have reform'd the text,

If the beame *of our lives*, &c.

And my reaſon is this; that he generally diſtinguiſhes betwixt the *beam* and *balance*, uſing the latter to ſignify the ſcales; and the former, the ſteel-bar to which they are hung, and which poiſes them. I'll ſubjoin a few inſtances of his uſage of both terms.

In your lord's *ſcale* is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light,
But in the *balance* of great *Bolingbroke*, &c. *Richard* II.
I have an equal *balance* juſtly weigh'd, &c. 2 *Henry* IV.
Weigh'd between loathneſs and obedience, at
Which end the *beam* ſhould bow. *Tempeſt.*
We, *poizing* us in her defective *ſcale*,
Shall weigh thee to the *beam*. *All's Well*, &c.
We *poize* the cauſe in Juſtice' equal *ſcale*,
Whoſe *beam* ſtands ſure. 2 *Henry* VI.
——thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
Till our *ſcale* turn the *beam*. *Hamlet.*

In like manner the *French* always uſe *les balances* to ſignify the *ſcales*; *le fleau*, the *beam* of the *balance*.

had

had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; defeat thy favours with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purſe——nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,——put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;——fill thy purſe with money. (19) The food, that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.——She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.——If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate

(19) *The food, that to him now is as luſcious as* locuſts, *ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as coloquintida.*] Mr. *Warburton* has ſuſpected this paſſage, and attempted an emendation; which I ought to ſubjoin, with his reaſoning upon it. "Tho' ſome kind of *locuſts* have been ſometimes "eaten, I think, they cannot be given as an inſtance of very delici-"ous food. Beſides, how comes *locuſts*, a kind of *inſect*, to be op-"pos'd to *coloquintida*, a medicinal drug? Be aſſur'd, the true read-"ing is not *locuſts*, but *loches*, a very pleaſant confection, introduced "into medicine by the *Arabian* phyſicians; and ſo is very fitly op-"pos'd both to the bitterneſs, and the uſe of *coloquintida*."——I have not, however, diſturb'd the text for two reaſons; becauſe all the printed copies agree in one reading without any variation: and becauſe I am not ſure, that by *locuſts* the Poet means the *inſect*, but the fruit of the *locuſt* tree; which is ſweet and luſcious in the ſame degree, as *coloquintida*, the fruit of the wild *gourd*, is acerb and bitter.

way

way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.——Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodgings.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewel, put money enough in your purſe—
Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true——
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well——
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;——
To get his place, and to plume up my will,

A double

A double knavery —— How? how?—let's ſee——
After ſome time, t'abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife——
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected: fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:
I hav't—it is ingender'd—Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

****

ACT II.

SCENE, *The capital City of* Cyprus.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Deſcry a ſail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, (20)
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.*

(20) *What ribs of oak, when* the huge *mountains melt,*
Can hold the mortiſe?] This is an arbitrary change of Mr. *Pope*'s, without any authority or reaſon, but the ſmoothing the verſification. But, I am afraid, this great critick was dreaming of *mountains at land*; and theſe, he thought, could not well melt on *ribs of oak* (i. e. ſhips) *at ſea.* But our Poet happens to mean waves as big as mountains; and theſe are often known to melt on ſhips: nor is any metaphor more common in poetry. So, again, afterwards, in *this very play*;

And

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever fired-pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, Lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of *Venice*(21)
Hath

And let the lab'ring bark climb *hills* of *seas*
Olympus-high.
——— ———and anon behold
The strong-rib'd bark thro' liquid *mountains* cuts.
Troil. and Cress.
Like as we see the wrathful *sea* from far,
In a great *mountain* heap'd, with hideous noise,
With thousand billows beat against the ships. *Locrine.*
And so *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Elder Brother*;
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,
And sees the *mountain billows* falling on him:
In all which passages our poets have but imitated their predecessors the *Classics*.
Πορφύρεον δ' ἄρα κῦμα περιςάθη ὄρεϊ ἴσον,
Κυρτωθέν, ——— *Hom. Odyss.* λ. 242.
Κύματά τε τροφόεντα, πελώρια, ἴσα ὄρεσσιν. *Odyss.* γ. 290.
———ἠλιβάτοισι δ' ἐοικότα, κύματ' ὄρεσσιν
Ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα φέροντο· *Qu. Calaber.* l. xiv.
Curvata in montis *faciem circumstetit* unda. Virg. *Geor.* iv.
———*insequitur cumulo præruptus* aquæ mons. Idem, *Æn.* I.
Cum Mare surrexit, cumulusque immanis aquarum
In montis *speciem curvari, & crescere visus.* Ovid. *Metam.* l. xv.
Me miserum, quanti montes *volvuntur* aquarum! Id. *Trist.* l. 1. *El.* 2.
(21)———Another *ship of* Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck, &c.] But no ship, before this, has arriv'd or brought any account of the *Turkish* fleet's distress; how then can this be call'd *another* ship? Oh, but the eldest *quarto* has call'd

Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of the fleet.
Mont. How! is this true?
3 *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in, (22)
A *Veroneſſa*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.
Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.
3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.
Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Ev'n till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns

call'd it ſo; and, if there be a various reading, Mr. *Pope* is pretty good at taking the wrong one. The two elder *folios* and the *quarto* in 1630 read, as I have reſtor'd to the text;

——*A* noble *ſhip of* Venice.

(22) ——*The ſhip is here put in*;
A Veroneſſa, *Michael Caſſio*, &c.] But *Michael Caſſio* was no *Veroneſe*; we find, from other paſſages in the *play*, he was of *Rome*. I read with the beſt copies, only altering the pointing;

The ſhip is here put in,
A Veroneſſa;

i. e. A veſſel properly belonging to the ſtate of *Verona*, but in the *ſervice of Venice*: and *Verona*, I believe, does, by the *Adige*, ſend *down ſhips* to the *Adriatick*.

Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mont. Is he well-ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!
Caſ. What noiſe?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a Sail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy:
Our friends, at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excells the quirks of blazing pens,
And in the eſſential veſture of creation
Does bear all excellency———

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.
Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands.
(Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel;)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.
Mont. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed. Great *Jove*, Othello guard!
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,

That

That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguiſh'd ſpirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort———

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

Oh behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.
Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Deſ. O, but I fear—how loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip. But, hark, a ſail!
Within.] A ſail, a ſail!
Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news:
Good ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners: 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
Deſ. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep:
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on; your pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, [beds!
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your
Deſ. O, fy upon thee, ſlanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not, [praiſe me?
Deſ. What wouldſt thou write of me, if thou ſhou'dſt
Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Deſ. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the
Iago. Ay, Madam. [harbour——
Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe;——
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is deliver'd.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd; how if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. *If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.
Æmil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. *She never yet was fooliſh, that was fair;*
For ev'n her folly helpt her to an heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman

woman indeed? (23) one, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put down the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)—

Deſ. To do what?

Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Deſ. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, though he be thy huſband. (24) How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt profane and liberal cenſurer?

Caſ.

(23) *One, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf.*] Tho' all the printed copies agree in this reading, I cannot help ſuſpecting it. If the text ſhould be genuine, I confeſs, it is above my underſtanding. In what ſenſe can merit be ſaid to put *on* the vouch of malice? I ſhould rather think, merit was ſo ſafe in itſelf, as to repel and put off all that malice and envy could advance and affirm to its prejudice; was upon its guard againſt every attack of calumny and defied it. I have ventured to reform the text to this conſtruction, with a very ſlight change that makes it intelligible. To the ſame purpoſe the *Duke* ſays, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,

——Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a *guard* with *envy*.

So, Queen *Catherine*, ſpeaking of herſelf and the clearneſs of her life and conduct,

My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw them,
Envy and *baſe opinion* ſet *againſt* them;
I know my life ſo even. K. *Henry* VIII.

And much to the tenour of our Poet's ſentiment, as I have corrected it, AUSONIUS ſpeaks of chaſtity.

Quæ caſta eſt? De quâ mentiri Fama veretur.

(24) *How ſay you*, Caſſio? Is he not a moſt profane and liberal cenſurer?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid——whiſper——With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio.* Ay, ſmile upon her, do ——I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo, indeed.—If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiſs'd, and excellent courteſy———'tis ſo, indeed———Yet again——your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were cliſter-pipes for your ſake. [*Trumpet.*
The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Def. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Def. My dear *Othello!*

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after ev'ry tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Def. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow.

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers!

ſellor?] But in what reſpect was *Iago* a *counſellor?* He caps ſentences, indeed; but they are not by way of *advice,* but *deſcription*: what he ſays, is, *reflexions on character* and *conduct* in life. For this *reaſon, I am very apt to think,* our Author wrote *cenſurer.*

I can-

I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſic, as honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pry'thee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; (as, they ſay, baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them)——liſt me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? (25) when the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there

(25) *When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be* a game *to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite; lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties.*] This, 'tis true, is the

there ſhould be again to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite, lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection; a ſlippery and ſubtile knave, a finder of occaſions, that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent itſelf. A deviliſh knave! beſides the knave is handſome, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd

the reading of the generality of the copies: but, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar experiment, when the blood and ſpirits are dull'd and exhauſted with ſport, to raiſe and recruit them by ſport: for *ſport* and *game* are but two words for the ſame thing. I have retriev'd the pointing and reading of the elder *quarto*, which certainly gives us the Poet's ſenſe; that, when the blood is dull'd with the exerciſe of pleaſure, there ſhould be proper incentives on each ſide to raiſe it again, as the charms of beauty, equality of years, and agreement of manners and diſpoſition; which were wanting in *Othello* to rekindle *Deſdemona's* paſſion.

together. Villainous thoughts, *Roderigo!* when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: piſh—But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and, haply, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: And the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe: That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona* A moſt dear huſband. Now I love her too, Not out of abſolute luſt, (though peradventure, I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards, And nothing can, or ſhall, content my ſoul,

Till

Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, (26)
If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the right garb;
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd importing the mere perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph: ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure, ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and

(26) ——— ——— *Which thing to do,*
If this poor traſh *of* Venice, *whom I trace*
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on.] A trifling, inſignificant fellow may, in ſome reſpects, very well be call'd *traſh*; but what conſonance of metaphor is there betwixt *traſh* and *quick hunting*, and *ſtanding the putting on?* The alluſion to the *chaſe* SHAKESPEARE ſeems to be fond of applying to *Rodorigo*, who ſays of himſelf towards the concluſion of this *act*;

I follow her in the *chaſe*, not like a *hound* that *hunts*, but one that fills up the *cry*.

I have a great ſuſpicion, therefore, that the Poet wrote;

If this poor brach *of* Venice,

which we know, is a degenerate ſpecies of *hound*, and a term generally us'd in contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical alluſion, and makes it much more ſatirical. Mr. *Warburton.*

there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello*. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. GOOD *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night,
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do:
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest.
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, *Iago*; we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona:* whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for *Jove.*

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks, it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets: come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black *Othello.*

Cas. Not to-night, good *Iago*; I have very poor

and

and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish, courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what inovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door: I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young miſtreſs' dog.——
Now, my ſick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,)
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my Deem, (27)
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

(27) *If conſequence do but approve my* dream.] All the printed copies concur in this reading, but I think, it does not come up to the Poet's intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If conſequence do but approve my deem.

i. e. my opinion, the judgment I have form'd of what muſt happen. So, in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*;

Creſ. I true, how now? what wicked *deem* is this?

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan;
Why then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*; where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England*.

King Stephen *was an a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that

that does thoſe things. Well——Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the general, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins——gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep,
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.
Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within,* help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!
Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Caſ. A knave teach me my duty, I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me——
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand. [zard.
Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the maz-
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk?—— [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good lieutenant——Alas, gentlemen——
Help, ho!——Lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch, indeed——
Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fy, fy, lieutenant! hold;
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago.

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Gentlemen——
Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you—hold, hold, for ſhame—
Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, ev'n now
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now——
As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And, 'twould, in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;
And he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.——What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtic quarrel?
In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety? (28)
'Tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*:
Yet I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis General:
Montano and myſelf being in a ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)

(28) *In night, and on the court* and *guard* of *ſafety?*] This is ſpoken by *Othello*; but *guard* of *ſafety*, tho' coupled with a word of ſynonymous conſtruction, was never a ſoldier's language. I have ventur'd to make the *conjunction* and *ſign* of the *genitive caſe* change places: and ſo the phraſe in uſe is reſtor'd, tho' againſt the authority of the printed copies.

In night, and on the court of *guard* and *ſafety?*

So, before;

The lieutenant to-night watches on the *court* of *guard*.

And, again;

Good *Michael*, look you to the *guard* to-night.

And ſo in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*;

Let's bear him to the *court of guard*; he is of note.

The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.———

Enter Desdemona *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
Lead him off;
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Iago *and* Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of

myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought, you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound: there is more ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man,—there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk, and ſpeak? Parrot, and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine; if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing whereof. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard!——had I as many mouths as Hydra,

Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!——Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you should do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces (29). Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and by times in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for

(29) *For that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and* devotement *of her parts and graces.*] I remember, it is said of *Antony*, in the beginning of *his* tragedy, that he, who used to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war,

——————now bends, now turns,
The office and *devotion* of their view
Upon a trumpet's front.

This is finely express'd; but I cannot persuade myself that our Poet would ever have said, any one *devoted* himself to the *devotement* of any thing. All the copies agree; but the mistake certainly arose from a single letter being turn'd upside-down at press; I read;

——*to the contemplation, mark, and* denotement *of her parts and graces.*

The three words are, indeed, in some degree *tautological*; but the practise *is allow'd to add an energy* to the thing it would express.

me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good-night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest *Iago.* [*Exit* Cassio.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easy Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin. His soul is so enfetter'd to her love That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. Am I then a villain, To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When Devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews, As I do now,——For while this honest fool Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor; I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repeals him for her body's lust: And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall unmesh them all. How now, *Rodorigo!*

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and I think, the issue will be, I shall have so

ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio*.
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thyſelf a while. In troth 'tis morning:
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done; (30)
My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on:——
Myſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Soliciting his Wife,——ay, that's the way:
Dull not, device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit*.

(30) *Two things are to be done;*
My wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her miſtreſs:*
I'll ſet her on to draw the Moor apart.] Mr. *Pope* has falſified the text, becauſe it wanted a little help: ſo that, in the firſt place, we don't ſee what were the two things to be done: and then, it was *Iago*, not his wife, that was to draw the *Moor* apart. The old books read;

——*Two things are to be done;*
My wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her miſtreſs:*
I'll ſet her on myſelf, awhile, *to draw the Moor apart.*

This unreaſonable long *alexandrine* was certainly a blunder of the editors: a ſlight tranſpoſition and change will regulate it, as the Poet intended,

My wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her miſtreſs:*
I'll ſet her on——
Myſelf, the while, *to draw the Moor apart,*
And bring him jump, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Othello's *Palace.*

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, General.

[*Muſick plays, and enter* Clown *from the Houſe.*

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind-inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's money for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for love's ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again; But, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vaniſh into air, away. [*Exeunt* Muſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend? (31)

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

(31) Caſ. *Doſt thou hear* me, *mine honeſt friend?*

Clown. *No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.*] Tho' the *clown* has his deſign of playing at croſs-purpoſes here, he has no deſign to make ſuch an abſurd anſwer. But, for this, the inattention of our editors is only accountable: 'tis plain, to make the low joak intelligible, we muſt expunge [*me*] out of *Caſſio*'s ſpeech; as both Mr. *Warburton* and Dr. *Thomas Bentley* obſerv'd to me: and their obſervation happens to have the ſanction of the elder *quarto*.

Caſ.

: Pry'thee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor
of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends
eneral's wife, be ſtirring, tell her there's one
entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt
lo this?
wn. She is ſtirring, Sir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I
eem to notify unto her. [*Exit* Clown.
: Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

›py time, *Iago*.
›. You have not been a bed then?
: Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.
made bold to ſend in to your wife;
it is, that ſhe will to *Deſdemona*
:e me ſome acceſs.
›. I'll ſend her preſently;
'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
: the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
›e more free. [*Exit.*
: I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
'entine more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

ſil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
›ur diſpleaſure; but all will, ſure, be well.
'eneral and his wife are talking of it:
ıe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
ıe, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
reat affinity; and that in wiſdom [you;
ght not but refuſe you. But he proteſts, he loves
eeds no other ſuitor, but his likings,
ng you in again.
Yet I beſeech you,
think fit, or that it may be done,
ne advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
Deſdemona alone.
ſil. Pray you, come in;
›eſtow you where you ſhall have time
:ak your boſom freely.
: I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. BE thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf. [hand
Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves my huſ-
As if the cauſe were his.
Deſ. Oh, that's an honeſt fellow; doubt not, *Caſſio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Moſt bounteous Madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politic diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My Lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;

I'll

'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit; therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſolicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at a diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.——
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio*, my Lord? no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe 'twas he.
Deſ. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Deſ. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pry'thee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. I, ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*; ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, Sweet, for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to-night.

Deſ.

Def. To-morrow at dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the Captains at the citadel.
Def. Why then to morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,
Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn,
I pry'thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt,) is not almoſt a fault
T'incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you would aſk me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Caſſio!*——
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much——
Oth. Pry'thee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Why this is not a boon:
'Tis as I ſhould intreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſure to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.
Def. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my Lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtrait.
Def. *Æmilia*, come; be, as your fancies teach you
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeun*

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wench!—Perdition catch my ſoul, (32)

B

(32) *Excellent* wretch! *Perdition catch my ſoul,*
But I do love thee; &c.] The all the printed copies concur th

But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord,——

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*

Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt; why doſt thou aſk?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*

Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed! [that?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in
Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?

Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What doſt thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord!—— [me;

Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'ſt
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*,——
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?

this reading, I think, it is very reaſonably to be ſuſpected. *Othello* is exclaiming here with admiration and rapturous fondneſs: but *wretch* can ſcarce be admitted to be uſed, unleſs in compaſſion or contempt. I make no queſtion but the Poet wrote;

Excellent wench!——*Perdition catch my ſoul*, &c.

It is to be obſerv'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE's time, *wench*, *laſs*, and *girl* were not uſed in that low and vulgar acceptation as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with dignity. To appeal to a few inſtances.

——Oh ill ſtarr'd *wench!*
Pale as thy ſmoke! *Othello.*

Agrip.——Royal *wench!*
She made great *Cæſar* lay his ſword to bed, &c. *Anto. and Cleop.*

Now boaſt thee, Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A *laſs* unparagon'd. *Ibid.*

——What, *girl* tho' gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, &c. *Ibid.*

And

And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know, I love you.

Oth. I think, thou doſt:
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart, (33)
That paſſion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.

Oth. I think ſo too.

Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem none!

Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.

Iago. Why, then, I think, *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.

Iago. Good, my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to;

(33) ——————*but, in a man that's juſt,*
They're cloſe denotements *working from the heart,*
That paſſion cannot rule.] I cannot ſee why this reading ſhould be prefer'd into the text; and another degraded, which makes the ſentiment admirably fine.
They're cold dilations *working from the heart,*
That paſſion cannot rule.
"Theſe ſtops and breaks, which thou mak'ſt, (ſays *Othello*) are cold "dilations, or the cold *keeping back* a ſecret, which men of phlegma-"tick conſtitutions, whoſe hearts are not ruled or govern'd by their "paſſions, we find, can do; while more ſanguine tempers reveal "themſelves at once, and without reſerve." Mr. Warburton.

Utter

Utter my thoughts!—Why, say, they're vile and false;
As where's that Palace, whereunto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though, I perchance, am vicious in my guess,——
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; (34)

(34) *Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;*
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands.

Of riches, and other temporal possessions, being uncertain, and often changing their masters, we meet with several passages in the Classics, which might have given our Author a hint for this sentiment.

Nunc ager Umbreni *sub nomine, nuper* Oselli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius; *sed cedet in usum*
Nunc mihi, *nunc* alii. Horat. *Serm.* lib. ii. 2.

This *Lucian* seems to have imitated in an epigram.

Ἀγρὸς Ἀχαιμενίδου γενόμεν ποτὲ, νῦν δὲ [illegible],
Καὶ πάλιν εξ ἑτέρου βήσομαι εἰς ἕτερον.
Καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἔχειν με ποτ' ᾤετο, καὶ πάλιν οὗτος
Οἴεται, εἰμὶ δ' ὅλως οὐδένος ἀλλὰ τύχης.

Nil proprium ducas, quod mutarier potest. Publ. Syrus.

Οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτῳ πέποιθας ἀργυρίῳ, πάτερ.
Ὁ καιρὸς ὁ τυχὼν τοῖς μὲν οὐ κεκτημένοις
Ἔδωκε, τῶν κεκτημένων δ' ἀφείλετο. Apollodorus.
Χρήματα δ' ἀνθρώπων ἄλλοτε ἄλλος ἔχει. Solon.

'Twas

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts———

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. Oh miſery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heav'n! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,

Receive

Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd: look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought, 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Truſt me, I fear, it has:
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpition.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do ſo, my Lord, (35)

(35) *Should you do ſo, my Lord,*
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile exceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at.] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading, and, I am afraid, as errone us as it is unauthoriz'd. For, ſuppoſe, *Othello* were to believe all that *Iago* told him on ſuſpicion, how would *Iago*'s ſpeech fall into the worſe exceſs thereupon? All the old copies, that I have ſeen, read, *ſucceſs:* and this is certainly the Author's meaning. "If you ſhould believe all I have ſaid, my ſpeech would "ſucceed worſe, have more vile conſequences in your reſentment "againſt your wife, than I had any aim, or purpoſe, to excite."

My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend,
My Lord, I ſee you're mov'd——
Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think, but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how Nature erring from itſelf——
Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?——
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would, I might entreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear, I am;)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Manet

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much——
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunable, like death.
Ev'n then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Deſdemona* comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh, then heav'n mocks itſelf:
I'll not believ't.

Deſ. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Deſ. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*She drops her handkerchief.*
Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Deſ. I am very ſorry, that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And giv't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha!

Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?——

Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor gave firſt to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.

Iago. Haſt ſtollen it from her?

Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me. [earneſt

Æmil. What will you do with't, you've been ſo
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit* Æmil.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,

And

And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons, (36)
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou hadſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! falſe to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack:
I ſwear. 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtoll'n hours of luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I ſlept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtoll'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!

(36) *Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,*] I cannot poſſibly account for Mr. *Pope*'s oſtentation of induſtry upon this paſſage. *This line,* ſays he, *reſtor'd from the firſt edition, compleats the ſenſe.* But, pray, let us obſerve the accuracy of this wonderful *reſtorer*. The line, 'tis true, is in the firſt edition; but 'tis likewiſe in the *firſt* and *ſecond* impreſſions in *folio*; 'tis in the *quarto* of 1630; and 'tis in the editions put out by Mr. *Rowe*; how then is it *reſtor'd?* Huic *mandes ſi quid recte curatum velis.*

Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
Th'ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone:

Iago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him,*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord——

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh, grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be w'you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay—thou ſhouldſt be honeſt—

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not.
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh

As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure't———'Would, I were ſatisfied!
Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, and will.
Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fouls as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſith I'm enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.———
There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio*:
In ſleep I heard him ſay, "Sweet *Deſdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry—"Oh ſweet creature!" and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg

Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, "Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."
Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion;
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure, 'twas your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth If it be that———
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.
Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I ſee, 'tis true.——Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone:——
Ariſe, black vengeance from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpick's tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh, blood, blood, blood——
Iago. Patience, I ſay, your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like to the *Pontick* ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont*:
Ev'n ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yon marble heav'n,

In

In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words——
Iago. Do not riſe yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice. Let him command, (37)
Nor, to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead: (38)
'Tis done at your requeſt. But, let her live.

(37) ——*Let him command,*
And *to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,*
What bloody buſineſs ever.] Thus all the old copies, to the manifeſt depravation of the Poet's ſenſe. Mr. *Pope* has attempted an emendation, but with his old luck and dexterity.
Not *to obey ſhall be in me remorſe*, &c.
I read, with the change only of a ſingle letter;
Nor, *to obey*, *ſhall be in me remorſe*, &c.
i. e. Let your commands be ever ſo bloody, remorſe and compaſſion ſhall not reſtrain me from obeying them. Much to the ſame tenour lady *Macbeth* ſays;
Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to *remorſe*,
That no *compunctious* viſitings of *Nature*
Shake my *fell purpoſe.*

(38) Iago. *My friend is dead.*] *i. e.* I am ſo firmly reſolv'd to obey your commands, that you may conclude *Caſſio* already dead. *Ben Johnſon*, I remember, in a like circumſtance, in his *Catiline*, has finely expreſs'd the impetuoſity of *Cethegus*'s character; the dialogue is about making away with *Cicero.*
——He *ſhall die*;
Shall was too ſlowly ſaid:——He's *dying*; that
Is yet too ſlow:——He's *dead.*
But this, by the bye, is a copy from *Seneca* the tragedian, in his *Hercules Furens.*
Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit:
Lentum eſt, dabit; dat: *hoc quoque eſt lentum*, dedit.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. DO you know, ſirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lies?

Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Deſ. Why, man?

Clown. He's a ſoldier; and for me to ſay, a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him? that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer. (39)

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.
[*Exit Clown.*

Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

(39) Clown. *I will catechize the world for him;*
That is, make queſtions, and by *them anſwer.*]
This *Clown* is a fool to ſome purpoſe. He was to go ſeek for one; he ſays, he will aſk for him, and by his own queſtions make anſwer. Without doubt, we ſhould read;
——*and* bid *them anſwer.*
i. e. the world; thoſe, whom he queſtions. Mr. *Warburton.*

Æmil.

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you my Lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my lady.

Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt—this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels; 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands; (40)
But our new heraldry, is hands not hearts.

Def.

(40) ——————*The hearts of old gave hands;*
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts.]

The ſenſe of the ſentence here is very clear; but, notwithſtanding, I have a ſuſpicion, that a point of hiſtory is obliquely alluded to. Soon after King *James* the *Firſt* came to the crown, in order to raiſe a ſum, he created the new dignity of *Baronets*: each man was to pay ſo much for his title. Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour, they had this, *viz.* an addition to their paternal arms of a HAND, *gules*, in an eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt, but this was the new heraldry hinted at by our Author; and the ſatire is

Def. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe,
Oth. What promiſe, chuck?
Def. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my Lord.
Oth. That, which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?——
Def. No, indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief (41)
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;

She

moſt exquiſite, plainly inſinuating that ſome, then created, had *hands*, indeed; but no *hearts*: that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchaſe the *honour*. But the fineſt part of the Poet's addreſs in this alluſion, is, the compliment he paid by it to his old miſtreſs, *Elizabeth*. For *James*'s pretence for raiſing this ſum, by the new creation, was the reduction of *Ulſter*, and other provinces in *Ireland*; the memory of which he would perpetuate by this addition to the arms, which is the arms of *Ulſter*. Now the methods uſed by *Elizabeth* in the conqueſt of that kingdom were ſo different from this, (the dignities ſhe conferr'd, being on thoſe who had employ'd their *ſteel*, not their gold in that ſervice) that nothing could more add to her glory than being compared to her *ſucceſſor* in this point of view.
Mr. *Warburton*.

(41) ——— *That handkerchief*
Did an Ægyptian *to my mother give*;] Becauſe this epiſode of the *handkerchief* has been attack'd by ſnarlers and buffoon-critics, I am tempted to ſubjoin an obſervation or two in juſtification of our Author's conduct. The Poet ſeems to have been aware of the levity of ſuch judges, as ſhould account the giving away an handkerchief too ſlight a ground for jealouſy. He therefore obviates this, upon the very moment of the handkerchief being loſt, by making *Iago* ſay;

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ.

Beſides this, let us ſee how finely the Poet has made his handkerchief of ſignificancy and importance. *Cinthio Giraldi*, from whom he has borrowed the incident, only ſays, that it was the *Moor*'s gift, upon his wedding, to *Deſdemona*; that it was moſt curiouſly wrought after the *Moriſh* faſhion, and very dear both to him and his wife; *il quel Pannicello era lavorato alla* Moreſca *ſottiliſſimamente, & era cariſſimo alla Donna & parimente al Moro*. But our Author, who wrote in a ſuperſtitious age, (when *philtres* were in vogue for procuring love, and

amulets

She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't;—
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or giv't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Def. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
A *Sybil*, that had numbred in the world
The ſun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the Work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in Mummy, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of Maidens' hearts.

amulets for preſerving it) makes his handkerchief deriv'd from an *inchantreſs*; *magick* and *myſtery* are in its *materials* and *workmanſhip*; its *qualities* and *attributes* are ſolemnly laid down; and the gift recommended to be cheriſh'd by its owners on the moſt inducing terms imaginable, *viz.* the making the party amiable to her huſband, and the keeping his affections ſteady. Such circumſtances, if I know any thing of the matter, are the very ſoul and eſſence of *poetry: fancy* here exerts its great *creating* power, and adds a dignity, that ſurprizes, to its ſubject. After this, let us hear the coarſe pleaſantries of Mr. *Rymer*. "So much ado, ſo much ſtreſs, ſo much paſſion, and repe-"tition, about an handkerchief! Why was not this call'd the *Tra-"gedy of the Handkerchief?* What can be more abſurd, than (as "*Quintilian* expreſſes it) *in parvis litibus bas Tragœdias movere?* "We have heard of *Fortunatus's purſe*, and of the *inviſible cloak*, long "ago worn thread bare, and ſtow'd up in the wardrobe of obſolete "*romances*: one might think, that were a fitter place for this hand-"kerchief, than that is, at this time of day, be worn on the ſtage, "to raiſe every where all this clutter and turmoil. Had it been "*Deſdemona's* garter, the ſagacious *Moor* might have ſmelt a rat: "but the handkerchief is ſo remote a trifle, no booby, on this ſide "*Mauritania*, could make any conſequence from it."—Whether this be from the ſpirit of a *true critic*, or from the licence of a *railer*, I may be too much prejudiced to determine: ſo leave it to every indifferent judgment.

Def.

Def. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.
Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never ſeen't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is't out o'th' way?
Def. Bleſs us!——
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not loſt; but what, an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Def. I ſay, it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.
Def. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind miſgives—
Def. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. Inſooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away!—— [*Exit* Othello.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungrily, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you: *Caſſio*, and my huſband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her. [you?
Def. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,

That

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love:
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour. I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit.
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content;
And shut myself up in some other course, (42)
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle *Cassio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd,
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,

(42) *And shut myself up in some other course,*
To Fortune's arms.] i. e. *to be embraced by Fortune:* which was a greater happiness than *Cassio* yet dreamt of. I don't know whether we are to dispute here with Mr. *Pope*'s eyes, or his understanding, for departing from all the old copies, which read as they should do;

And shut myself up in some other course,
To Fortune's alms.

i. e. To chance, and casualty. So before, in this play;

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey *at Fortune.*

i. e. at random. And so in King *Lear*;

——————Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortune's *alms.*

i. e. a beggar; stript of the indulgence of fortune.

And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Def. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo,
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think, Men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandſome warrior, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Def. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Def. Heav'n keep that monſter from *Othello*'s mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Def. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Deſdem. *and* Æmil. *at one door*,
Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE *changes to the Street before the Palace.*

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeting* Bianca.

Bian. SAVE you, friend *Caſſio.*
Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight hours? and lover's abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!
Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt;
But I ſhall in a more convenient time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca,*
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. Oh *Caſſio,* whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to, woman:
Throw your vile gueſſes in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*
Bian. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I love you not.

Bian.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?
Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Court before the Palace.*

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think so?
Oth. Think so, *Iago?*
Iago. What, to kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm? (43)
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

(43) *Naked in bed,* Iago, *and mean no harm?*
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil.] This paſſage puts me in mind of a ſingular ſet of *devotees* in the primitive *church* of both ſexes, (whom S. *Cyprian* condemns in one of his epiſtles) and which had continued a conſiderable time, as we may ſee from *Dodwell's Cyprianic* Diſſertations, where we have a full account of them. There were ſeveral of both ſexes, who had made their vows and profeſſions of chaſtity; and, as the extreameſt trial of their virtue, ſcrupled not to lie naked together in bed. Some had been excommunicated for it of the female ſex, who yet ſtuck to their innocence, and offer'd to undergo any trials of their virginity. Whether our Author had theſe diſſembling devotees in his mind or no, I dare not pretend to ſay: but ſome of the ſect, if I remember right, were detected and brought to puniſhment in his time. Mr. *Warburton.*

Iago.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?
Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief——
Oth. By heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
Thou ſaid'ſt——oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected houſe,
Boding to ill,——he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iago. What if I ſaid, I'd ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad, (44)
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinc'd or ſuppled them, they cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab)

Oth.

(44) ——————*as knaves be ſuch abroad,*
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs
Convinced *or* ſupplied *them, cannot chuſe*
But they muſt blab.] I alter'd this, as I have now reform'd the text, in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*. I cannot underſtand the vulgar reading, which poſſeſſes the copies. My emendation makes the ſenſe of the paſſage eaſy and intelligible: that there are ſome ſuch long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they thro' the *force of importunity extort* a favour from their miſtreſs, or if thro' *her own fondneſs* they make her *pliant* to their deſires, cannot help boaſting of their ſucceſs. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make ſenſible of the truth of any thing by reaſons and arguments; but to *overcome, get the better of*, &c.
So, in *Macbeth*;
——————his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo *convince*, &c.
And, again;
——————their malady *convinces*
The great aſſay of art.

And,

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did—

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie ———

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her——what you will——

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's fulſome! handkerchief—confeſſions—handkerchief—handkerchief—to confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour—Firſt, to be hang'd, and then—to confeſs!—I tremble at it—Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing without ſome inſtruction. It is not words, that ſhake me thus—piſh—noſes, ears, and lips—is't poſſible!—confeſs!—handkerchief!—oh devil—[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte dames ev'n thus,
All guiltleſs, meet reproach. What hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I ſay, *Othello*,——

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

And, ſo, in *Cymbeline*;

Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier to *convince* the honour of my miſtreſs.

To *ſupple*, (a verb form'd from the adjective) 'tis well known, ſignifies, to make *pliant* and *flexible*: and is, particularly, a term in *ſurgery*, when any part ſwoln and ſtiff is, by *fomentations*, &c. reduced, and made ſoft and pliable. I find the word uſed in our Author's time, in the ſenſe that I here make it bear.

Fit.——————And you, mas broker,
Shall have a feeling.
Bro.——————So it *ſupple*, Sir,
The nerves. *Staple of News.*

He's monſtrous vex'd, and muſty at my cheſs-play,
But this ſhall *ſupple* him, when he has read it. *Spaniſh Curate.*

Cypr. Thought and affection cannot be controll'd.
Phil. Yet may't be bent and *ſuppled* with extreams. *Dumb Knight.*

Iago.

Iago. My Lord is fell into an Epilepſy,
This is the ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: look, he ſtirs,
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doſt thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.
Iago. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſs it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better,
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtacy;
Bade him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the ſleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,

He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay. you are all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody?
Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That doats on *Caſſio*; as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter.——Here he comes——

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in this wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this ſute lay in *Bianca*'s power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look how he laughs already. [*Aſide.*
Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.
Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out. [*Aſide.*
Iago. Do you hear *Caſſio?*
Oth. Now he importunes him.
To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*
Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth.

Oth. Do you triumph *Roman?* do you triumph? [*Aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!——What? a cuſtomer? pry'thee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So ſo; they laugh that win. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Why the cry goes that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pry'thee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcor'd me! well. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the ſea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck———

Oth. Crying, "Oh, dear *Caſſio*, as it were:" his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew: marry, a perfum'd one:—What do you mean by thus haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? there—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief. [*Aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her,———

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pry'thee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him, *Iago?*

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago!*———

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife—She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing: A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature—She might lie by an Emperor's ſide and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is—ſo delicate with her needle.——An admirable muſician—Oh, ſhe would ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear: of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle condition!———
Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*—Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*——
Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.
Oth. I will chop her into meſſes: cuckold me!
Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.
Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That's fouler.
Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, *Iago*.
Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, Ev'n in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.
Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*
Oth. Excellent good:—What trumpet is that ſame?
Iago. Something from *Venice*, ſure. 'Tis *Lodovico*
Come from the Duke; and, ſee, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants, from the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.
Oth. With all my heart, Sir.
Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.
Deſ. And what's the news, good couſin *Lodovico?*
Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior.
Welcome to *Cyprus*.
Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Caſſio?*
Iago. Lives, Sir.
Deſ Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide.*
Def. My Lord!
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*—— [Reads.
Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my Lord and *Caſſio?*
Def. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' attone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*
Oth. Fire and brimſtone!
Def. My Lord!
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Def. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home, (45)
Deputing *Caſſio* in his government.
Def. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed! [*Aſide.*
Def. My Lord!
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Def. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil!—— [*Striking her.*
Def. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice,*
Though I ſhould ſwear, I ſaw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

(45) *For, as I think, they do command him home,*
Deputing Caſſio *in his government.*] Had Mr. *Rymer* intended, or known how, to make a ſerious and ſenſible critic on this play, methinks, here is a fair opening given for enquiry and animadverſion. *Othello* is, as it were, but juſt arriv'd at *Cyprus* upon an emergency of defending it againſt the *Turks*; the ſenate could hardly yet have heard of the *Ottoman* fleet being ſcatter'd by tempeſt; and *Othello* is at once remanded home, without any imputation ſuggeſted on his conduct, or any hint of his being employ'd in a more urgent commiſſion. 'Tis true, the deputation of *Caſſio* in his room ſeems deſign'd to heighten the Moor's reſentment: but ſome probable reaſon ſhould have been aſſign'd, and thrown into the audience, for his being recall'd. As to what *Iago* ſays afterwards, that *Othello* is to go to *Mauritania*, this is only a lye of his own invention to carry a point with *Rodorigo*. ——It is in little omiſſions of this ſort that *Shakeſpeare*'s indolence, *or neglect* of art, is frequently to be cenſur'd.

Each

Each drop she falls, would prove a crocodile:
Out of my sight ——
Des. I will not stay t'offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your Lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress——
Des. My Lord!
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who, I, my Lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn;
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll send for you anon,—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice.*—Hence, avant!
[*Exit* Desd.
Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and monkies! [*Exit.*

Manent Lodovico *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the Nature,
Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue (46)
The shot of accident, nor dart of change,
Could neither raze, nor pierce?

Iago.

(46) ——————*whose solid virtue*
The shot of accident *nor dart of* chance
Could neither graze *nor pierce.*] But 'tis no commendation to the most solid virtue to be free from the attacks of fortune; but that it is so impenetrable as to suffer no impression. Now, to *graze*, signifies only *to touch the superficies* of any thing. That is the attack of Fortune: and by that virtue is try'd, but not discredited. We ought certainly therefore to read,
Can neither raze *nor pierce.*
i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant transcribers being acquainted with the phrase of *a bullet grazing*, and *shot*

Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's what he is; I may not breath my cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood?
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

being mention'd in the line before, they corrupted the true word. Beſides, we do not ſay, *graze* a thing; but *graze on* it. Mr. *Warburton.*

The ſame diſtinction betwixt *raze* and *pierce*, our Author has mark'd, I remember, in his tranſlation of *Paris*'s epiſtle to *Helen.*

My wound is not a ſlight *raze* with an arrow,
But it hath *pierc'd* my heart, and burn'd my marrow.

In the ſame manner the *French* us'd their word *raſer*, which ſometimes ſignifies, bruſhing over, touching a thing but lightly. *Il ſe dit des corps qui paſſent fort près de quelques autres, & ne les touchent que légerément*; ſays RICHELET. So, with them, *raſer les aux*, means, to ſkim lightly over the water. And in the ſame manner, the beſt *Latin* poets uſed their verb, *radere*; to ſkim along by, run gently over.

——————*ripas* radentia *flumina rodunt.* Lucret. V. 257.
Fit quoque enim interdum, ut non tam concurrere nubes
Frontibus adverſis poſſint, quam de latere ire
Diverſo motu radentes *corpori* tractum. Idem VI. 117.
Ille inter navemque Gyæ, ſcopulóſque ſonantes,
Radit *iter lævum interior.* Virg *Æn. V.* 170.
——————*Projectaque Saxa Pachini*
Radimus. Idem *Æn.* III. 699.
Proxima Circææ raduntur *littora terræ.* Idem *Æn.* VII. 10.

&c. &c. But to return to our Author. I have ventur'd to attack another part of this ſentence, which my ingenious friend ſlip'd over. I cannot ſee, for my heart, the difference betwixt the ſhot of *accident* and dart of *chance.* The words, and things they imply, are purely ſynony-

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out of the way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt.
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,

ſynonymous; but that the Poet intended two different things, ſeems plain from the *diſcretive* adverb. Chance may afflict a man in ſome circumſtances; but other diſtreſſes are to be accounted for from a different cauſe. I am perſuaded our Author wrote;

The ſhot of accident, *nor dart of* change, *&c.*

And, in ſeveral other places, our Poet induſtriouſly puts theſe two words in oppoſition to each other.

Which ſhackles *accident*, and bolts up *change*. *Anto. & Cleop.*
——————How *chances* mock,
And *changes* fill the cup of alteration: 2 *Henry* IV.
Tho' *chance* of war hath wrought this *change* of cheer.
Tit. Andron.

So *Milton*, a very ſtudious imitator of *Shakeſpeare*'s manner and expreſſion;

Beſides, what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what *chance*, what *change*,
Worth waiting: *Par. Loſt.* Bo. II.
In brief ſententious precepts while they treat
Of fate, and *chance*, and *change* in human life.
Par. Reg. Bo. IV.

There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Æmilia.*
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villainous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I've ſeen her do't.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.
Def. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs:
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.
Your myſtery, your myſtery;—nay, diſpatch. [*Exit Æm.*
Def. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf; leſt, being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear, thou art honeſt.
Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona!* away, away, away——
Def. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my Lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All

All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there, (47)
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell.

Def. I hope, my noble Lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee——
'Would, thou hadſt ne'er been born!

Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——ho, thou public commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?

(47) ——*Turn thy complexion there,*
Patience, thou young and roſe lip'd cherubin;
I here *look grim as hell.*] The Poet makes an apoſtrophe to *Patience* as a goddeſs; and is ſuppos'd to make *Othello* bid her turn her complexion and cherubin's looks, becauſe he looks as grim as hell upon the occaſion. But I am perſuaded the text has been all along ſlightly corrupted, by miſtaking *I* in the laſt verſe for the *pronoun* of the *firſt* perſon: whereas, in our Author's days, it likewiſe ſtood for the *adverb* of *affirming*. As I have reform'd the text, a proper contraſt is reſtor'd; and Patience is urg'd not only to turn her complexion, to drop the roſy looks of a cherub, but to put on the grim aſpect of a fiend.

Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is buſh'd within the hollow mine of earth, [ſtrumpet!
And will not hear't. What committed?—Impudent
Deſ. By heav'n you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Deſ. No, as I am a chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my Lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is't poſſible?
Deſ. Oh, heav'n forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*———

Enter Æmilia.

You, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's money for your pains,
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counſel [*Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Deſ 'Faith, half aſleep.
Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my [Lord?
Deſ. With whom?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, madam?
Deſ. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.
Deſ. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia.*
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember;
And call thy huſband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Deſ. 'Tis meet I ſhould be uſed ſo, very meet:

How

How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion of my leaſt miſuſe?

Enter Iago, *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, Madam? how is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell; thoſe, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks;
He might have chid me ſo: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such, as, ſhe ſaid, my Lord did ſay I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Def. I do not know; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?

Def. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.

Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.

Def. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,

And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit, the ſeamy ſide without;
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Deſ. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay, *whore*;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might the addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other,——

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.

[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo *to* Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device,

Iago;

Iago; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſuaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; (48) but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find myſelf fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to *Deſdemona*: If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſollicitation: if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now——

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what, I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I ſee, there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou

(48) *You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and* acquaintance.] This was, firſt, the reading of the player-editors, who, I preſume, did not underſtand the reading of the old *quarto*, which I take to have been the Poet's word *acquittance*; i. e. a requital, a proper return of her favours.

So, in *Henry V.*

And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingerd here by ſome accident: wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Def. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? Oh, *Deſdemona!*——

Def. My Lord!

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look it be done. [*Exit.*

Def. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Def. He ſays he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Def. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Def. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That ev'n his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,
(Pry'thee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets, you bad me, on the bed.

Def. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before thee, pry'thee, ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Def. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forſake her. She had a ſong of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*. Pry'thee, diſpatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Def. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſome man.

Def. He ſpeaks well.

Æmil.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore-tree,
Sing all a green willow: [Singing;
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moan;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;
Sing willow. &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
(Pr'ythee, hye thee, he'll come anon.)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
Nay, that's not next——Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Deſ. I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo; oh theſe men, theſe men!
Doſt thou in conſcience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Deſ. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Deſ. No, by this heav'nly light:

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light: I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Deſ. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing; It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.

Deſ. In troth, i think, thou would'ſt not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I ſhould; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for

all

all the whole world; why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right. (49)

Def. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as
Would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it sport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too. And have we not affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Def. Good-night, good-night; heav'n me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*

(49) *And having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.*] I am mistaken, if by this sentiment the Author did not intend to ridicule the opinion of those philosophers, who hold, that *right* and *wrong* are of so arbitrary natures, that *God*, consistently with his *attributes*, may authorize *injustice*. For, because it becomes *injustice* only by his *will*, it ceases to be so when that will is alter'd. Mr. *Warburton.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street before the Palace.*

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

IAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me ſatisfying reaſons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword; he dies.

[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young knot almoſt to the ſenſe, (50)
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large

(50) *I've rubb'd this young* gnat *almoſt to the ſenſe,*
And he grows angry] The *rubbing a* gnat *to ſenſe*, is, I believe, an experiment that never was communicated even to the *Royal Society*. The leaſt frication, on the contrary, would not only rub him out of all ſenſe, but out of life into the bargain. The old *quarto's* have it, *quat*: a word, which, I confeſs, I am abſolutely a ſtranger to. I have ventur'd to conjecture,

I've rubb'd this young knot, &c.

The *knat* or *knot*, is a ſmall bird, plentiful with us in *Lincolnſhire* and *Lancaſhire*; which took its name, as *Camden* ſays, from its being a delicious morſel with King *Canute*, who was likewiſe call'd *Knout*. This bird, being once taken, as *Geſner* tells us, is above all others tame and tractable. In this reſpect it ſorts with *Rodorigo's* character, an eaſy, manageable cully. And, again, as he is amorous in his purſuit, ſo this bird is of the ſpecies of thoſe *quæ clunes agitant*. It is call'd by ſome of the *Latin* writers, *cinclus*.

Of

Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona.*
It muſt not be.——If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he: villain, thou dieſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt.
I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the Leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Rodorigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa! murder, murder! (51)

Enter Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio,*——*Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even ſo.

Caſ. Oh, help, hoa! light! a ſurgeon!——

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago,* honeſt and juſt,

(51) Caſ. *I'm maim'd for ever.*] None of the editions hitherto have by any marginal direction accounted for what *Caſſio* here ſays, and likewiſe for what he afterwards ſays, *my leg is cut in two.* We are not to ſuppoſe, he receiv'd this violent hurt in fencing with his oppoſite; but as *Rodorigo* and he are engaged, *Iago* with a broad ſword hacks at him behind. In this incident our Author preciſely copies his *Italian* noveliſt. *Uſcendo una Sera il Capo di Squadra di caſa d' una Meretrice colla quale egli ſi ſolazzava, eſſendo la notte buia, gli ſi accoſtò l' Alfiero con la Spada in mano, & gli dirizzò un colpo alle gambe, per farlo cadere: & avvenne, ch' egli gli tagliò la deſtra coſcia à traverſo, onde il Miſero caddè.* "The captain *(Caſſio)* coming one night "from the houſe of a harlot, (with whom he entertain'd himſelf) it "being very dark, the *antient* with his ſword ready drawn attack'd "him, and let drive a blow at his legs with deſign to cut him down: "and he happen'd to cut him acroſs the right thigh in ſuch a man"ner, that with the wound the miſerable gentleman fell to earth."

That

That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teacheſt me—Minion, your dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace ——Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed, luſt ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What ho! no watch? no paſſage? murder, murder!
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.
Caſ. Oh help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a Light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark—— [weapons.
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt with light and
Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Do you not hear a cry?
Caſ. Here, here: for heav'n's ſake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame, indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?
Caſ. Iago? oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.
Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.
Rod. Oh, help me there.

Caſ. That's one of them.
Iago. O murd'rous ſlave! oh villain! [Iago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill meni'th'dark? where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town? ho, murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy! Here's *Caſſio*, hurt by villains.
Gra. Caſſio.
Iago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*, oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet! *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I'm ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chair
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio!*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good *Caſſio*; come, come:
Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? no: Yes, ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you *Cassio?* oh, a chair, a chair.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale?—oh, bear him out o'th'air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? [*To* Bianca.
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen; nay, guiltiness
Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath there been set on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Cassio!*
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring——Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to-night.
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iago. Oh, did he so? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fy upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* dress'd.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my Lord and lady what hath happ'd:
Will

ill you go on afore?—This is the night,
iat either makes me, or foredoes me quite.
[*Exeunt*, Iago *following*.

CENE, *a Bed-chamber:* Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a Sword.*

b. IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;——
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!
s the cauſe —Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
r ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
id ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:
[*Lays down the ſword.*
t ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
t out the light, and, then, put out the light; (52)
[quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
an again thy former light reſtore,
ould I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
iou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
:now not where is that *Promethean* heat,
iat can thy light re-lumine.——[*Sets down the taper.*

52) *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*] The *players*, in the companies wherever I have ſeen this tragedy perform'd, com- : an abſurdity here, in making *Othello* put out the candle, which, evident, never was the Poet's intention. *Deſdemona* is diſcover'd her bed, in the dark; and *Othello* enters the chamber with a ſingle er. If there were any other lights burning in the room, where uld be the drift of putting out *his?* If there were no others, and t he puts *his* out, how abſurd is it for *Deſdemona* in the dark to t of his *eyes rowling*, and his *gnawing his nether lip?*——This, I ceive, to have been the Poet's meaning. *Othello*, ſtruck in part h remorſe at the murder he's going to do, thinks it beſt to do it the dark; this compunction of nature, in the hurry and perturion of thought, and thoſe remains of tenderneſs ſtill combating his boſom, ſtrikes him into an inſtant reflexion, that if he puts the light, he can rekindle it; but if he once puts out the light *ber life*, that will be extinguiſh'd for ever. While he is buſied this contemplation he throws his eyes towards her; and then th'd with her beau eous appearance, ſets down the light, to g> and s her. Upon this, *Deſdemona* wakes; and they continue in diſ- ſe together till he ſtifles her.

When

When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither.——I'll ſmell thee on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword!——One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—— One more, that's the laſt;
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrow's heav'nly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love,—— She wakes——
Def. Who's there? *Othello?*
Oth. Ay, *Deſdemona.*
Def. Will you come to-bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Deſdemona?*
Def. Ay, my Lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Sollicit for it ſtrait.
Def. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy ſoul.
Def. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope, you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Def. They're loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;

Theſe

Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio.*
Def. No, by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man
And aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Def. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay amen.
Def. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio,*
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee ——
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.
Def. My fears interpret then—What is he dead?

Oth.

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. Oh, baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive ——
Def. But half an hour.
Oth Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

Æmilia, at the door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! what hoa! my Lord, my Lord!
Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.
Æmil. within.] What hoa! my Lord! my Lord?
Oth. Who's there? [you.
Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with
Oth Yes; 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—ſhe's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again—No—what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll, ſure, ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh, inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe (53)
Of ſun, and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration——

Æmil.

(53) *Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge* eclipſe
Of ſun and moon; and that th' affrighted *globe*
Should yawn *at alteration.*——] Mr. *Rymer* is ſo merry, as he thinks upon this paſſage, that I can't help tranſcribing his wonderful criticiſm—— "This is wonderful. Here is poetry to elevate "and

Æmil. I beſeech you,
That I may ſpeak with you Oh, good my Lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. Caſſio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Deſ. Oh, falſely, falſely murder'd!——
Æmil. Alas, what cry is that?

" and *amuſe*. It would be uncivil to aſk *Flamſtead*, if the ſun and " moon can both together be ſo hugely eclipſed, in any *heavy hour* " whatſoever. Nor muſt the ſpectators conſult *Greſham*-colledge, " whether a body is naturally *frighted* till he *yawn* again."——Such are the ludicrous criticiſms of your *wits!* But is the word *eclipſe* abſolutely reſtrain'd to that natural *phænomenon* which we underſtand by it? If *Othello* thought his deed ſo horrid, that the ſun and moon ought to ſtart from their ſpheres at it, and ceaſe to enlighten this under-globe, might not ſuch a defection be call'd an *eclipſe*, with a vengeance? Well, but, then, can a body be *frighted* till it *yawn?* Here again, *yawn* is reſtrained to the *oſcitation* of a man ready to fall aſleep; and, for the joke ſake, muſt mean no other kind of *gaping*. This gentleman muſt have known, ſure, that *yawn* (as well as χανὼν, from which it is deriv'd) was oftner apply'd to the *gaping* of the *earth*, than employ'd to ſignify the σῆμα κεχηνὸς, the *yawning*, for inſtance, of a critick *gaping* after a feeble jeſt. But, I am afraid, Mr. *Rymer* was not too diligent a reader of the *Scriptures*. Let the Poet account for the prophanation, if he has committed any: but it is very obvious to me, his alluſion is grounded on a certain *ſolemn* circumſtance, when *darkneſs is ſaid to have cover'd the whole face of the land*; when *rocks were rent, and graves open'd*.

Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help! hoa! help! oh lady, ſpeak again;
Sweet *Deſdemona!* oh ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak.
Def. A guiltleſs death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Def. No body, I myſelf, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay, herſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her. [devil.
Æmil. Oh, the more angel ſhe, and you the blacker
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh, ſhe was heav'nly true.
Oth. Caſſio did tup her; aſk thy huſband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy huſband knew it all.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Thy huſband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio:* had ſhe been true,
If heav'n would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.
Æmil. Oh miſtreſs! villany has made mocks with love.
My huſband ſay, ſhe was falſe!

Oth.

Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*
Æmil. If he ſays ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah!
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'ſt done a deed ——
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives —— Help! help! hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murder, murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What's the matter?
Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays, thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned lye:
Upon my ſoul, a lye; a wicked lye.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* did you ſay with *Caſſio?*
Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs lies here murder'd in her bed.
All. Oh heavens forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murder on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. Oh monſtrous act!
Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't—I think—I ſmell't—Oh villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief;—
Oh villany, villany!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you get you hom
Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpea
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the be*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was foul! [*Riſin*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopp'
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it;
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife*
Gra

Gra. Fy, your ſword upon a woman? [ſpeak'ſt of,
Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She gave it *Caſſio?* alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my huſband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?
[Iago *breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure he has kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Gra.
Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy ſong bode, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick; *Willow, Willow, Willow*——
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now——how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtar'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. Oh curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulphs of liquid fire——
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was *Othello:* here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth I look down tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable. (54)
If that thou be'ſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.

(54) *I look down tow'rds his feet: but that's a fable.*] I won't pretend to affirm, but *Ben Johnſon* ſeems to me to be ſneering at *Shakeſpeare*, for hinting at a notion, inculcated, by the ſoppery of painters, and ſuperſtition of zealots, into the vulgar, that the *devil* has *cloven feet.*

I look'd o' your feet afore, you cannot cozen me;
Your ſhoe's not *cloven*, Sir, you are *whole hoof'd.*
Devil's an Aſs
Lod.

Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave——
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murd'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay,
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*,
Oth. Oh villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant to have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but ev'n now,

That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!
Caſ. There is beſides in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt; and even now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* ſtate. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go,
I've done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd, not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whoſe hand, (55)
Like the baſe *Judian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe eyes,
Albeit

(55)——————*of one, whoſe hand,*
Like the baſe Indian, *threw a pearl away*
Richer than all his tribe.] I have reſtor'd *Judian*, from the elder *quarto*, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. *Pope* thinks, *this was occaſion'd probably by the word* tribe *juſt after:* I have many reaſons to oppoſe to this opinion. In the firſt place, the moſt ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is ſo far the reverſe of the *dunghill cock* in the *fable*, as to know the eſtimation of a pearl, beyond that of a barley corn. So that, in that reſpect, the thought itſelf would not be juſt. Then, if our Author had deſign'd to reflect on the *ignorance* of the *Indian* without any farther reproach, he would have call'd him *rude*, and not *baſe*. Again, I am perſuaded, as my friend Mr. *Warburton* long ago obſerv'd, the phraſe is not here literal, but metaphor-

Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*

metaphorical: and, by his *pearl*, our Author very properly means a *fine woman*. To inſtance only in two paſſages from his *Troilus*, of the like uſage;

Her bed is *India*; there ſhe lies, a *pearl*;

Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a *pearl*,
Whoſe price hath lauſich'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants.

But Mr. *Pope* objects farther to reading *Judian*, becauſe, *to make ſenſe of this, we muſt preſuppoſe ſome particular ſtory of a* Jew *alluded to, which is much leſs obvious:* but has *Shakeſpeare* never done this, but in this ſingle inſtance? Let us turn back, for proof, to his *Twelfth Night*;

Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like to th' *Ægyptian* thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love?

Here is a particular *ſtory* hinted at, (which I have explain'd in the proper place) much *leſs obvious* than the ſtory above *preſuppos'd*. But this we are to obſerve of *Shakeſpeare*, that tho' both his ſtories are introduc'd *tacito nomine*, his *alluſion* and *ſimilie* are as clear, as if he had given us the expreſs hiſtory. *Ben Johnſon*, I am ſure, does not always convey his alluſions in the ſame clearneſs.

I have a huſband, and a two-legg'd one,
But ſuch a moonling, as no wit of man,
Or *roſes*, can redeem from being an *aſs*.

Here is a ſtory *preſuppos'd*, but ſo darkly couch'd, that, I dare warrant, ſcarce one reader in five hundred of this poet ever gueſs'd at it. Nor can any one know what he would be at, who has not read either *Lucian* or *Apuleius:* and obſerv'd, that when *Lucius* by a magical unguent was converted into an *aſs*, the only means of recovering his own form was for him to brouſe on *freſh roſes*. I hope, the explication of this obſcure paſſage will compenſate for the digreſſion. But, to return to my Author. I am ſatisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to *Herod*; who, in a fit of blind jealouſy, threw away ſuch a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him. What can be more parallel in circumſtance, than the conduct of *Herod* and *Othello?* Nor was the ſtory ſo little obvious, as Mr. *Pope* ſeems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady *Elizabeth Carew* publiſh'd a *tragedy* call'd MARIAM, *the fair Queen of* JEWRY. I ſhall only add, that our Author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, (if that ſhould be alledg'd as any objection) inſtead of *Judæan*, with the ſame licenſe and change of accent, as, in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, he ſhortens the ſecond ſyllable of *Euphrates* in pronunciation.

Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus [*Stabs himself.*
Lod. Oh bloody period!
Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this,
[*To* Desdem.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog! [*To* Iago.
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poisons sight,——
Let it be hid. *Graziano*, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
Myself will straight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

A

TABLE

OF THE

SEVERAL EDITIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE's PLAYS,

Collated by the EDITOR.

A

TABLE

OF THE

SEVERAL EDITIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

Collated by the EDITOR.

EDITIONS *of Authority.*

MR. *William Shakeſpeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. *London*, Printed by *Iſaac Jaggard* and *Ed. Blount*, 1623. *(Folio.)*

Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. The *Second* impreſſion. *London*, Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, for *Robert Allot*, and are to be ſold at the Signe of the *Black-Beare*, in *Paul's-Church-yard*, 1632. *(Folio.)*

A Midſummer-Night's Dreame. As it hath been ſundry Times publickly acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare.* Imprinted at *London* for *Thomas Fiſher*, and

are

The Same. *London*, Printed by *T. P.* and are to be ſold by *Mathewe Lawe*, dwelling in *Paules* Churchyard, at the Signe of the *Foxe* neere S. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1622. *(Quarto.)*

The ſecond Part of *Henrie* the Fourth, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of *Henrie* the Fift. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and ſwaggering *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundrie times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*. Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſpley*, 1600 *(Quarto.)*

The Chronicle Hiſtory of *Henry* the Fift, with his Battel fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundry times play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for *T. P.* 1608. *(Quarto)*

The whole *Contention* betweene the two famous *Houſes*, LANCASTER and YORKE. With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humfrey*, *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and King *Henrie* the Sixt. Divided into two Parts. And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*, Gent. Printed at *London*, for *T. P.* *(Quarto)*

The Same. With the true Tragedy of *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and the Death of good King *Henry* the Sixt. Acted by the Earl of *Pembroke*'s Servants, at *London*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragedy of King *Richard* the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: the pittieful Murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at *London*. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, dwelling in *Paule*'s Churchyard, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. By *W. Shakeſpeare*. Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598. (Quarto.)

The

The ſame. Newly augmented, by *William Shake-ſpeare. London,* Printed by *Thomas Creed,* &c. 1602. *(Quarto.)*

M. *William Shakeſpeare,* his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear,* and his Three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of *Edgar,* Sonne and Heire to the Earl of *Glouceſter,* and his ſullen and aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam.* As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whitehall,* upon St. *Stephens* night in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the Globe on the Banckeſide. Printed for *Nathaniel Butter,* 1608. *(Quarto.)*

The moſt lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus.* As it hath ſundry times beene plaide by the King's Majeſties Servants. *London,* Printed for *Eedward White,* and are to be ſolde at his Shoppe, nere the little North Dore of *Pauls,* at the Signe of the Gun, 1611. *(Quarto.)*

An excellent conceited Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet.* As it hath been often with great Applauſe play'd publickly by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunſdon* his Servants. *London,* printed by *John Danter,* 1597. *(Quarto.)*

The moſt excellent and lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*; newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede,* for *Cuthbert Burby,* 1599. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragical Hiſtorie of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark.* By *William Shakeſpeare.* Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At *London:* Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* and are to be ſold at his Shoppe under St. *Dunſton*'s Church in *Fleetſtreet.* 1605. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragedie of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark.* By *William Shakeſpeare.* Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At *London*; printed for *John Smethwicke,* and are to be ſold at his Shoppe, in St. *Dunſton*'s Church-yeard in *Fleetſtreet.* Under the Diall, 1611. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragædie of *Othello,* the Moore of *Venice.* As it hath *been diverſe* times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-

Black-Friers, by his Majeſties Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Eagle and Child in *Brittan's Burſſe*, 1622. *(Quarto.)*

EDITIONS *of middle Authority.*

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*, &c. The Third Impreſſion, 1664. *(Folio.)*

The Merry Wives of *Windſor*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*; as alſo the ſwaggering Vaine of Ancient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*, newly corrected. *London*, Printed by *T. H.* for *R Meighen*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple* Gate, and in St. *Dunſtan's* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1630. *(Quarto.)*

The excellent Hiſtory of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extreame Cruelty of *Shylocke* the Jew; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of Three Caſkets. As it hath been ſundry times publikely acted by the King's Majeſties Servants at the Globe. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St *Dunſtans* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. *(Quarto.)*

Love's Labour's Loſt. A wittie and pleaſant Comedie; as it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. *(Quarto.)*

A witty and pleaſant Comedie called, *The Taming of the Shrew*. As it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Blacke-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *Will. Shakeſpeare*. *London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. *(Quarto.)*

The Life and Death of King *Richard* the Second. With new Additions of the *Parliament Scene*, and the Depoſing of King *Richard*. As it hath been acted by the

the King's Majeſties Servants, at the *Globe*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. *(Quarto.)*

The Hiſtorie of *Henry* the Fourth: with the Battel at *Shrewſtury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe*. Newly corrected, by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to Ivie-bridge in the Strand, 1639. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Third. Contayning his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: the pitifull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majeſties Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be ſold by *Matthew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere St. *Auſtine's* Gate, 1624. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Matthew Law*, &c. 1629. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. *(Quarto.)*

Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*, his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his *three Daughters*. With the Unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earl of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whit-hall* upon St. *Stephens* night, in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the *Globe* on the *Bank-ſide*. *London*, Printed by *Jane Bell*, and are to be ſold at the Eaſt-end of *Chriſt-church*, 1655. *(Quarto.)*

The moſt excellent and lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been ſundry times publikely acted by the Kings Majeſties Servants at the *Globe* Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St *Dunſtans* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. *(Quarto.)*

The

The Tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*. Newly imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy laſt printed. By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, &c. 1637. *(Quarto)*

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath been diverſe times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majeſties Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, printed by *A. M* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be ſold at his Shoppe in *Chancery-Lane*, neere Serjeants-Inn, 1630. *(Quarto.)*

EDITIONS *of no Authority.*

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*, in Six Volumes, adorned with Cuts. Reviſed and corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by N. ROWE, Eſq; *London*, printed for *Jacob Tonſon* within *Grays*-Inn Gate, next *Grays*-Inn Lane, 1709. *(Octavo.)*

The Same. (in 12*mo.*) 1714.

The Works of *Shakeſpeare*, in Six Volumes. Collated and corrected by the former Editions, by Mr. POPE. *London*, printed for *Jacob Tonſon* in the Strand, 1725. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. (in 12*mo.*) 1728.

INDEX

OF THE

CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS,

SIMILIES,

SPEECHES and DESCRIPTIONS

IN

SHAKESPEARE.

SECT. I.

CHARACTERS OF HISTORICAL PERSONS.

A.	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
ARTHUR, a hopeful young Prince, unfortunate.	K. *John.*	3		
Alcibiades, baniſhed for interceding for his Friend.	*Timon.*	6	163	
—viſits *Timon* with two Miſſes.	ibid.		170	
—exhorted to Cruelty by him, and the Women to Luſt.	ibid.		173	
—conquers *Athens.*	ibid.		197	
Antony, *Mark*, his Conference with *Brutus* after *Cæſar* was murdered.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	45	
—his Reflections on it, when alone.			48	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Person.
Antony, Mark, speaks *Cæsar*'s Funeral Oration.	*Jul. Cæsar.*	7	52	
——his Eloquence praised by *Cassius*.			75	
—his Valour degenerates into Fondness for *Cleopatra*.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*		89	
—resolves to leave her.			96	
—his former Bravery described by *Octavius Cæsar*.			105	
—*Pompey*'s Wish, that he may live on in Love and Luxury.			111	
—quarrels with *Octavius*, which ends in a Marriage with *Octavia*.			113	
—his Genius inferior to *Octavius*'s.			122	*Sooth.* *Ant.*
—complains of *Octavius*'s ill treatment to *Octavia*.			145	
—beaten at *Actium* and despairs after it.			156 157	
—sends to *Octavius* to treat, and is refused.			159	
—grows jealous of *Cleopatra*.			163	
—beats *Cæsar*, by Land, and meets the Queen in Rapture.			176	
—his Fleet revolting, he quarrels again with *Cleopatra*.			179	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Antony, Mark, being told ſhe is dead, he falls on his Sword.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	187	
—carried to *Cleopatra*, he dies in her Arms.			191	
—*Octavius* and his Generals lament and praiſe him.			193	
—and *Cleopatra.*			199	
Ajax, his Character.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*		352	*Ser.*
B.				
Blanch, her Beauty and Virtue.	K. *John.*	3	367	*Cit.*
Burgundy Duke of, a falſe Ally.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	439	
Beauford, Cardinal. *vid. Wincheſter.*				
Buckingham, Duke of, treacherous, cruel, mercenary.	*Rich.* 3.	5		
—in *Henry* 8th's Reign, raſh, choleric.	*Hen.* 8.		309	
—his Character given by *Henry* 8.	ibid.		416	
—Condemned.	ibid.		327	
Bullen, Anne, her Beauty.	ibid.		326	*King.*
—item.	ibid.		339	*Cham.*
—item.	ibid.		356	*Suf.*
—item.	ibid.		372	2 *Gent.*
Brutus, reſerved and melancholic.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	8	
—ſpirited up by *Caſſius* againſt *Cæſar.*			9	
—of great Authority with the People.			21	Caſc. Brutus

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Brutus, his ſelf-debate upon *Cæſar*'s Death.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	22	
—opens himſelf freely to the Conſpirators.			26	
—declares for ſaving *Antony*.			28	
—importun'd by his Wife *Portia*.			30	
—his Speech to the People, to juſtify *Cæſar*'s Murder.			50	
—quarrels with *Caſſius*.			63	
—relates the Death of *Portia*.			68	
—ſees *Cæſar*'s Ghoſt.			72	
—takes his laſt farewel of *Caſſius*.			77	
—reſolves to die, and kills himſelf.			84	
—prais'd by *Antony*.			85	
Banquo, his Character (for the reſt, *vid. Macbeth.*)	*Macbeth.*	6	318	*Mac.*
C.				
Conſtance, a Mother paſſionately fond	K. *John.*	3		
Cade, John, a bold crafty Rebel.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	49	*York.*
Clifford, bold and revengeful.	3 *Hen.* 6.			
Cæſar, Julius.	*Richard* 3.		239	*Prince.*
Catharine, Queen to *Henry* 8.	*Hen.* 8.		333	*Norf.*
——pitied by *Anne Bullen.*	ibid.		337	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
rine, her Speech				
he King before				
Divorce.	*Hen.* 8.	5	341	
raiſed by the				
g.	ibid.		345	
:commends her				
ghter and Ser-				
ts to him.	ibid.		379	3 *Gent.*
ell, Thomas.	ibid.		374	
er's Character				
Gardiner.	ibid.		382	
y *Cromwell.*	ibid.		391	
y the King.	ibid.		392	
is Speech over				
ceſs *Elizabeth.*	ibid.		396	
inus, brave,				
d, a Contemner				
ie Populace.	*Coriolanus.*	6		
les his Soldiers				
n repuls'd.	ibid.		392	
Character.			395	*Com.*
Entry into *Rome*				
r a victory.			404	
Actions ſumm'd				
by *Cominius.*			412	*Com.*
pprov'd by the				
ounes, he rails				
ie Populace.			417	
aniſh'd.			444	
pplies to, and is				
lly, receiv'd by				
dius.			453	
: to be diverted				
is Friends from				
ding *Rome.*			468	
ields to his Mo-				
's Intreaties.			480	
ain by the Envy				
Treachery of				
dius.			487	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Per
Cæsar, Julius, suspicious of *Cassius*.	*Jul. Cæsar.*	7	13	*Cæs.*
—refuseth the Crown that was offer'd.			14	*Cas.*
—addicted to Superstition, and loved Flattery.			29	*Cas.*
—dissuaded by *Calphurnia* from going to the Senate.			34	
—his Contempt of Death.			35	*Cæs.*
—firm against those who wrong him.	ibid.		41	*Cæs.*
—Assassinated.	ibid.		43	
—his Ghost appears to *Brutus*.			72	
Cassius confers with *Brutus* against *Cæsar*.			8	
—his Character.			13	*Cæs.*
—resolves to kill himself, if *Cæsar* is made King.			19	
—his Quarrel with *Brutus*.			63	
—ill Omens stagger him, tho' an Epicurean.			76	
—presages he should die on his Birth-day.			76	
—kills himself.			79	
——mourned and praised by *Titinius*, *Messala* and *Brutus*.			80	
Casca's Character.			16	*Cas.*
Cleopatra, the Power of her Beauty over *Antony*.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*		91 120	*Ant* *Eno*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
ra, her Charac-				
of *Antony* when				
ad left her.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	107	
ailing down the				
us deſcrib'd.			119	
the reſt, *vid.*				
ny.]				
Lamentation				
the dead Body				
Antony.			191	
ves to die.			198	
ed by *Octavius.*			202	
fronted by her				
aſurer *Seleucus.*			203	
herſelf with				
icks.			209	
D.				
glaſs.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	155	*Hot.*
Duncan, King of				
Land, murdered				
Macbeth.				
E.				
ard the Black				
rince.	*Richard* 2.		29	*York.*
r, Wife of Duke				
ſphry, ambiti				
and given to				
erſtition.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	13	
lks in Proceſſion				
Penance, and is				
iſhed.	2 *Hen.* 6.		37	
rd 4th, amorous,				
re, ſucceſsful.	3 *Hen.* 6.			
two Sons.	*Richard* 3.		234	
			236	
dered.			268	
rd P of *Wales*,				
to *Henry* 6.	*Richard* 3.		199	
	R 3			Q. *Eliz.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Q. *Elizabeth*, prophetically deſcribed by *Cranmer*.	*Henry* 8.	5	397	
— complimented by the Title of the Veſtal Queen.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	95	*Ob.*
Enobarbus, a brave *Roman* Captain.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	96	
—dies with grief for deſerting *Antony*.	ibid.		178	
F.				
Falconbridge, boaſtful, brave and enterprizing.	K. *John*.	3		
Fulvia's Death and Character.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	96	*Ant.*
G.				
Glendower.	1 *Henry* 4.	4	138	
——deſcrib'd by *Hotſpur*.	ibid.		141	
Glouceſter, *Humphrey*, D. of, gives up his white ſtaff.	2 *Henry* 6.	5	34	
—ſees his Dutcheſs's Proceſſion for Penance.	ibid.		37	
——Accuſed to the King by the Queen and others.	ibid.		40	
—Arreſted for High Treaſon, he defends himſelf.	ibid.		42	
—murdered by ſtrangling.	ibid.		55	*War.*
Gardiner, Bp. of *Winchеſter*, flattering and cruel.	Henry 8.		392	King.

H.	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
HENRY 5th, whilſt Prince.	*Richard* 2.	4.	77	*Boling.*
——item.	1 *Hen.* 4.		145	K. *Hen.*
Hotſpur, (vid. *Percy.*)				
Henry 5th in Armour.	ibid.			
Henry 4th deſcribed by *Hotſpur.*	ibid.		158	*Ver.*
—his Son Pr. *Henry.*	ibid.		163	
—item.	ibid.		172	*Ver.*
Henry 5th.	2 *Hen.* 4.		255	K. *Hen.*
—item.	*Hen.* 5.		288	*Cant.*
Henry 6th, meek, religious, unfortunate.	1 *Hen.* 6.		390	
Hen. 8. *vid.* Q. *Catharine, Anne Bullen.*				
I.				
JOHN, K. diſſembling, cruel, irreſolute, unfortunate.	K. *John.*	3		
Joan, the Maid of *Orleans.*	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	398	
——raiſeth Friends.	ibid.		464	
——taken Priſoner.	ibid.		464	
——condemned to be burned.	ibid.		470	
James I. King, prophetically deſcrib'd by *Cranmer.*	*Hen.* 8.	5	397	
Julio Romano, his Character.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	334	3 *Gent.*
L.				
LEAR, King, choleric, fickle, mad, miſerable.	K. *Lear.*	6		
Lepidus's Character by *Antony.*	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	60	
——*by Pompey.*	*Ant.* and Cleo.		111	Mortimer.

M.	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Mortimer.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	105	
Margaret, Henry 6th's Queen, enrag'd with her own miſeries, exults at others.	*Richard* 3.			
Moor, Sir *Thomas.*	*Hen.* 8.	5	368	*Wol.*
Menenius Agrippa, his Fable of the Belly and Limbs.	*Coriol.*	6	374	
—his Character by himſelf.	ibid.		400	*Men.*
—his Character of *Coriolanus.*	ibid.		432	
Macbeth, his Bravery in Battle.	*Macbeth.*		286	
—hath his Greatneſs foretold by Witches.			291	
— the Conflict of his Mind when he firſt intended to kill the King.			302	
—his Temper deſcribed by his Lady.			303	
Macbeth, Lady, reſolves on murdering the King, and encourages *Macbeth.*			30[illegible]	
—he ſtaggers in his reſolution, and is confirmed again by his Wife.			30[illegible]	
—his ſoliloquy before he kills the King, and Horror after.			30[illegible]	
—meditates *Banquo*'s Death, and employs Murderers.			31[illegible]	
—*Banquo*'s Ghoſt appears to him.			327	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Macbeth, conſults the Witches again.	*Macbeth.*	6	337	
—his Character by *Malcolm.*			346	
—diſtracted with horror.			362	
—deſpairs on hearing the *Engliſh* advance againſt him.			363	
—told of his Lady's Death			362	
—ſlain by *Macduff.*			367	
N.				
NOrthumberland's grief for *Hotſpur.*	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	189	*North.*
O.				
ORpheus's Muſick.	*Hen.* 8.	5	349	*Song.*
——item.	2 *Gen. Ver.*	1	194	*Pro.*
Octavius Cæſar, his interview with *Brutus* and *Caſſius.*	*Jul. Cæſ.*	7	74	
[for the reſt, *vid. Antony* and *Cleopatra.*				
P.				
PErcy, *Harry Hotſpur.*	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	94	K. *Hen.*
——item.	ibid.		147	K. *Hen.*
——item.	ibid.		169	P. *Hen.*
——his Death.	2 *Hen.* 4.		189	*Mort.*
—— Character, by Lady *Percy.*	ibid.		214	
Portia, a *Roman* Lady of an heroic Spirit, *vid. Brutus.*				
R.				
RIchard the Second, his ill Conduct.	*Richard* 2.		25	*Gaunt.*
——item.	ibid.		27	*Gaunt.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Richard the Second, his ill Conduct.	*Richard* 2.	4	31	
——item.	1 *Hen.* 4.		146	K. *Hen.*
Richard I. his Character.	K. *John.*	3	355	*Baſt.*
Richard III. ambitious, brave, diſſembling, cruel, unfortunate.	3 *Hen.* 6. and *Rich.* 3.	5		
——his Birth prodigious.	3 *Hen.* 6.		187	K. *Hen.*
——his Perſon and Manners deſcribed by Q. *Margaret.*	*Richard* 3.		212	
——deſcribed by his Mother, the D. of *York.*	ibid.		274	*Dutch.*
S.				
Saliſbury's Death, and Character.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	406	*Tal.*
Suffolk, proud, falſe, enterprizing.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	68	
——his Death.	ibid.			
T.				
Talbot, when Priſoner in *France.*	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	405	*Tal.*
—ſlain with his Son.	ibid.		457	
Tirrel, James.	*Richard* 3.	5	266	*Page.*
Timon of Athens, beggared by flatterers.	*Timon.*	6	134	*Apem.*
			141	*Flav.*
——item.	ibid.		139	*Sen.*
—his laſt entertainment for the Paraſites.	ibid.		162	
—retires and ſhakes off humanity.			168	
—digging for Roots, finds Gold.			170	

	Play.	Vol.	Page.	Perſon.
Timon, viſited by *Alcibiades*, excites him to Cruelty.	*Timon.*	6	170	
—pinch'd with Hunger, his reflections on the Earth.			175	
—compares himſelf with *Apemantus*.			179	
—he gives Gold and Encouragement to the Thieves.			184	
—viſited by his honeſt Steward.			186	
—by the Poet and Painter.			188	
—by the Senators, entreating him to command againſt *Alcibiades*.			192	
—his Death and Epitaph.			200	
V.				
Volumnia, a Mother of an heroic Spirit.	*Coriol.*		382	
—inſtructs *Coriolanus* to addreſs the People,	ibid.		436	
—diverts him from deſtroying *Rome*.			480	
Valeria's Chaſtity praiſed by her Huſband.	ibid.		476	
W.				
Winchester, Cardinal *Beaufort*'s Character.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	428	*Glou.*
—his Death.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	63	*Warwick.*

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Warwick, brave, but inconſtant.	2, 3 *Hen.* 6.	5		
Wolſey, Cardinal, his Character by *Norfolk*, &c.	*Hen.* 8.		307	
—his Power over the the King.	ibid.		333	*Norf.*
—upbraided by Q. *Catharine*.	ibid.		343	
—his Reflection on his Fall.	ibid.		367	
—his Death related, and mixed Character.	ibid.		375	*Grif.Cath*
Y.				
YORK, Archbiſhop of.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	193	*Mort.*
York, D. of, enterprizing, valiant, unfortunate.	2, 3 *Hen.* 6.	5		

SECT. II.

INDEX of Manners, Paſſions, and their external Effects.

N. B. *The Names of the fictitious Perſons to whom theſe Characters are applied, are annexed in an Alphabetical Index enſuing.* Vid. *Sect.* 3.

A.				
ALLY, a perfidious one, in *Burgundy*.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	439	
Ambition.	*Hen.* 8.	5	369	*Wol.*
—covered with ſpecious humility.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	25	*Brut.*

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Ally, jealous of a ſucceſsful Friend.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	139	*Ven.*
Ambitious Woman in *Eleanor.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	13	
Anger, in the D. of *Buckingham.*	*Hen.* 8.		309	
—its external Effects painted.	ibid.		363	*Wol.*
Affliction.	*Temp.*	1	63	*Ari.*
Admiration.	ibid.		68	*Pro.*
Atheiſtical hardened Villain, *vid. Barnardine.*				
Avarice and Cruelty, *Vid Shylock.* Vol. 2. *Mer.* of *Ven.*				
B.				
Biſhop, true to his Sovereign, *Carliſle.*	*Richard* 2.	4		
—a Rebel, *York.*	2 *Hen.* 4.			
Boaſters, the *Dauphin*, &c.	*Hen.* 5.		336	
Boaſter, the Baſtard.	K. *John.*	3		
—deſcribed.	ibid.		368	
C.				
Courtier (a bold plain-dealing) *Gaunt.*	*Richard* 2.	4		
—*Kent.*	K. *Lear.*	6		
—an accompliſhed one, *vid. Buckingham, Hen.* 8.		5		
Courtſhip, *Glouceſter*'s to Lady *Anne.*	*Richard* 3.		200	*Glo.*
— honourable injoined by a Father.	*Temp.*	1	53	*Proſ.*
—deſcribed.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*		80	Ege.

Court-

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perfo
Courtſhip, a beautiful Scene betwixt *Romeo* and *Juliet*.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	32	
Counſellor, an honeſt one, *vid. Gonzalo.*				
Child, the Duty it owes a Father.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	80	*The.*
Country Squire in *Slender.*	*M. W.* of *Win.*			
Chaſtity, ſcandalized beautifully painted in *Hero.*	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	54	
Chaſtity, *vid. Valeria.*				
Courage in old Men.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	69	*Leo. An*
Courage.	*Tam. of*, &c.	2	372	*Pet.*
—different Notions of it in a Senator, and a General.	*Timon.*	6	161	*1 Sen. A*
Care, in a Merchant.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	89	*Sal. Sol.*
Conſtancy.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	207	*Cleop.*
D.				
DAughters undutiful, in *Goneril* and *Regan.*	K. *Lear.*	6		
Daughter, dutiful in *Cordelia.*	ibid.			
Deſpair, in the Agonies of Death, Cardinal *Beaufort.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	63	
—of Pardon.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	286	*Pau.*
E.				
Envy.	*Henry* 8.	5	363	*Wol.*
F.				
FEar, ariſing from an expected Evil.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	189	*North.*
Father, an unnatural, in *York.*	*Richard* 2.		79	

INDEX.

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Father's paſſion on the ill Conduct of a Daughter.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	57 67	*Leon.*
——Fondneſs for his Child.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	252	*Leo. Pol.*
French Quack's Airs, in Dr. *Caius.*	*M. W.* of *Win.*	1		
Fury.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	167	*Eno.*
G.				
GRavity affected, to be thought Wiſe.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	91	*Gra.*
Grief.	*Richard* 2.	4	13	*Dutch.*
—its Nature to multiply afflictions.	ibid.		33	*Buſhy*
—beautifully deſcribed in *Cordelia.*	K. *Lear.*	6	85	*Gent.*
—at parting of Lovers, Q. *Marg.* and *Suffolk.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	60	
—A Mother's, for her Son murder'd.	3 *Hen.* 6.		184	*Queen.*
—wrought to Rage in Q. *Margaret.*	*Richard* 3.		211	
—a Father's (an Old General) for his Sons and Daughter.	*Tit. Andro.*	6	240	*Tit.*
—a virtuous Wife's, wrong'd by her Huſband.	*Cymbel.*	7	274	*Imog.*
—a Huſband's, on the murder of his Wife and Children.	*Macbeth.*	6	342	*Macd.*
—a valiant Father's for the Death of a brave Son.	ibid.		367	*Siw.*
H.				
HOpe.	*Richard* 2.	4	34	*Queen.*
——item.	*Richard* 3.	5	288	*Rich.*

Hoteſs.

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Hoſteſs, *Quickly.*	2 *Hen.* 4.	4		
Highwayman, *Gads-hill.*	1 *Hen.* 4.			
Horror, its outward Effects.	*Henry* 8.	5	359	*Nor.*
—rais'd in the Characters of *Aaron*, *Tamora*, and *Saturninus.*	*Titus Andro.*	6		
I.				
JUſtices, Country, *Shallow* and *Silence*	2 *Hen.* 4.	4		
Inconſtancy.	2 *Gen. Ver.*	1	214	*Pro.*
Jealouſy, in *Ford.*	*M.W.* of *Win.*			
—the riſe and growth of it character'd in *Leontes.*	*Wint. Tale.*	3		
—item.	*Tro.* and *Creſ*	7	441	
—in *Poſthumus.*	*Cymbel.*		236	
—— the Motives, Growth, and fatal Effects of it admirably ſhewed in *Othello.*	*Othello.*	8		
Joy, exceſs produceth Tears.	*M.A. ab. Not*	2	6	*Leon.*
Ingratitude, in *Lucullus*, *Lucius*, *Sempronius.*	*Timon.*	6	148	
K.				
KING, of raſh ill Conduct, *Rich.* 2.	*Richard* 2.	4		
—wiſe and valiant, *Henry* 4.	1 & 2 *Hen.* 4.			
— weak, cholerick miſerable, *Lear.*	*Lear.*	6		
——meek, religious unfortunate in *Henry* 6.	1, 2, 3 Hen. 6.	4, 5		

King, amorous, brave, successful, in *Edward* 4.	Play.	Vol	Page	Person.
—bold, crafty, cruel, dissembling, in *Richard* 3.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5		
—brave, religious, fortunate, in *Henry* 7.	*Richard* 3.			
	ibid.			
L.				
LOVE, expressed by a Soldier.	*Hen.* 5.	4	377	K. *Hen.*
—virtuous.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	152	*War.*
—protested by *Richard* 3.	*Richard* 3.		281	
—the first Motions express'd by *Hen.* 8. *vid. Anne Bullen.*				
—by *Miranda* and *Ferdinand.*	*Tempest.*	1	20	
—the Crosses of it	*Midſ. N. Dr.*		83	*Lyſ. Her.*
—Appointment protested.	ibid.		84	*Her.*
—its Nature.	ibid.		86	*Hel.*
—Charm to enkindle it.	ibid.		95	*Ob.*
—in the Queen of Fairies, beautifully imagined	ibid.		109	*Queen.*
—given over.	ibid.		130	*Den.*
—changed to Aversion.	ibid.		103	*Lyſ.*
— commended and dispraised.	2 *Gent. Ver.*		152	*Val. Pro.*
—froward and dissembling.	ibid.		157	*Jul.*
—expels all other Passions.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	132	*Por.*
—its Original.	*As you like it.*		327	*Roſa.*

Love, its several Offices.	Play.	Vol.	Page	Person.
	As you like it.	2	337	*Sil.*
——all other Passions lost in it.	*Twel. Night.*	3	105	*Duke.*
——at first Sight.	ibid.		120	*Oli.*
——in Man and Woman, compared.	ibid.		133	*D. Vio.*
—concealed, beautifully painted.	ibid.			*Vio.*
—in a young brave General.	*Tro.* and *Cres.*	7	347	*Tro.*
——Constancy in, protested.			402	*Tr. and Cr.*
—quitted by a Soldier.			411	*Pat.*
——its Qualities.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	13	*Rom.*
—impatient of delay.			47 38	*Jul.* *Fri.*
——item.			56	*Jul.*
—impatient of Absence.	*Othello.*		329	*Bian.*
Lust.	*M. W.* of *Win.*	1	298	*Song.*
——in a grave Minister of State.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*		335 338	*Ang.*

M.

MAdness, real in *Lear*, counterfeit in *Edgar*.	K. *Lear.*	6		
Melancholy.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	232	*Abb.*
—several kinds of it.	*As you like it.*	2	322	*Jacques.*
Mother, lamenting her Sons.	*Richard* 3.	5	229	*Dutch.*
——item.	ibid.		270	*Queen.*
Murderer, in *Exton.*	*Richard* 2.	4	86	

P.

PEdantry, in Sir *Hugh Evans.*	*M. W.* of *Win.*	1		
—in *Armado*, *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel.*	*Love's L. lost.*	2		

Princes

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Princes young and valiant, P. *Henry* and *Lancaſter*.	1 and 2 *Hen.* 4.	4		
Propheteſs, in *Joan* of *Orleans*.	1 *Hen.* 6.		398	
Pride.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	406	*Ulyſ.*
R.				
RAGE, ariſing from Grief, *vid. Northumberland.*		4		
—ariſing in a Father from the undutifulneſs of his Children.	K. *Lear.*	6		
—in a Son for the murder of his Father, in *Richard*		5	121	
Rebel, crafty and timorous, *Northumberland.*	1 and 2 *Hen.* 4.	4		
—crafty and reſolute; *Weſtmorland.*	ibid.			
—brave and indiſcreet, *Hotſpur.*	ibid.			
Revenge, implacable,	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	146 150	*Ant.* *Gra.*
S.				
SUperſtition, in *Glendower.*	1 *Hen.* 4.	4		
Siſter, tenderly affectionate, *vid. Iſabel.*				
V.				
VIllain, falſe, crafty, bold, deſcrib'd in *Edmund.*	K. *Lear.*	6		
—the Murderers of *Clarence.*	*Richard* 3.	5	218	
Virtuous Severity of [illegible]ind.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*	1	320	*Lucio.*

WIFE.

W.	Play.	Vol.	Page	Person.
WIFE, lamenting her Husband.	*Richard* 3.	5	229	*Queen.*
——a good one, *vid. Catharine*, Queen to *Henry* 8.				
—complaining of the unkindness of her Husband.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	196, 200	*Adr.*
—the ill effects of her Jealousy.	ibid.		232	*Abb.*
—complaining of being forsaken by her Husband.	*Macbeth.*	6	342	*L. Macd.*
Womankind, their Nature.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	185	*Val.*
—item.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*		342	*Isab.*

SECT. III.

INDEX of fictitious Persons, with the Characters ascribed to them.

A.

ARviragus, vid *Guiderius.*			
Anthonio, a cruel, false, usurping Brother.	*Tempest.*		
Angelo, a severe new Governor.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*		
Adriana, a peevish jealous Wife.	*Com* of *Er.*	3	
Anthonio, a Friend.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	
Adam, a grateful old Servant.	*As you like it.*		
Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*, a foolish cowardly Knight.	*Twelf. Night.*	3	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
ntus, a Cynic.	*Timon.*	6		
B.				
nardine, an A-iſtical harden'd etch.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*	1	368	
'ick, Beatrice, two irical Wits.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2		
·ius, fortitude in grace.	*Cymbeline.*	7		
C.				
ban, a Savage an.	*Tempeſt.*	1	17	
, or the Country	ibid.		55	
n.	*As you like it.*	2		
item.	*Twelf Night.*	3		
ı, Inſolence and lly.	*Cymbeline.*	7		
lius, Blood, In- and Uſurpation.	*Hamlet.*	8		
da, a Miſs.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7		
D.				
ſdemona, Beauty ıd Innocence ſa- fic'd to Jealouſy	*Othello.*	8		
mona's Charac-			261	*Bra.*
item.			267	idem.
item.			283	*Caſ.*
item.			292	id. & *Jago.*
item.			302	*Jago.*
item.			336	*Oth.*
item.			361	idem.
E.				
mund, a crafty, ſe, enterprizing lain.	K. *Lear.*	6		

Egeus,

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Egeus, a cruel, moroſe Father.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1		
F.				
Falſtaff, Sir *John*, reſolves on an intrigue with Mrs. *Ford*, and Mrs. *Page*.	*M. W.* of *Win.*		222	
——his Billet Doux.			228	
——ſettles an Aſſignation with Mrs. *Quickly*.			237	
——his Diſcovery of it to *Ford*, diſguis'd like *Brook*.			242	
—his firſt Addreſs to Mrs. *Ford*.			252	
—ſurpriz'd, and eſcapes in a Baſket.			255	
——his Account of his being thrown into the *Thames*.			261	
—another Aſſignation with Mrs. *Quickly*.			262	
—makes a full relation to *Ford* of his former diſappointment.			263	
—meets with Mrs. *Ford*, and is again ſurpriz'd.			267	
——eſcapes undiſcover'd in the diſguiſe of an Old Woman.			272	
——his Soliloquy on this Occaſion.			279	
—a Third Meeting ſettled with Mrs. *Quickly*.			282	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Falſtaff, Sir *John*, relates to *Ford* his late Diſappointment.	*M. W. of Win.*	1	292	
—meets Mrs. *Ford* in *Windſor Park*.			295	
—— ſurprized, and ſeized by Mr. *Ford*.			298	
—his Courſe of Life deſcribed by Prince *Henry*.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	95	
—concerts a Robbery with the Prince.			99	
—— his Horſe taken from him in the Adventure.			116	
—inſults the Prince to conceal his own Cowardice.			126	
—— perſonates the King, to chide Pr. *Henry*.			133	
—— the Tavern Bill found in his Pocket.			137	
—— his Rallery on *Bardolf*'s red Noſe.			150	
—his Quarrels with the Hoſteſs.			151	
—— his Deſcription of his new-rais'd Company.			159	
—his Deſcription of Honour.			170	
—— his Behaviour in the Battle at *Shrewſbury*.			175 178	
—wounds *Percy* after he was dead, and aſſumes the Merit of killing him.			180	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon
Falſtaff, Sir *John*, rails at his Page, the Prince, and the Mercer.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	194	
——reprimanded by the Chief Juſtice.			195	
—— arreſted by Mrs. *Quickly*.			205	
—pleads before the Chief Juſtice.			206	
-pacifies Mrs. *Quickly*, and borrows more Money.			208	
—— his Letter to the Prince.			213	
——treats *Doll Tear-ſheet*.			217	
—— revenges her Quarrel on *Piſtol*.			223	
—ſurprized with her by the Prince whilſt he was railing at him			224	
—inliſts Soldiers before Juſtice *Shallow*			234	
——his Character of the Juſtice.			239	
—— takes *Colville* Priſoner.			251	
—his Encomium on the Virtues of Sack.			253	
——his Character of Juſtice *Shallow* and his Family.			266	
—receives News of *Henry* 4th his Death.			275	
——preſents himſelf to *Henry* 5.			278	
——reprimanded by the King, and ordered to the *Fleet*.			278	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
ſ, Sir *John*, an				
ɔunt of his				
neſs.	*Henry* 5.	4	305	*Hoſt.*
is Death.			312	
ſ, ſtout and				
erick.	ibid.			
l, conſtant in				
ɔ.	*Wint. Tale.*	3		
s, a frugal ho-				
Steward.	*Timon.*	6		
	Rom. and *Jul.*	8	23	*Mer.*
	ibid.			
G.				
bill, a High				
ayman.	1. *Henry* 4.	4	114	
, a good Officer.	*Henry* 5.			
lo, an honeſt				
nſellor.	*Tempeſt.*	1		
ius, and *Arvi*				
s, native Royal-				
ſerting itſelf in				
w ſavage Life.	*Cymbeline.*	7		
-digger.	*Hamlet.*	8		
H.				
mia, conſtant in				
ɔove.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1		
Innocence ſcan-				
ız'd.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2		
one, wrong'd In-				
ence.	*Wint. Tale.*	3		
t, an accom-				
ı'd young Prince				
ırtunate.	*Hamlet.*	8		
Soliloquy on his				
ther's Marriage				
h his Uncle.			113	*Ham.*
; and converſes				
h his Father's				
oſt.			126	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Hamlet, addreſſes himſelf to *Ophelia* as a diſtracted Perſon.	*Hamlet.*	8	139	
——converſes with *Polonius*.			148	
——with *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern*.			150	
——his Soliloquy about his own Delay to revenge his Father's Murder.			159	
——his Soliloquy whilſt he meditated Self-murder, interrupted by *Ophelia*.			163	
——his Character by *Ophelia*.			168	
——his Advice to the Players about pronunciation and action.			169	
——profeſſeth his Friendſhip to *Horatio*, with a Deteſtation of Flattery.			170	
——diſcovers the King's Guilt by the Play.			178	
——banters the Meſſengers the K. and Q. ſent to him.			180	
——debates with himſelf whether he ſhould kill the King at his Prayers.			187	
——upbraids the Qu. with her Guilt, when the Ghoſt appears again to him.			192	

amined by	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
; banters				
is ordered				
England.	*Hamlet.*	8	201	
s his own				
y.			204	
ſeth with				
ve-maker,				
alizeth on				
ls.			223	
with *Laer*				
: Grave.			228	
s to *Horatio*				
g's Order				
him put to				
n *England.*			231	
:s a Fop				
rought a				
ge from *La-*				
accepts it.			234	
aertes' par-				
fore they				
his former				
.			231	
Laertes, the				
and dies				
			242	
fine Cha-				
f Friend-				
	ibid.			
the *Rain-*				
	Tempeſt.	1	54	
Bleſſings of				
e.	ibid.		56	
ſter tender-				
ionate.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*			
an envious				
ly Villain.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2		

Jaques,

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Jaques, a melancholy ſatirical Character.	*As you like it.*	2		
Imogen, Diſtreſs in a beautiful Innocent Wife.	*Cymbeline.*	7		
Juliet, beautiful, conſtant, and unfortunate in Love.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8		
Iago, a conſummate Villain.	*Othello.*			
K.				
Katharine, a Shrew.	*Tam. of the Sh.*	2		
L.				
Launce, a Clown.	*2 Gen. Ver.*	1		
Lucio, a half-witted Rake.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*			
Leonato, a brave old Man, and a tender Father.	*M. A. ab Not.*	2		
Leontes, extremely jealous.	*Wint. Tale.*	3		
Lavinia, beautiful, innocent, and greatly unfortunate.	*Titus Andro.*	6		
Laertes, the Duties of a Son and a Brother.	*Hamlet.*	8		
M.				
Miranda, beautiful and innocent.	*Tempeſt.*	1		
Morochius (a Moor) his Perſon and Manners.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	104	*Mor.*
Malvolio, a fantaſtical Steward.	*Twelf. Night.*	3		
Mercutio, quarrelſome.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8		
N.				
Nurſe.	ibid.			

O.	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Orlando, a younger Brother neglected by the elder.	*As you like it.*	2		
Ophelia, Beauty and innocence diſtracted with Calamities.	*Hamlet.*	8		
Othello, his Service of Importance to the State own'd by *Iago*.	*Othello.*		257	
——owns himſelf of Royal Deſcent, and Love the ſole Motive of his marrying *Deſdemona*.			258	
—ſeized and inſulted by her Father.			261	
——accuſed by him before the Duke, he relates the whole Progreſs of his Amour.			266	
——deſcribed by *Iago*, of a temper eaſy and credulous.			279	
——his meeting at *Cyprus* with *Deſdemona*.			287	
——*Iago* begins to work him up to Jealouſy.			309	
——his Soliloquy after it.			314	
——his Jealouſy confirm'd, a beautiful Scene.			317	
——aſks *Deſdemona* for the Handkerchief, tells the virtues of it.			324	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Pref.
Othello, his Paſſion work'd up by *Iago* till he falls in a Trance.	*Othello.*	8	330	
——liſtens to *Caſſio*'s diſcourſe with *Iago*.			334	
——wrought up to fury, he reſolves to murder *Deſdemona* and *Caſſio*.			337	
—ſtrikes *Deſdemona*.			338	
—examines her and *Æmilia*.			341	
—kills *Deſdemona*.			360	
—his bitter Remorſe after.				
—he kills himſelf.				
P.				
Poſthumus, fond and jealous.	*Cymbeline.*	7		
Proſpero, a Magician.	*Tempeſt.*	1		
Protheus, falſe to his Friend and Miſtreſs.	2 *Gen. Ver.*			
Parolles, a lying cowardly Captain.	*All's well*, &c.	3		
Pandarus, a He-Bawd.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7		
Q.				
Quickly, a Bawd.	*M. W.* of *Win.*	1		
	1 & 2 *Hen.* 4.	4		
Queen, ambition, cruelty, and falſehood.	*Cymbel.*	7		
R.				
Roſalind, beautiful and witty.	*As you like it.*	2		
Romeo, paſſionately tender, and unfortunate in Love.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8		

	Play.	Vol.	Page.	Person.
S.				
Sycorax, a Witch.	*Tempeſt.*	1	15	
Silvia, beautiful and conſtant.	2 *Gen. Ver.*			
Shylocke, a *Jew*, cruel and covetous.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2		
T.				
Thurio, a rich ſimple Pretender to Love.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1		
Sir *Toby Belch*, a Sot.	*Twelf. Night.*	3		
Titus Andronicus, a brave Soldier and unfortunate Father.	*Tit. Andro.*	6		
Tamora, *vid.* Horror.				
Therſites, Envy and Calumny.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7		
SECT. IV.				
INDEX of Thoughts, or Sentiments.				
A.				
Aſtrology ridiculed, Actions to be carried on with Reſolution.	K. *Lear.*	6	18	
	Hen. 8.	5	315	*Wol.*
Authority, the ill privileges of it.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*	1	333	*Iſab.*
Adverſity, the Advantages of it.	*As you Like it.*	2	285	*Duke Sen.*
B.				
Baniſhment, (in *Mowbray*, baniſhed.)	*Richard* 2.	4	18	*Mowbray.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Baniſhment comforted.	*Richard* 2.	4	21	*Gaunt.*
Baſtardy, defended.	K. *Lear.*	6	15	*Baſt.*
C.				
Content in a private Life.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	85	*Iden.*
Crown, the pleaſure of wearing one.	3 *Hen.* 6.		110	*Rich.*
Conſcience.	*Richard* 3.		219	2 *Vil.*
——item.	ibid.		294	K. *Rich.*
Calumny, unavoidable.	*Mea.* for *Mea*	1	358	*Duke.*
Ceremony.	*Timon.*	6	131	
Changes, in friendſhip and hate.	*Coriolanus.*		451	*Cor.*
Conſpiracy, dreadful till executed.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	24	*Brut.*
Cowards die often.	ibid.		32	*Cæſ.*
Conduct in War, ſuperior to Action.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*		360	*Ulyſſ.*
Chriſtmas, how the time is reverenced.	*Hamlet.*	8	109	*Mar.*
Courtſhip, Advice to young Ladies how it ſhould be admitted.	ibid.		119 121	*Laër.* *Pol.*
Cuckolds make themſelves.	*Othello.*		351	*Æmil.*
D.				
DYing Words, their force.	*Richard* 2.	4	24	*Gaunt.*
Day, happy.	K. *John.*	3	376	K. *Phil.*
——unfortunate.	ibid.			*Conſt.*
Death invoked.	ibid.		390	*Conſt.*
Doubt and Delay.	*Richard* 3.	5	270	K. *Rich.*
Dependents, not to be too much truſted by great Men.	*Hen.* 8.		331	*Buck.*

Duty

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Duty expreſſed with ſimplicity acceptable.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	137	*Theſ.*
Death, the terrors of it.	*Mea. for Mea.*		348	*Claud.*
—the deſire of lov'd objects heightened by it.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	61	*Friar.*
--a neceſſary end, and ſhould not be feared.	*Jul. Cæſ.*	7	34	*Cæſ.*
Delights, violent, not laſting.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	49	*Fri.*
Drunkenneſs, an unmanly Vice.	*Othello.*		300	
E.				
ECliſpes, their influence.	K. *Lear.*	6	18	*Glo.*
F.				
FAction, how to be carried on.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	15	*Wor.*
——item.	ibid.		16	K. *Hen.*
Favourites of Princes, wretched.	*Hen.* 8.	5	367	*Wol.*
Friendſhip, none obſerved in Love.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	2	*Claud.*
Fruition more languid than Expectation.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*		116	*Sal. Gra.*
Fortune.	ibid.		134	*Ant.*
Friendſhip grounded on Intereſt changed with Fortune.	*Timon.*	6	167	*Ser.*
Fly, reflections, on the killing one.	*Tit. Andron.*		247	*Tit.*
G.				
GOOD to be drawn out of Evil.	*Hen.* 5.	4	342	K. *Hen.*
Great Men, their Favours uncertain.	*Richard* 3.	5	250	*Haſt.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Greatneſs, ſubject to Cenſure.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*	1	363	*Duke.*
Gold, its power over Man.	*Timon.*	6	173	*Tim.*
—— item.	ibid.		186	*idem.*
—— item.	ibid.		193	*idem.*
Greatneſs meets with Contempt when it declines.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	407	*Achil.*
Gold, its Power.	*Cymbeline.*		249	*Clot.*
—— item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	88	*Rom.*
Grief, immoderate diſcommended.	*Hamlet.*		112	*King.*
H.				
HONOUR. Man's greateſt Treaſure.	*Richard* 2.	4	11	*Mowbr.*
Holy War.	1 *Hen.* 4.		92	K. *Hen.*
Honour.	ibid.		109	*Hot.*
—— deſcribed.	ibid.		170	*Fal.*
—— new-made deſcribed.	K. *John.*	3	351	*Baſt.*
—— ought to be conferred on Merit only.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	123	*Ar.*
—— due to perſonal Virtue, not to Birth.	*All's well,* &c.	3	38	*King.*
—— continued acts neceſſary to preſerve its luſtre.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	409	*Ulyſſ.*
Hypocriſy.	*Hamlet.*	8	162	*Pol.*
I.				
INgratitude.	K. *Lear.*	6	28	*Lear.*
Innocence.	2 *Henry* 6.	5	58	K. *Hen.*
Imagination, ſtrong *in* Lovers, Poets, and Madmen.	*Midſ.* N. Dr.	1	134	*Theſ.*

K.	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
KIngs, their Right divine.	*Richard* 2.	4	46	K. *Rich.*
——their Miſeries.	*Hen.* 5.		348	K. *Hen.*
——item.	*Richard* 3.	5	218	*Brak.*
——item.	*Hen.* 8.		337	*Anne.*
King-killing, deteſted.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	258	*Cam.*
L.				
LIFE.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	178	*Hot.*
——the Neceſſaries of it are few.	K. *Lear.*	6	53	*Lear.*
——unpleaſant.	K. *John.*	3	392	*Lewis.*
——the viciſſitudes of it.	*Henry* 8.	5	367	*Wol.*
——moral reflections on the vanity of it.	*Mea. for Mea.*	1	354	*Duke.*
——item.	*As you Like it.*	2	299	*Jaques.*
Libels againſt the State.	*Titus Andr.*	6	262	*Sat.*
Life, the ſhortneſs and vanity of it.	*Macbeth.*		363	*Macb.*
M.				
MAN.	K. *Lear.*		60	K. *Lear.*
Marriage.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	477	*Suff.*
Mercy in Governors praiſed.	*Mea. for Mea.*	1	331	*Iſab.*
Magiſtrate, the Duty of one.	ibid.		360	*Duke.*
Muſick, different effects of it.	ibid.		361	*idem.*
Man's Superiority over Woman.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	194	*Luc.*
Mediocrity, the happieſt ſtate.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	95	*Ner.*
Mercy.	ibid.		152	*Por.*
Muſick, finely prais'd.	ibid.		163	*Lor.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Marriage alters the temper of both Sexes.	*As you like it.*	2	326	*Roſa.*
Mind, not Dreſs, adorns the Body.	*Ta of the Sh.*		412	*Pet.*
Melancholy, the parent of Error.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	80	*Meſ.*
Man, the Dignity of his Nature.	*Hamlet.*	8	152	*Ham.*
O.				
OAths, illegal, not obligatory.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	110	*Rich.*
——to Princes, little valued by their People.	ibid.		142	K. *Hen.*
Ornament, a ſpecious deluſion.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	131	*Baſſ.*
Opportunity to be ſeized on in all Affairs.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	71	*Brut.*
P.				
POwer, impotence of human.	*Richard* 2.	4	20	*Gaunt.*
Poetry, *Hotſpur*'s contempt of it.	1 *Hen.* 4.		141	*Hot.*
Pardons of popes ridiculed.	K. *John.*	3	379	K *John.*
Poetry, prevalent with Women.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	194	*Pro.*
Power, abuſe of it.	*Mea for Mea.*		333	*Iſab.*
Patience	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	135	*Adr.*
——the Theory of it rarely practicable.	*M. A. ab Not.*	2	67	*Leon.*
Populace, factious and fickle.	*Coriol.*	6	425	*Mar.*
Providence directs our Actions.	*Hamlet.*	8	231 237	*Ham.*
Preferment, gained by Favour not Merit.	*Othello.*		253	*Iago.*
Patience.	ibid.		303	*Iago.*

R.	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
RElegion, of great uſe in Rebellion.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	193	*Mort.*
Reputation.	*Othello.*	8	300	*Iago.*
——item.	ibid.		311	*idem.*
S.				
SPeech, haughty, diſcommended.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	142	*Wor.*
Slander ſticks long.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	208	*Bal.*
Speculation more eaſy than Practice.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	95	*Por.*
Seaſon, neceſſary to give every thing its Perfection.	ibid.		164	*Por.*
Study diſpraiſed.	*Love's L. loſt.*		175	*Biron.*
Solitude, preferred to a Court Life.	*As you like it.*		285	*Duke Sen.*
Satire, not to deſcend to particular Perſons.	ibid.		297	*Jacques.*
Solitude, a fine Deſcription of it.	*Cymbel.*	7	270	*Bel.*
Slanders unavoidable.	ibid.		274	*Piſ.*
T.				
THoughts, ineffectual to moderate afflictions.	*Richard* 2.	4	21	*Boling.*
Thought.	1 *Hen.* 4.		178	*Hot.*
Travel, advantage of it.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	151	*Val.*
			162	*Ant.*
—a Father's Advice to his Son before going.	*Hamlet.*	8	120	*P. l.*
V.				
VIrtue, to be employed for the Publick.	*Meaſ.* for *Meaſ.*	1	309	*Duke.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Virtue, conſpicuous expoſed to Envy.	*As you like it.*	2	288	*Adam.*
Virtue and Vices checquer Man's Life.	*All's well*, &c.	3	73	*1 Lord.*
Vicious Perſons infatuated by Heaven.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	164	*Ant.*
W.				
WOrds give Eaſe to Grief.	*Richard* 3.	5	273	*Queen.*
World, the Vanity and Diſſolution of it.	*Temp.*	1	58	*Pro.*
— beautifully painted at large.	*As you like it.*	2	299	*Jacques.*
Wives, the Duty they owe to their Huſbands.	*Ta. of the Sh.*		428	*Kath.*
—— Advice how to chuſe.	*Twelf. Night.*	3	131	*Duke.*
SECT. V.				
SPEECHES.				
A TABLE of the moſt conſiderable in *Shakeſpeare.*				
EXHORTATORY.				
BIſhop of *Carliſle*'s in Defence of King *Richard.*	*Richard* 2.	4	65	
Henry the IVth's to the Pr. before he died.	2 *Hen.* 4.		261	
Henry the Vth's to the Chief Juſtice.	ibid.		270	
Canterbury's to excite *Henry* V. to begin a war.	*Henry* 5.		291	
Henry Vth's to his Soldiers.			320	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Persons.
Henry Vth's to *Westmorland.*	*Hen.* 5.	4	354	
K. *John*'s to *Hubert* to kill *Arthur.*	K. *John.*	3	388	
Baſtard's to K. *John* to fight the *French.*	ibid.	3	405	
Joan of *Orleans* to *Burgundy* to forſake the K. of *England*'s Intereſt.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	438	
Clifford to K. *Henry*, to ſtir him up to Revenge.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	125	
Q. *Margaret* to her Soldiers.			180	
Richmond to his Soldiers, before the Battle of *Boſworth.*	*Richard* 3.		295	
Richard the IIId's on the ſame Occaſion.	ibid.		297	
VITUPERATIVE.				
Bolingbroke to *Buſby* on his Injuries received.	*Richard* 2.	4	43	
Gaunt's to K. *Richard*	ibid.		27	
York's to *Bolingbroke*, on Rebellion.	ibid.		39	
K. *Henry* to his Son.	1 *Hen.* 4.		145	
Worceſter's to *Hen.* IV.	ibid.		167	
Archbiſhop of *York*'s, on the inconſtancy of the Populace.	2 *Hen.* 4.		203	
Weſtmorland's to the Arch-Biſh. on taking Arms.	ibid.		241	
Lancaſter's on the ſame Subject.	ibid.		247	
K *Hen.* IV. on Avarice.			260	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
K. *Hen.* IV. to Pr. *Hen* when he had taken the Crown.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	261	
K. *Henry* Fifth to *Falſtaff.*	ibid.		278	
—— to *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Gray*, on their Conſpiracy.	*Henry* 5.		308	
The Conſtable's and *Grandpree*'s againſt the *Engliſh.*	ibid.		352	
K. *Lear*'s againſt Women.	K. *Lear.*	6	94	
—— abuſe of Power.	ibid.		95	
Baſtar. *Faulconbridge*'s againſt the *French.*	K. *John.*	3	419	
Talbot's to his Men, retreating.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	408	
Suffolk's againſt Duke *Humphrey.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	47	
K. *Henry*'s to *Suffolk*, on D. *Hamphrey*'s Death.	ibid.		52	
Q. *Margaret*'s anſwer.	ibid.			
—— to *York* when taken Priſoner, and his Reply	3 *Hen.* 6.		115	
Edward, and *Clarence* to Q. *Margaret*	ibid.		129	
K. *Henry*'s to *Glouceſter* before he is killed by him.	ibid.		187	
Q. *Margaret*'s to *Edward* the Fourth's Queen, and the D of *York.*	*Richard* 3.		271	
Q. *Catharine*'s to the two Cardinals.	*Henry* 8.		350	
Timon's to his falſe Friend's.	*Timon.*	6	163	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
CRATIVE.				
hard the Second, *England* on his rival.	*Richard* 2.	4	45	
Lear againſt his ughters.	K. *Lear.*	6	28 47	
k on his Baniſh- nt.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	60	
Anne againſt *Ri- rd* the Third.	*Richard* 3.		199	
'argaret's againſt n, *&c.*	ibid.		212	
r's on the *Athe- ns.*	*Timon.*	6	165	
on Mankind.	ibid.		175	
'anus on the Peo- of *Rome* who iiſhed him.	*Coriolanus.*		445	
IBERATIVE.				
'ichard in Priſon.	*Richard* 2.	4	82	
Prince *Harry's* eſolving to leave debauched way Life.	1 *Hen.* 4.		102	
Bardolph's, on hting with ſupe- r Forces.	2 *Hen.* 4.		202	
undy's for Peace.	*Hen.* 5.		375	
Citizens' for a rriage betwixt *Dauphin* and *nch.*	K. *John.*	3	367	
emnon's, *Neſtor's*, *'es's*, on *Achilles's* ertion.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	360	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
NARRATIVE.				
Hotſpur's to the K. about delivering Priſoners.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	104	
The Chief Juſtice's Defence to King *Hen.* 5.	2 *Hen.* 4.		269	
Exeter's, of the Deaths of *York* and *Suffolk*.	*Henry* 5.		369	
Duke of *York*'s of a Battle.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	113	
Richard's, of the D. of *York*'s fighting.	ibid.		119	
Clarence's Dream of drowning.	*Richard* 3.		216	
Norfolk's Deſcription of the Interview betwixt the K. of *Engl.* and *France*.	*Hen.* 8.		306	
K. *Henry* Eighth's on his Divorce.	ibid.		345	
Antigonus's Account of a Ghoſt appearing to him.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	287	
PATHETICK.				
Richard II. on the Vanity of Power, and Miſery of Kings.	*Richard* 2.	4	49	
—on the ſame, renouncing Greatneſs in Deſpair.	ibid.		56	
—at his renouncing the Crown.	ibid.		66	
Lady *Percy*'s to *Hotſpur*.	1 Hen. 4.		120	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Person.
Percy's to *Northumberland.*	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	214	
ry Fourth's on Viciſſitude of				
ıan Affairs.	ibid.		229	
nry's Defence of ſelf.	ibid.		262	
r's in the Storm.	K. *Lear.*	6	58, 62	
Cordelia.	ibid.		101	
her dying.	ibid.		116	
nce's to *Saliſ-*				
.	K. *John.*	3	373	
er Speeches on Loſs of *Arthur.*	ibid.		390	
ry's on taking ıs againſt his K.	ibid.		415	
's to *Margaret,* love with his				
ɔner.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	465	
Sixth's on D.				
hrey's diſgrace.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	45	
, and Q. *Mar-*				
t, parting.	ibid.		60	
d Fourth's on Murder of *Cla-*				
.	*Richard* 3.		227	
Buckingham's Condemna-				
,	*Hen.* 8.		329	
herine's before Divorce.	ibid.		341	
al *Wolſey*'s to *nwel.*	ibid.		369	
ıtharine's, re- mending her				
ghter to the K.	ibid.		379	
s on her Huſ-				
l's flying from o the War.	*All's well*, &c.	3	53	

Her-

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Hermoine's Defence when impeached of Adultery.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	275	
M. Antony's on *Cæſar's* Murder	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	45 48	
—his Funeral Oration over the Body.	ibid.		52	
SOLILOQUIES.				
K. *Henry* the Fourth, on want of Sleep.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	228	
Prince *Henry*, on the Troubles attending Greatneſs.	ibid.		259	
Henry Fifth, on the Miſeries of Kings.	*Hen.* 5.		348	
On new-made Honour by the *Baſtard.*	K. *John.*	3	351	
On ſelf-intereſt, by the ſame.	ibid.		372	
D. of *York's* on the ſurrender of *Anjou* to the *French.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	11	
——on his Deſign to ſeize the Throne for himſelf.	ibid.		49	
Young *Clifford* on the Death of his Father.	ibid.		95	
King *Henry's* on the Happineſs of low life.	3 *Hen.* 6.		132	
——after he loſt the Battle, on his Q. going to *France.*	ibid.		140	
Glouceſter's on his deformity, and ambition.	ibid.		146	

INDEX.

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Warwick's dying Speech.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	178	
Richard the Third's on his Deformity.	*Richard* 3.		193	
Tirrel's on the Murder of K. *Edward*'s two Sons	ibid.		268	
Richmond's the Night before the Battle.	ibid.		291	
Richard the Third, in deſpair.	ibid.		294	
Cardinal *Wolſey*'s on the Viciſſitudes of Life.	*Henry* 8.		366	
Proſpero's to the Spirits.	*Tempeſt.*	1	63	
Angelo's on Temptation to Luſt by a virtuous Beauty.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*		335	
Iachimo's looking on *Imogen* aſleep.	*Cymbeline.*	7	245	
Poſthumus's againſt Women.			260	
Romeo's over *Juliet* in the Vault.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	92	
The King's, deſpairing of Pardon for Inceſt and Murder.	*Hamlet.*		185	
N. B. *The Speeches in* Julius Cæſar, Antony *and* Cleopatra, Macbeth, Hamlet, *and* Othello, *are chiefly placed under the Titles of thoſe Plays.*				

SECT.

SECT. VI.	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
INDEX of Deſcriptions, or Images.				
I. Deſcriptions of Places.				
B.				
Bank, flowery.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	98	*Ob.*
D.				
Dover Cliff.	K. *Lear.*	6	90	*Edg.*
E.				
England celebrated.	*Richard* 2.	4	25	*Gaunt.*
—diſpraiſed by the Conſtable of *France.*	*Henry* 5.		329	*Con.*
——deſcribed in its Situation.	K. *John.*	3	356	*Auſt.*
——only conquer'd by inteſtine Diviſions.	ibid.		430	*Baſt.*
—its Intereſt in relation to *France.*	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	157	*Haſt.*
——its Situation.	*Cymbeline.*	7	263	*Queen.*
F.				
A Field after a Battle.	*Henry* 5.	4	364	*Mount.*
G.				
Glouceſterſhire.	*Richard* 2.		37	*North.*
I.				
Inchanted Iſle.	*Tempeſt.*	1	47	*Cal.*
K.				
Kent.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	79	*Say.*
L.				
Lombardy.	*Tam. of*, &c.	2	360	Lucentio.

Nil

N.	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſons.
ile, its ſlow deſcribed.	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	134	
P.				
iſa.	*Ta. of the Sh.*	2	360	*Luc.*
S.				
he *Severn.*	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	106	*Hot.*
ilique Land.	*Henry* 5.		291	*Cant.*
T.				
rent, at *Burton*	1 *Hen.* 4.		140	*Hot.*
wer of *London*	*Richard* 3.	5	238	
V.				
ale, a dark and melancholy one.	*Tit. Andron.*	6	229	*Tam.*

. Deſcriptions of Perſons.

A.

Pothecary, his Poverty and Shop deſcribed.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	87	*Rom.*
B.				
Eautiful Maid.	*Ta. of the Sh.*	2	418	*Pet.*
A Biſhop in Arms.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	242	*Weſt.*
edlam Beggars.	K. *Lear.*	6	43	*Edgar.*
eautiful Perſon petitioning.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	188	*Pro.*
Bailiff.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	220	*S. Dro.*
C.				
Ommons of *England.*	*Richard* 2.	4	36	*Bagot.*
-their Inconſtancy.	2 *Hen.* 4.		203	*York.*

Cour-

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Courtier, an unſucceſsful one.	*Hen.* 8.	5	339	*Old L.*
Cheats, ſeveral ſorts.	*Com. of Er.*	3	193	*Ant.*
Conſtables and watchmen.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	45 52	
Courtier, humorouſly deſcribed.	*As you like it.*		339	*Clo.*
Candidate for an Office.	*Coriol.*	6	412	*Cor.*
D.				
A Deform'd Perſon.	K. *John.*	3	374	*Conſt.*
A dying Perſon by Poiſon, in K. *John.*	ibid.		425	
—— of old Age, in Priſon, in *Mortimer.*	1 *Hen.* 6.	4		
—— by ſtrangling in D. *Humphrey.*	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	56	*War.*
—— in Agonies of Deſpair, in Cardinal *Beauford.*	ibid.		63	
Drunken Men.	*Temp.*	1	59	*Ari.*
Dying of Grief.	*All's well*, &c.	3	72	1 *Lord.*
Debtor.	*Timon.*	6	141	*Sen.*
Duelliſt.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	41	*Mer.*
Death, in a beautiful Face.	ibid.		82	*Cap.*
—— item.	*Cymbeline.*	7	295	*Arv.*
—— item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	92	*Rom.*
E.				
Engliſhmen in preference to the *French.*	*Hen.* 5.	4	335	K. *Hen.*
—— deſcribed by the *French.*	1 *Hen.* 6.		396	
—ridiculed for following *French* Faſhions.	Henry 8.	5	320	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Engliſhmen, ridicul'd for hard Drinking.	*Othello.*	8	294	*Iago.*
F.				
A Foppiſh Courtier.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	104	*Hot.*
Flatterers of great Men.	K. *Lear.*	6	39	*Kent.*
Fairies.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	91	
——item, *Mab* the Queen of.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	23	*Merc.*
Fairy-Maſquerade.	*M.W.* of *Win.*	1	296	
Fortune-teller.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	236	*E. Ant.*
G.				
GEneral, leading a victorious army.	*Coriol.*	6	412	*Com.*
H.				
HYpocrite.	*Richard* 3.	5	215	*Glo.*
——item.	ibid.		251	*Glo. Buck.*
——item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	59	*Jul.*
I.				
IRiſhman.	*Richard* 2.	4	28	K. *Rich.*
A Juſtice.	*As you like it.*	2	300	*Jacques.*
A Jeſter.	*Twel. Night.*	3	142	*Vio.*
K.				
KING, a good one deſcribed,	*Macbeth.*	6	349	
Knights of the Garter.	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	444	*Talb.*
Kentiſhmen.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	110	*York.*
King, a good.	ibid.		172	K. *Hen.*
L.				
LOver, baniſhed.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	62	*Rom.*
Lovers, humourouſly deſcribed.	ibid.		30	Mer.
Lovers parting.	*Cymbeline.*	7	227	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Person.
Lover described.	*As you like it.*	2	291 299	*Sil. & Clo.* *Jaques.*
——item.	*2 Gent. Ver.*	1	164	*Speed.*
——item.	ibid.		174	*Val.*
——constant.	ibid.		181	*Jul.*
——banished.	ibid.		187	*Val.*
——in Solitude.	ibid.		211	idem.
Lover described.	*As you like it.*	2	312	*Rosa.*
Lovers parting.	*Tro.* and *Cres.*	7	421	
M.				
MEssenger, with ill News.	*2 Hen. 4.*	4	189	*North.*
——item.	*K. John.*	3	373	*Const.*
——with good News.	*2 Hen. 4.*	4	257	*K. Hen.*
A mad-man.	*K. Lear.*	6	87	*Cor.*
A miserable Mother in *Constance.*	*K. John.*	3	390	
——*Edward* the Fourth's Widow.	*Richard 3.*	5	270	*Queen.*
Mermaid.	*Midf. N. Dr.*	1	95	*Ob.*
Melancholy-Man.	*Hamlet.*	8	151	*Ham.*
N.				
NEw-tellers.	*K. John.*	3	404	*Hub.*
A Nun.	*Midf. N. Dr.*	1	81	*The.*
O.				
OLD Man oppress'd with Cares.	*Com. of Er.*	3	238	*Ægeon.*
—vigorous, from temperance in Youth.	*As you like it.*	2	289	*Adam.*
Old Man in the Extremity of Decay.	ibid.		300	*Jaques.*
Old Men subject to *Ingratitude.*	*Timon.*	6	148	*Tim.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
P.				
eſſenger.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	188	*Trav.*
ſee the ſame				
ɔed.	K. *Lear.*	6	45	*Kent.*
in *Armado*,				
rnes, *Natha-*				
	Love's L. Loſt.	2		
Q.				
rrelſome Per-				
ı.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	50	*Mer.*
S.				
young, brave				
unpoliſhed.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	429	*Uliſſ.*
in Armour.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	157	*Ver.*
man.	K. *Lear.*	6	65	*Edgar.*
ing Perſons				
ſtreſs.	*Tempeſt.*	1	11	*Pro.*
man. — *vid.*				
an.				
:r.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	11	*Caſ.*
n.	*Tempeſt.*	1	26	*Fran.*
	As you like it.	2	300	*Jaques.*
boy.	ibid.			*idem.*
d.	ibid.		302	
T.				
s, their Like-				
ı deſcribed in				
vo *Antipholis*'s				
Dromio's.	*Com. of Er.*	3		
veCoxcombs.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	144	*Lor.*
	Tro. and *Creſ.*	7	367	*Æn.*
V.				
's look.	K. *John.*	3	101	Pemb.
			105	K. John.

W.	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
WItch, *vid. Sycorax*, Woman of a Satirical Wit.	*M. A. ab Not.*	2	2	*Bene.*
——item.	ibid.		39	*Hero.*
Wife, a good one.	*Mer. of Ven.*		144	*Jeſ.*
Woman's Man.	*Love's L. loſt.*		244	*Biron.*
Witches, and their Charms.	*Macbeth.*	6		
Woman, a lewd one,	*Tro.* and *Creſ*	7	427	*Ulyſſ.*
Y.				
YOung Gentleman, an accompliſhed,	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	172	*Val.*
——item.	*Cymbeline.*	7	219	1 *Gent.*
Youth, a pert Pretender.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	142	*Por.*
Younger Brother, kept without Education.	*As you like it.*		267	*Orla.*
Youth, a beautiful one deſcribed,	ibid.		321	*Phe.*
Young Lady playing on the Lute, and ſinging.	*Tit. Andron.*	6	236	*Mar.*
Youth a pert one.	*Cymbeline.*	7	279	*Piſ.*
——two of Royal Birth.	ibid.		298	*Bel.*

III. Deſcriptions of Things.				
A.				
AN army diſbanded.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	250	*Haſt.*
——Embarking.	*Hen.* 5.		315	*Chorus.*
——*Engliſh*, new-raiſed.	K. John.	3	357	*Chat. Anglia*

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Angling.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	38	*Urſ.*
Ambitious Love.	*All's well*, &c.	3	8	*Hel.*
Art and Nature, *vid.* Nature.				
Angling, *Cleopatra's.*	*Ant.* and *Cleo.*	7	124	
B.				
BEauty, *vid. Bullen, Anne.*				
——item.	*Tempeſt.*	1	41	*Fer.*
——neglected.	2 *Gent. Ver.*		199	*Jul.*
——deſcribed by *Romeo.*	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	26	
C.				
CHallenge, the Ceremonial of one.	*Richard* 2.	4	6	
Combat in the Liſts, its Ceremony.	ibid.		14	
Coronation, the Ceremonies of one.	*Hen.* 8.	5	371	3 *Gent.*
D.				
DEnial of Favours.	*Timon.*	6	147	*Flav.*
Diamond-Ring.	*Titus Andr.*		233	*Mar.*
Death.	*Cymbeline.*	7	315	*Poſt.*
Dreams.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	22	*Mer.*
E.				
ENtry of K. *Richard* and *Bolingbroke* into *London.*	*Richard* 2.	4	74	*York.*
Earthquake.	1 *Henry* 4.		138	*Hot.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Entry of *Coriolanus* into *Rome* after Victory.	*Coriolanus.*	6	404	*Brut.*
——*Pompey's.*	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	6	*Mur.*
Earth and its Products.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	38	*Fri.*
FAſhions, of *Italy*, &c.	*Richard* 2.	4	25	*York.*
Face of a Perſon near Death.	*Henry* 8.	5	378	*Pat.*
——ill-favoured.	*Temp.*	1	4	*Gonz.*
Friendſhip betwixt two young Ladies.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*		108	*Hel.*
Friend.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	137 140	*Baſſ.* *Por.*
Fortune, and her Votaries.	*Timon.*	6	124	*Poet.*
Family, ruined by Profuſeneſs.	ibid.		156	
G.				
GRatitude in an old Servant.	*As you Like it.*	2	288	*Adam.*
Gentle Temper.	*Hamlet.*	8	230	*Queen.*
H.				
HOrſe, *Richard's* rode by *Bolingbroke.*	*Richard* 2.	4	85	
Hounds, and Hunting deſcribed.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	128	*Theſ. Hip.*
Houſe-keeping, riotous.	*Timon.*	6	145	*Flav.*
Hounds, Horſes, *Hunting.*	*Tit. Andron.*	7	227	
Hurricane.	*Tro. and Creſ.*		455	*Tro.*

Horr

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Horror in one buried alive.	*Rom* and *Jul.*	8	80	*Jul.*
I.				
INſurrection of the Populace.	*Richard* 2.	4	48	*Scroop.*
Interview of the Kings of *England* and *France.*	*Henry* 8.	5	306	
Jeſts and Jeſter.	*Love's L. loſt.*	2	261	*Roſa.*
Invention, a dull one.	*Othello.*	8	285	*Iago.*
Jealouſy deſcribed.	ibid.		312	*id.* & *Oth.*
K.				
KIng's-Evil, and its Cure.	*Macbeth.*	6	349	*Mal.*
Kingdom, oppreſt by an Uſurper.	ibid.		346 350	*Mac.* *Roſſe.*
L.				
LOVE, humourouſly deſcribed.	*Love's L. Loſt.*	2	203	*Biron.*
——improves all our Faculties.	ibid.		225	*idem.*
——fantaſtical.	ibid.		259	*idem.*
Lioneſs.	*As you like it.*		331	*Oli.*
Life, a pleaſant one deſcribed.	*Ta. of the Sh.*		356	*Lord.*
——in a wild Solitude.	*Timon.*	6	177	*Apem.*
M.				
MAſque, rural.	*Tempeſt.*	1	54	
Moon.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*		79	*Theſ. Hip.*
——*item.*	ibid.		85	*Lyſ.*

Maſ.

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Maſquerade, a Scene of one.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	19	
Moon.	*As you like it.*		302	*Orla.*
Muſick.	*Twelf. Night.*	3	103	*Duke.*
Martlets' Neſts.	*Macbeth.*	6	301	*Ban.*
Madneſs for Grief and Love, in *Ophelia.*	*Hamlet.*	8	206, 210	
N.				
NAture, State of.	*Tempeſt.*	1	28	*Gon.*
Nature and Art.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	301	*Pol. Per.*
O.				
OAk, large, old.	*As you like it.*	2	331	*Ol.*
P.				
PArting of Lovers.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	67	
Popularity.	*Richard* 2.	4	23	K. *Rich.*
Pride	ibid.		17	*idem.*
Peace.	ibid.		17	*idem.*
—— after Civil War.	1 *Hen.* 4.		91	K. *Hen.*
Prodigies.	*Richard* 2.		42	*Cap.*
—— item.	1 *Hen.* 4.		138	*Glend.*
—— item.	2 *Hen.* 4.		258	*Cl. and Gl.*
—— item.	*Jul. Cæſ.*	7	17	*Caſc.*
Peace.	*Richard* 3.	5	193	*Rich.*
— betwixt *York* and *Lancaſter.*	ibid.		300	*Richm.*
Play, a bad one deſcribed.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	136	*Philoſt.*
Picture of a beautiful Woman.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	132	*Baſ.*
Pictures of *Adonis, Venus, Io, Daphne,* and *Apollo.*	*Tam. of the Sh.*	2	356	
Poetry.	*Timon.*	6	122	*Poet.*

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
gies,	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	34	*Calph.*
item,	*Hamlet.*	8	107	*Horat.*
n.	ibid.		219	*Laer.*
R.				
mour.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	18	*War.*
—item.	ibid.		231	
, Red and White,				
Badges of two				
rties.	1 *Hen.* 6.		420	
S.				
ong (*Welſh*)	1 *Hen.* 4.		144	*Mor. & Gl.*
leep.	2 *Hen.* 4.		228	K. *Hen.*
of Change in				
vernment.	*Richard* 3.	5	233	3 *Cit.*
.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	120	*Ob.*
eam beautifully				
ſcribed.	2 *Gen. Ver.*		180	*Jul.*
, ſound.	*Mea. for Mea.*		366	*Claud.*
in the Chaſe.	*As you like it.*	2	286	1 *Lord.*
e.	ibid.		331	*Oli.*
d Sleep.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	30	*Brut.*
n at Sea.	*Othello.*	8	280	
T.				
ne, the ſeeming				
nequality of its				
otion.	*As you like it.*	2	310	*Roſa.*
V.				
on, of good Spi				
ts.	*Hen.* 8.	5	378	
nity.	*All's well, &c.*	3	9	*Par.*
story long diſ				
ted.	*Macbeth.*	6	286	

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
A Victory and Purſuit of the conquer'd.	*Cymbeline.*	7	313	*Poſt.*
W.				
WAR, the Prognoſticks of it.	*Richard* 2.		42	*Captain.*
—Preparations for.	*Henry* 5.	4	299	*Chorus.*
—ill Effects of.	ibid.		375	*Burg.*
—item.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	95	*Y. Cliff.*
A Wreck.	*Tempeſt.*	1	6 12	*Mir.* *Ari.*
——item.	*Com. of Er.*	3	187	*Ægeon.*
——deſcribed by a Clown.	*Wint. Tale.*		290	
White Hand.	ibid.		309	*Fl.*
Wonder, proceeding from ſudden Joy.	ibid.		332	3 *Gent. &c.*
White Hand.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	349	*Tro.*
IV. Deſcriptions of Times and Seaſons.				
YEAR, unfruitful and ſickly.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	93	*Queen.*
Spring.	*Love's L. loſt.*	2	203	*Song.*
Winter.	*As you like it.*		285	*Duke Sen.*
——item.	*Love's L. loſt.*		264	*Song.*
Day-break.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	143	*Glend.*
——item.	1 *Hen.* 6.		414	*Bed.*
——item.	*Richard* 3.	5	290	*Stan.*
——item.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	120	*Puck.*
——item.	*M. A. ab. Not*	2	81	*Pedro.*
——item.	*Tro.* and *Creſ*	7	417	*Tro.*
——item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	67	
——item.	*Hamlet.*		108	*Hor.*
Morning.	*Richard* 2.	4	46	*Richard.*
A lowring Morning.	1 *Hen.* 4.		166	*K. & P. H.*
——*clear.*	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	120	*Richd.*

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Morning.	*Tempeſt.*	1	65	*Pro.*
——item.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*		114	*Ob.*
A pleaſant Morning.	*Titus Andr.*	6	226	*am.*
——item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	37	*Fri.*
Sun-riſing.	*Titus Andro.*	6	225	*Tit.*
——item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	11	*Ben. Mon.*
Evening, a fair one.	*Richard* 3.	5	288	*Rich.*
Twilight.	K. *John.*	3	423	*Melan.*
——item.	*Macbeth.*	6	325	1 *Mur.*
Night, in a Camp.	*Henry* 5.	4	340	*Chorus.*
——ſtormy.	K. *Lear.*	6	55	
Midnight.	K *John.*	3	387	K. *John.*
——item.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	22	*Boling.*
——item.	ibid.		64	*Capt.*
Night.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	115	*Her.*
——item.	ibid.		146	*Puck.*
——a beautiful Deſcription of a Moonlight.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	161, 164	*L. Por.*
——tempeſtuous.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	17	*Caſc.*
——item.	*Macbeth.*	6	311, 315	*Len.* Ol. M. & R.
——item.	ibid.		324	*Mac.*
——item.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	456	*Achil.*
——item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	50	*Jul.*
Midnight.	*Hamlet.*		183	*Ham.*

SECT. VII.

INDEX of ſome Similies and Alluſions.

A.

AUthority, compared to a Farmer's Dog.	K. *Lear.*	6	95	*Lear.* Anger,

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Anger, to a high mettled Horſe.	*Henry* 8.	5	310	*Nor.*
—to boiling Water.	ibid.			*idem.*
Ambition, to the Shadow of a Dream.	*Hamlet.*	8	150	*Guild.*
B.				
A Doubtful Battle, to a Swan ſwimming againſt a Stream.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	114	*York.*
—to a cloudy Morning and a ſtormy Sea.	ibid.		132	K. *Hen.*
Beautiful Maid, to a *Siren.*	*Com. of Er.*	3	214	S. *Ant.*
C.				
COurage compared to a Faulcon.	*Richard* 2.	4	16	*Boling.*
—to a Captive ſet free.	ibid.		16	*Mowbray.*
Contention to a Horſe broke looſe.	2 *Hen.* 4.		187	*North.*
Conſideration, to an Angel.	*Henry* 5.		288	*Cant.*
Catharine, Queen, to a Lily.	*Hen.* 8.	5	353	*Queen.*
A Crowd diſpers'd, to wild Geeſe.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	111	*Puck.*
Courtſhip, the degrees of it compar'd to Dances.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	18	*Beat.*
D.				
DIſſimulation, to a Snake.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	46	Q. *Marg.*
				England,

E.	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
ENgland, to an Eagle.				
Scotland, to a Weazel.	*Hen.* 5.	4	295	*Ely.*
Queen *Elizabeth*, to the Maiden *Phœnix.*	*Hen.* 8.	5	397	*Cran.*
F.				
FAther (good) of a bad Son, to the clear Spring of a muddy Stream.	*Richard* 2.	4	79	*Boling.*
Favourites, to a new-trimm'd Veſſel; and their Enviers to ravenous Fiſhes.	*Henry* 8.	5	315	*Wol.*
—to Honey-ſuckles excluding the Sun.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	37	*Hero.*
G.				
GArden, compared to Government, in Diſorder.	*Richard* 2.	4	59	
Government to Bees.	*Henry* 5.		296	*Cant.*
Glory, to a Circle in the Water.	1 *Hen.* 6.		400	*Pucel.*
General, an Old, to a Winter Lion.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	97	*York.*
H.				
HEnry, Prince, comparing himſelf to the Sun in Clouds.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	102	*P. Hen.*
——to rich Ore in a dark Soil.				

Henry.

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Henry, Prince, compares himſelf to *Mars*.	*Hen.* 5. *Prol.*	4	286	
—— to a Strawberry growing among Weeds.	*Hen.* 5.		289	*Ely.*
Heart, a penitent one, to a ripe Mulberry.	*Coriolanus.*	6	438	*Vol.*
I.				
INſurrection, to a Storm.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	227	P. *Hen.*
—to Bees.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	55	*Wor.*
King *James* I. to a Cedar.	*Hen.* 8.		397	*Cran.*
K.				
KIng *Richard*, compar'd to a falling Star and the ſetting Sun.	*Richard* 2.	4	42	*Saliſ.*
King's Return to his Country, compar'd to a Mother's meeting her Child.	ibid.		45	K. *Rich.*
L.				
LOve, compared to a canker in a Bud.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	153	*Pro. Val.*
—— to *April* Weather.	ibid.		163	*Pro.*
—to a waxen Image.	ibid.		177	*idem*
Lover, to a *Camelion*.	ibid.		167	*Speed.*
Love, compared to a *Figure* on Ice.	ibid.		192	Duke.

	Play.	Vol.	Page.	Perſon.
Lover ſucceſsful, to a Conqueror.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	133	*Baſſ.*
——his Thoughts, to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.	ibid.		134	*idem.*
M.				
MInd, in Doubt, compared to the Tide.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	216	*North.*
Maids, to Flies.	*Hen.* 5.		383	*Burg.*
O.				
OPportunity, to the Tide.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	71	*Brut.*
P.				
PRomiſes, to the Garden of *Adonis.*	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	409	*Dau.*
R.				
REbels, returning to Allegiance, compared to a Flood.	K. *John.*	3	423	*Sal.*
Reaſon returning, to the Morning.	*Temp.*	1	65	*Pro.*
S.				
SUN riſing in a cloudy Sky, to K. *Richard* indiſcontent.	*Richard* 2.	4	53	*Boling.*
Sun riſing after a dark Night, to the Reſtoration of a lawful *King.*	ibid.		46	K. Rich.

Spies,

	Play.	Vol.	Page.	Perſon.
Spies, to lim'd twigs.	2 *Henry* 6.	5	18	*Suf.*
Soldiers, to Bees.	*Tit. Andron.*	6	265	*Goth.*
T.				
TReaſon, compared to a Fox.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	171	*Wor.*
Tears, to Dew on a Lily.	*Tit. Andro.*	6	240	*Tit.*
W.				
*W*Orceſter, E. of, in Rebellion, compared to a Meteor.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	166	K. *Hen.*
Warwick's Death, to the Fall of a Cedar.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	178	*War.*
Wolſey, Cardinal, to a falling Angel.	*Henry* 8.		367	*Wolſ.*
Wanderer, to a Drop of Water in the Ocean.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	191	*Ant.*
World, compared to a Stage.	*As you Like it.*	2	299	*Jaques.*
Widow, to a Turtle.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	340	*Paul.*
Y.				
D. of *York* fighting, to a Lion among a Herd of Neat.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	119	*Rich.*

FINIS.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to
taken from the Building